Jan. 5, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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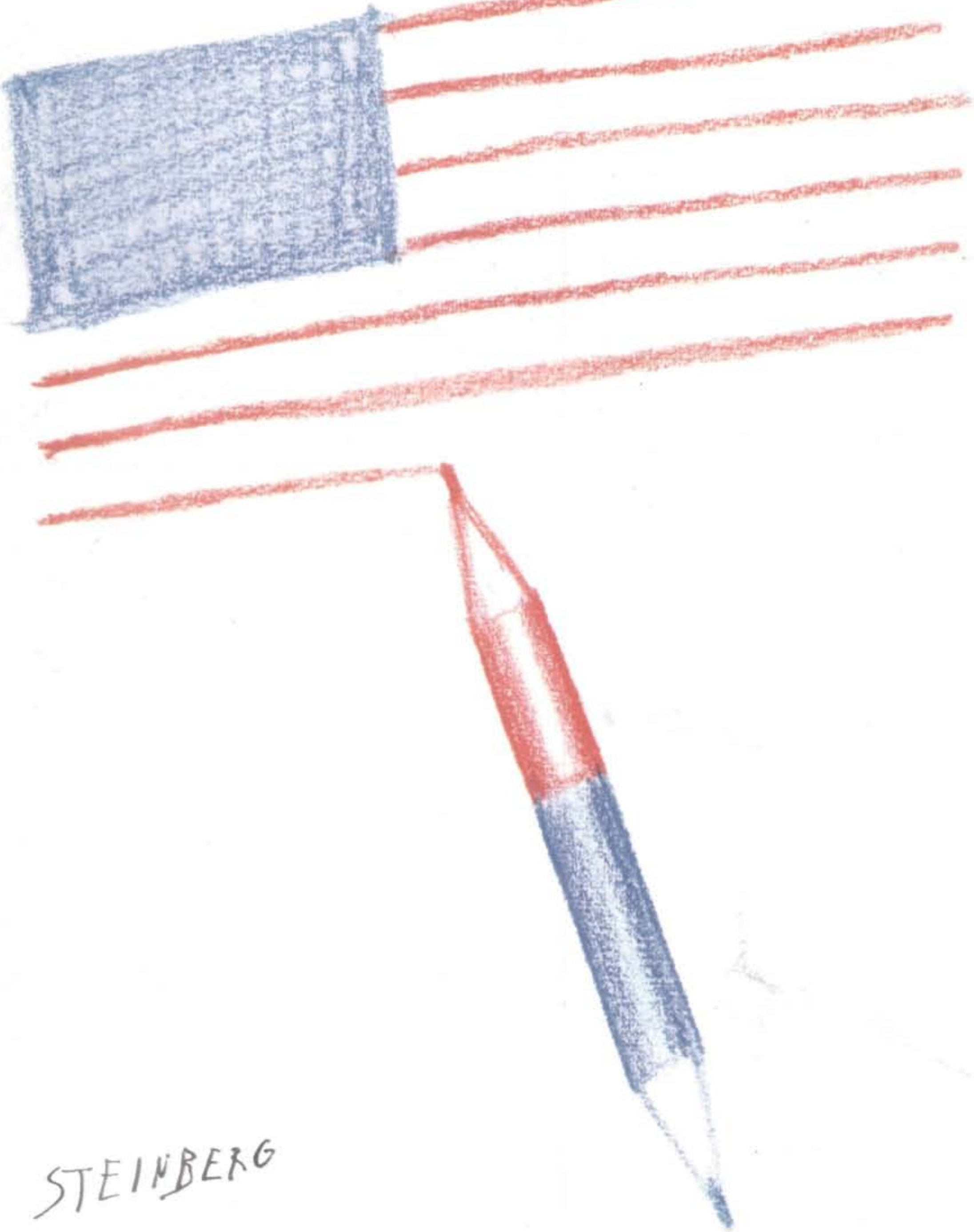

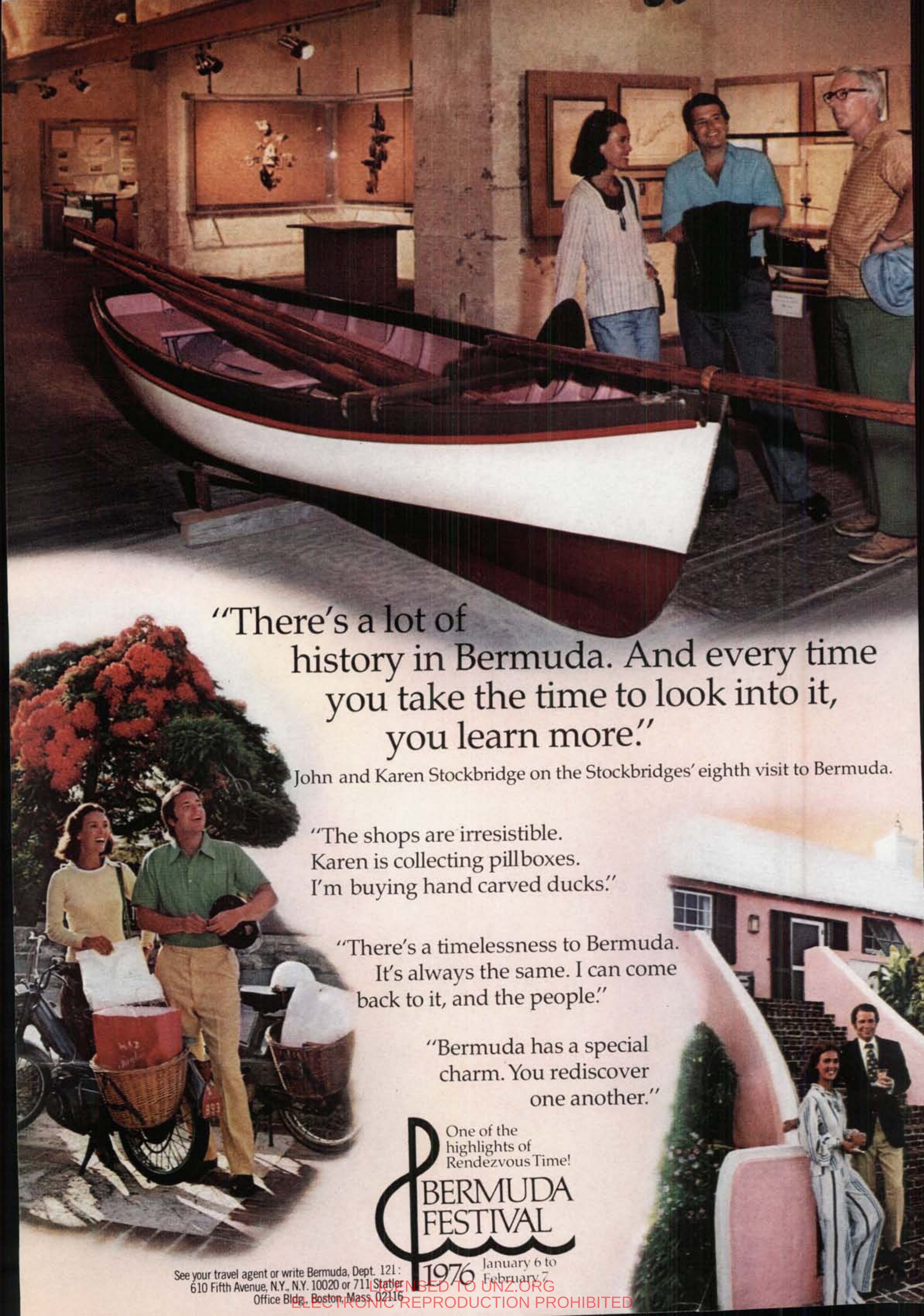

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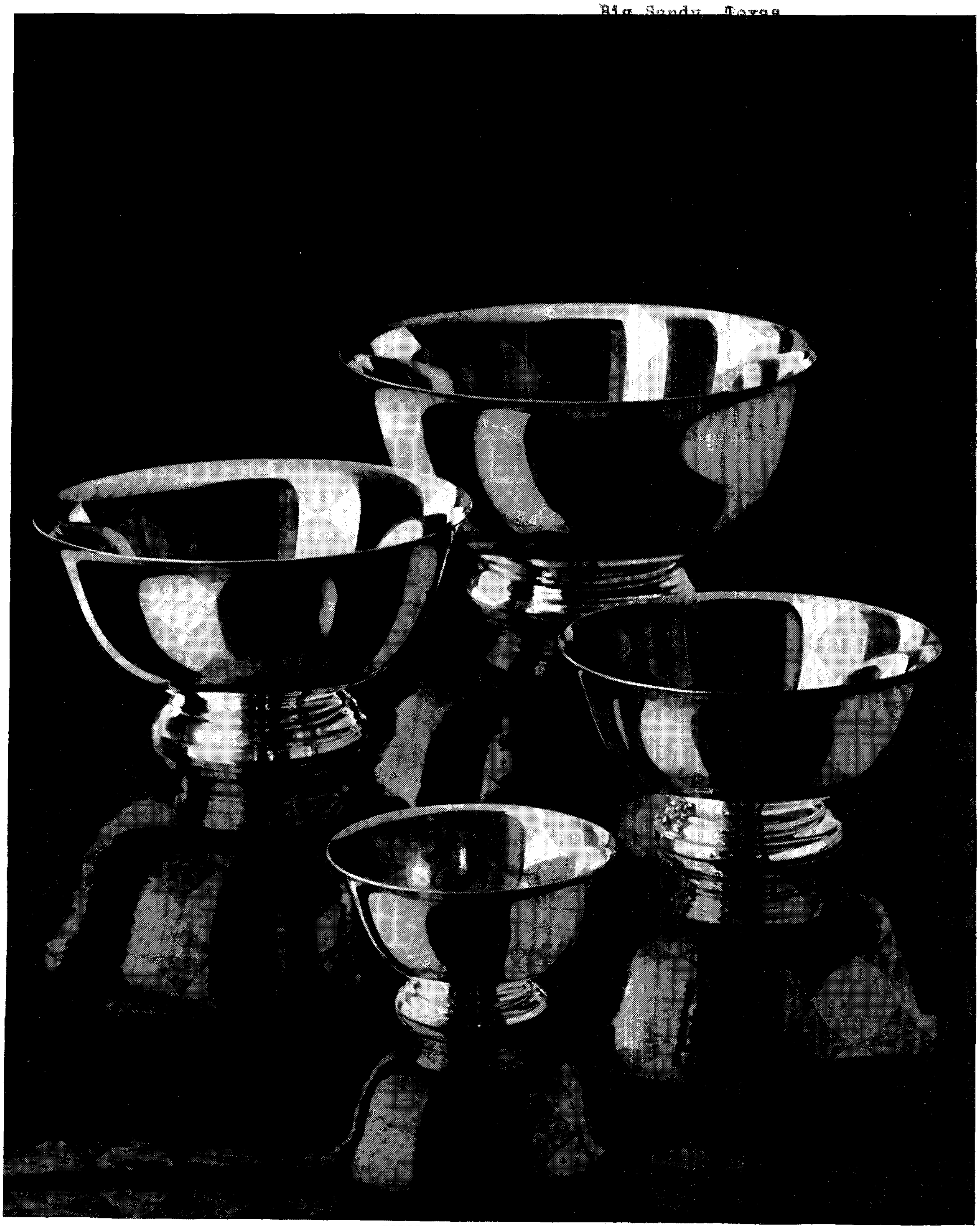

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—Dina Merrill and Michael Allinson in a revival of Patrick Hamilton's suspense thriller. Staged by Shepard Traube. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second production of the season is **dancing for the kaiser,** by Andrew Colmar, with Joanna Miles and Douglass Watson. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 10. Matinées Thursday at 2, Saturday at 6, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Dear Mr. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' durable one-man show. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 8; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 8.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8, and New Year's Day at 2 and 6. Thereafter, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15; matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Gift of the Magi—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—A fine revival of the early Tennessee Williams classic. Admirably enacted by Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Habeas Corpus—Jokes about middle-aged lust and bodily decrepitude, unexpectedly redeemed by a brilliant cast. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Hamlet—A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center, with Sam Waterston and Jane Alexander. Michael Rudman directed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.)

Home Sweet Homer—Yul Brynner and Joan Diener in a musical with a score by Mitch Leigh, a book by Roland Kibbee and Albert Marre, and lyrics by Charles Burr and Forman Brown. Directed by Mr. Marre. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 3. Opens off
cially at a Sunday matinée, Jan. 4. (Palac
Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesday
through Saturdays, except New Year's Da
at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturday
at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman
romp, presumably a fantasy about Jess
James and his mistress and partner-in-crim
Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number c
counts, but there is no doubt that it is at leas
an occasion for two performances—by Ba
ry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cas
Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and ligh
ing by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart d
rected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-635
Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinée
Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy's Children—A lament for five voice
the subject being the sad sixties and the di
appointments inflicted in the course of th
decade upon the promising young. (Golde
252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Wednesday an
Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednes
day and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at
Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Life Class—A play by David Storey, with Kevi
Conway. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E
73rd St. 288-2500. Final performances Fr
day and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disa

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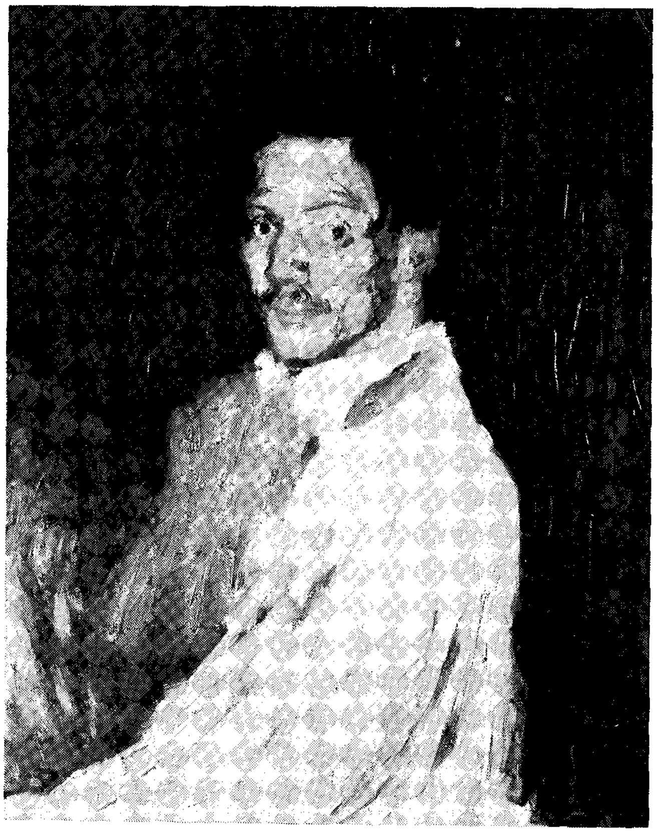
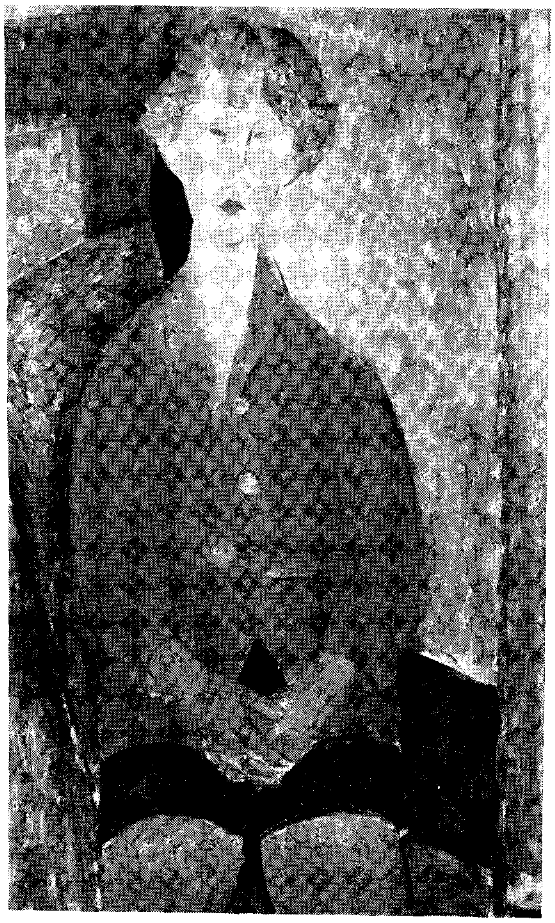


Portrait de l'Artiste, c.1901, by Pablo Picasso. Property of the late Fletcher Jones, Los Angeles. Sold on behalf of Bank of America last December for $585,427. Compared with $353,000 in 1970.



Le Garçon en Culottes, c.1918, by Amedeo Modigliani. Property of Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel). Sold last December for a world record price of $390,285.

Christie's December Impressionist sale which totalled $5,650,220 showed the renewed buoyancy of the London art market. The pictures illustrated here are only two of the many works sold on behalf of vendors from all parts of the world. The sale included the collection of the late Fletcher Jones, of Los Angeles, which was sold on behalf of Bank of America for $1,881,260.

If you are contemplating a sale, please contact Christopher Burge at the address below:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. New Year's Eve at 8 and 11; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30 and 8.)

Murder Among Friends—Janet Leigh and Jack Cassidy in a mystery play by Bob Barry. Directed by Val May. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Musical Jubilee—A couple of dozen old songs, delivered with spirit by Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Larry Kert, and Dick Shawn. This is Broadway? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each complete in itself, make up one great big play. The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2; Friday, Jan. 2, as well as Monday, Jan. 5, and Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** New Year's Eve at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, as well as Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** New Year's Day and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 9, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Poison Tree—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Cleavon Little, Moses Gunn, Dick Anthony Williams, and Peter Masterson. Directed by Charles Blackwell. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and George Grizzard, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth and Christopher Walken in a revival of Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2.)

Travesties—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL
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Very Good Eddie—Jerome Kern's 1915 musical, with a book by Guy Bolton and lyrics by Schuyler Greene, Elsie Janis, P. G. Wodehouse, Anne Caldwell, and Frank Craven. The cast, directed by Bill Gile, is headed by David Christmas, Joel Craig, and Spring Fairbank. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.). . . **DANCE WITH ME:** A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, Jacob Milligan will replace Mr. Hulce. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,529 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Mati nées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musica adaptation of the book of Matthew, and onc a numbing prologue is over, it becomes joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs b Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broac way, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thur: days—except New Year's Day—and Friday at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9 and New Year Eve at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, excej Dec. 31, at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics t Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodie by faithful imitation, the songs and dances (the nineteen-fifties. The young cast perforn capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45t St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturday except New Year's Day, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilsor play about the assorted seedy residents of once good hotel, now shabby and threaten by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in t Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesda through Thursdays, except New Year's Da at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Jan. 2, at 7 a 10; Sundays at 7:30; and Friday, Jan. 9, 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Su day, Jan. 4.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretch musical, but the magic tricks by Doug He ning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48 St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturda at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except D 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at and 5; special matinée New Year's Day 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, bu upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief mi cle worker is the director and choreograph Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael R pert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperi 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, exc Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE RITZ:** A very fun vaudeville about life in a homosexual ba house. Written by Terrence McNally, a starring Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and M Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 2 5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Ma nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** comedy as neatly put together as a Cart watch and with scarcely more heart. Lore Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Bro Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nig ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wedn days and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** musical about the Civil War, but really ab showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cull (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nigh except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesda except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; s cial matinée New Year's Day.). . . **SHERL HOLMES:** The great detective is played Robert Stephens, and Alan Sues is his placable adversary, Professor Moria Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revi of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhu 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Wednes through Saturday at 8. Matinées New Ye Day at 3, Saturday at 2, and Sunday at Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.). . . **THE WIZ:** A bl musical version of that well-remembe movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of occasion are Tom H. John, who did the s and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costu and also directed the show. (Majestic, W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays thro Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Soviet Circus (formerly the Moscow Circus The celebrated one-ring circus, with clow acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack ers, monkeys, and waltzing bears. (Felt rum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth A between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. N Year's Day and Friday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 7: Saturday, Jan. 3, at 10:30, 2, and 8; Sund Jan. 4, at 1:30 and 5:30; and final p formance Monday, Jan. 5, at 7:30.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a comp headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shel Opens Tuesday, Jan. 6, and will run thro Sunday, Jan. 18. (Madison Square Garc Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 5 4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7: Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sund

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—**THE NUTCRACKER:** Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Las Hermanas," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 2, at 5:30, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8: "Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Shadowplay," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "At Midnight," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0900): "Brahms Quintet," "Hamlet: Connotations" (première), "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "The River.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Hamlet: Connotations," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," an unnamed ballet (première), "Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, Dec. 31: "Diversion of Angels," "Dark Meadow," and "Seraphic Dialogue." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Frontier," "Diversion of Angels," "Letter to the World," and "Appalachian Spring.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan 1: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Lucifer," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Errand Into the Maze," "Scarlet Letter," and "Appalachian Spring.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Adorations," "Circe," "Lucifer," and "Seraphic Dialogue.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Adorations," "Point of Crossing," "Night Journey," and "Acrobats of God." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 31; Monday, Jan. 5; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Geometrics," "Moments," and "Catalogue.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 2; Wednesday, Jan. 7; and Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Index.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Bach Suite," "Facets," "Chimera," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3; Tuesday, Jan. 6; and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Scheherezade." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1123.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake," "The Queen's Revenge," "Loie Flutter," and "Don Quixote." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—In a program of avant-garde dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream jazz right now: Guitarist Joe Beck and his quartet finish on Saturday, Jan. 3. On New Year's Eve, conga player Ray Mantilla will turn up with a combo to alternate with the Beck group. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

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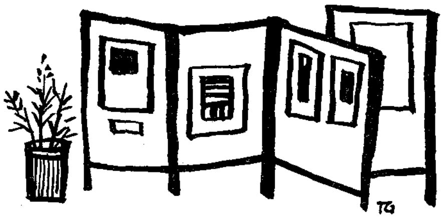
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Elly Stone, who sings minor anthems to life on the upper West Side and her obligatory Jacques Brel numbers, trades sets with Gotham, an exuberant but mediocre singing trio; through New Year's Eve. The comedy team of Proctor and Bergman comes in opposite Woodstock folkie Artie Traum for three days: Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4. Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 5-7, bluesman **JOHN HAMMOND** will be onstage. Hammond, who is the son of the record producer and who has never looked as though he spent much time hopping freights, nonetheless brings off "Terraplane Blues," "Statesboro Blues," and other relics from the Robert Johnson period. On Thursday, Jan. 8, **DOC WATSON,** the folklorist and stunning flatpicker from the North Carolina mountains, will arrive with his musical colleague and son Merle. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. New Year's Eve shows begin at seven-thirty and eleven-fifteen. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Barry Harris, the Sunday-night pianist, works all through the week as well until Sunday, Jan. 4, in this buzzing little bar. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Named for Buddy Rich, this basement club with its glass-and-metal décor and furry-cowhide-vested waiters and waitresses is actually Marty's place—Marty Ross, that is, and he also owns Marty's Bum Steer II, the steakhouse just upstairs. The **DIZZY GILLESPIE** big band, led by the cheekiest of trumpet players himself, is onstage New Year's Eve playing sparks-flying, Latin-accented, and altogether powerful arrangements.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, Jan. 3, and then they're off on a two-month leave. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, singer Julie Wilson will begin filling in for two weeks. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, winds up her stay in the Bemelmans Bar on Saturday, Jan. 3. Her successor will be **BARBARA CARROLL,** another fine pianist, who will begin on Monday, Jan. 5. Weeknights from nine. No music New Year's Day.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh chordal passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. On New Year's Eve, from ten to three, a triple bill—Mary Lou, Flamenco guitarist **ANITA SHEER,** and singer **MAXINE SULLIVAN**—will perform from ten. On Monday, Jan. 5, stride stylist Joe Turner, who has resided in Europe since the end of the Second World War, will begin his first American engagement in some thirty years. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.



Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized b coats and ties and cigars, and they come her (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west to hear traditional small-band jazz. The hous band is a low-keyed and controlled sexte headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and th owner of the club). On Tuesday, Jan. 6, cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into th night, starting most nights at five-thirty; th sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 4, trumpeter **CLAR TERRY** will ride herd on his fiery, impressiv young quintet, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Thir Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functiona with absolutely no frills, this club has brough back altoist **JACKIE MC LEAN** and his fine post bop septet. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. O Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band made up of studio musicians who range fro their twenties to their forties. Music fro ten to three. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371 2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, fro nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons wit the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who a twenty-four knows more Ellington tunes tha Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONN GREER.** The trio is well worth your time. Th Hal Galper trio takes over Mondays an Tuesdays, from ten to three, and from five t nine on Sundays, vibraharpist Warren Chias son heads a trio.

Hopper's 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (26 0250)—The impressive high ceilings an crystal chandeliers, and the vast quantities unused space in this new bar and restaura (and, during the day, meat market, too) a too overpowering to be an asset to a mus haunt—the place feels more like a ballroo or a classy barn. During the past few month piano-bass duos and other small unobtrusi groups were part of the décor, but now looks as if the management might really me business where a music policy is concerne **GERRY MULLIGAN** will be working with six sid men through Saturday, Jan. 3. Three sets a squeezed into a ten-to-one-forty-five ti slot. On New Year's Eve, the music stretch from eleven-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)- **ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitis and he wears thick glasses, but the old dri is still there. His accompanists—Dick Ka on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Norris Tu ney on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bob Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage f Eldridge during the early part of the eveni and ballast during the later part. Music Mo days through Saturdays from nine-thirty three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky direc another group of musical archivists fro eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, chee ing, aging corner bar where people drin check their mail, throw darts, and listen Lance Hayward, whose piano style is pe pered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is t Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Vale tine contributes vocals every Sunday. T hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—T impeccable **BOBBY HACKETT** is working with p anist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hint and drummer Bobby Rosengarden throu Saturday, Jan. 3. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, pian **JOE BUSHKIN** returns to these conversatio filled quarters. His band will include dru mer Jo Jones, bassist Milt Hinton (w else?), and guitarist Herb Ellis. On Mo days, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woo Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo T Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86 8832)—Drummer and bop classicist **R HAYNES** and his quintet will ease through a cessible, unchallenging material on N

Year's Eve and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3. Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit, which usually includes guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums, are present Thursday, Jan. 1, and Sunday through Thursday, Jan. 4-8. They are among the very few blues musicians who work in New York on a regular basis. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—One can laugh the old year out on New Year's Eve here: comic Bill Crystal alternates with folk-rock humorist Martin Mull, who has a band with him. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven, with disco dancing following the last show. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 1-5, folksinger Rachel Faro performs opposite Elephant's Memory, a rock group. On Wednesday, Jan. 7, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE** begin singing, playing, and hooting in much the same way they've played, sung, and hooted for the past thirty-odd years. Terry and McGhee rarely fail to delight the young, eager, and predominantly white audiences that turn out to see them; some of the songs they do best are "Custard Pie Blues," "I Feel So Good," and, usually as an encore, "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

AINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight; and New Year's Eve from nine to two-thirty. Dining and dancing.

NO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. Barbara Cook, singing standards and numbers from some of her Broadway roles, is here through Sunday, Jan. 4. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, Oscar Brown, Jr., tall, dashing, and theatrical, begins working through a repertoire—songs such as "Ladies' Man" and "Signifying Monkey"—that reflects ghetto life. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

YKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A clean-cut uptown bar with small jazz groups presented from nine-thirty. One of them is led by trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER**, and it meets on New Year's Eve, as well as Monday and Tuesday nights. Another group—saxophonist Carmen Leggio, bassist Eddie Gomez, and guitarist Joe Puma—will meet on Wednesday, Jan. 7. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Closes New Year's Day.

EET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Those musicians include, through Saturday, Jan. 3, John Abercrombie, an up-and-coming guitarist; bassist Rick Laird; and pianist Mike Nock, and, beginning Wednesday, Jan. 7, super bassist **RON CARTER** and his keyboard assistant. The hours run from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

IGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by bassist John Williams.

PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-566)—None of the music here is slick; most f it is first-rate. Saxophonist Paul Jeffrey nd his octet are to be on hand for New Year's Eve. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-, **LEON THOMAS**, who has done some of his est work singing, scatting, and yodelling with tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, ings with his own group, Full Circle. Other small jazz-oriented combos round out the week. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The pianist **MC COY TYNER** is working away at his oceanic solos, which may continue for twenty minutes, and working so hard that he makes one's occasional boredom seem merely perverse. Azar Lawrence, on tenor and soprano saxophones, is in Tyner's group, and so are Junior Booth, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums; and a percussionist named Guilmerme Franco. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.... ¶ The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, just back from a Triumphant Tour of Japan, has returned to the Monday-night slot; moreover, for the week following Monday, Jan. 5, it will play every night. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—New Year's Eve in the Grand Ballroom with **GUY LOMBARDO** and the Royal Canadians *and* **ARETHA FRANKLIN**. Can the Royal Canadians really play "Respect," "Chain of Fools," and "Until You Come Back to Me" behind Aretha? Music from nine to three. Dinner. Black tie.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, except New Year's Eve, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chuck Webb and Ellington), Dill Jones, and a drummer—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays, Fridays, and New Year's Eve, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BARRY MANILOW—With the Flashy Ladies and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. New Year's Eve at 8.)

SHA NA NA and MOVIES—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. New Year's Eve at 8 and 11.

NEW YORK DOLLS—Beacon Theatre. New Year's Eve at 1 A.M.

CONCERT FOR SATCHMO—A tribute to Louis Armstrong, with Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Herb Hall, Marty Napoleon, Arvell Shaw, Oliver Jackson, and Brooks Kerr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SONNY ROLLINS—With Hubert Laws and Tony Williams. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day. Some will close early on New Year's Eve.)

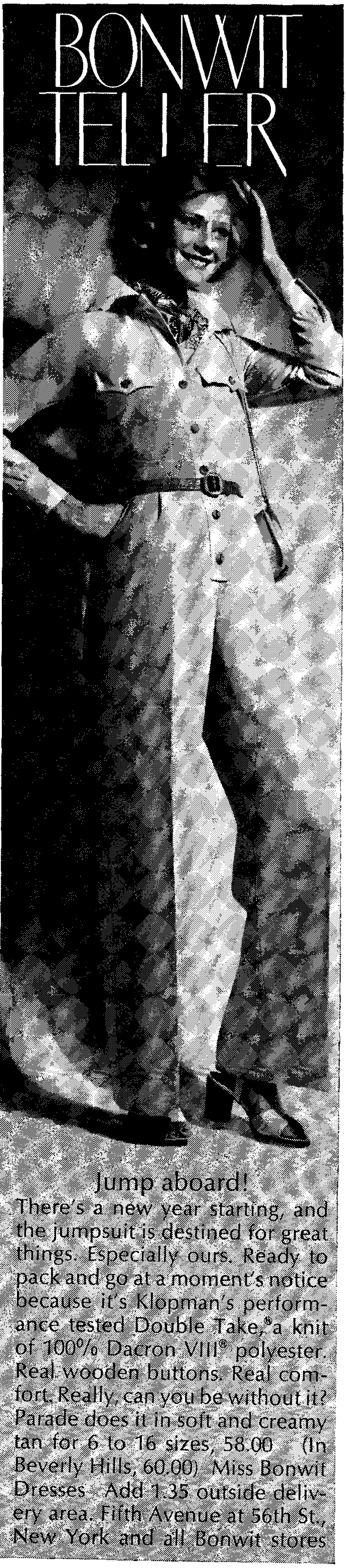
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PEGGY BACON—Works, often humorous, ranging from her pastel portraits of the twenties to watercolors from a recent trip to Mexico. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent color-field paintings, nearly all of them composed of long, overlapping vertical strokes of rich color. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Wednesday, Dec. 31, noon to six.)

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (1738-1815)—Lesser-



BONWIT TELLER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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known works immortalizing some beady-eyed, upwardly mobile Early Americans (and some of their wives and children) by this sui-generis Colonial portraitist, who was one of them. A benefit show. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Lee Friedlander and Jim Dine—A series of photographs by Friedlander, each accompanied by a drawing in response to it by Dine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Conceptual sculptures from the last ten years. Through Jan. 17. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Drawings, from 1935 to the present, of urban scenes, the artist's family and friends, and the artist himself. Through Jan. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Korab—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gerhardt Moswitzer—Sturdy iron and brass sculptures, some suggestive of the human figure; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

Erich Münch—Precise colored-pencil drawings of surreal landscapes, some of them barren and some of them teeming with baby humanoids, and equally surreal interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Friday, Jan. 2.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Costume designs for the ballet done in watercolor and pastel. Through Feb. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—This artist got around to shaped canvases before there was a name for the genre, and in 1937 he was doing to a package of spearmint gum what Andy Warhol did to a Campbell's soup can a whole generation later; also, his writings graced the pages of *The New Yorker* in its formative years. A selection of this original's paintings, including some delicately poised abstracts, is now on view. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Reuben Tam—Oils, acrylic watercolors, and crisp ink drawings of craggy promontories in Maine and Hawaii, where the shapes are similar but the colors are different. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Ruth Eckstein, Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . ARTWEAVE, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Eleven nonfigurative American quilts, nearly half of them Amish specimens, the earliest dated 1850 and the latest 1920. Through Jan. 17. . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Raphael Soyer, Bruno Lucchesi, David Levine, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . GIMPEL, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such European artists as Sonia Delaunay and Barbara Hepworth, plus paintings by Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins. Through Jan. 29. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.) . . . MC KEE, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Jake Berthot and Harvey Quaytman, and abstract floor sculptures in stone by Jim Huntington. Through Jan. 14. . . . NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30. Closed Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Jan. 31. . . . ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Jan. 31.

Sculpture—Highly polished pieces—glass, stainless steel, bronze, and so forth—by artists associated with the gallery (Sahl Swarz and Barbara Lekberg, for instance) and by invited artists. Through Jan. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Arman—In a previous exhibit here, the artist showed a smashed violin embedded in concrete. This time he is showing drawings that are made by inking fragments of musical instruments, mostly cellos, and making stamped impressions on paper with them. Through Monday, Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Joe Brainard—Some five hundred small collages done with exceptional draftsmanship and unusual wit. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Semi-abstract gouaches based on landscapes and reflecting a deep admiration for Turner. Through Jan. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

James Hagan—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Maryan—Grotesque heads, like tortured carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent landscape paintings. Through Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

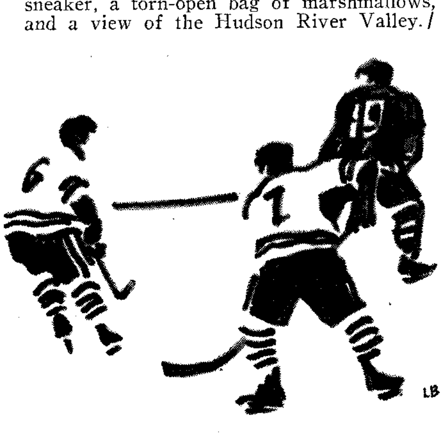
Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Watercolors, dating from 1973 to 1975, in his comfortable, mellow, representational style. Through Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Alexander, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman / Georges Noël—White fibreglass floor pieces. / Paintings of sharp-edged geometric forms, including one long and narrow work depicting overlapping rectangles. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the EMMERICH, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Milton Avery, Lee Krasner, Al Held, and others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 6. . . . ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and collages by such contemporaries as Steinberg, Christo, Wesselmann, and Frankenthaler which are small in scale but bear the unmistakable stamp of the artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.) . . . HUMBOLDT, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four West Coast artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Jan. 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Don Nice / John Okulick—Realistic life-size, or larger, acrylic paintings of American animals (a bison, a bear, a longhorn steer, a wolf, and a deer), most of them surmounting a frieze of small watercolors on freely associated subjects—in the bear's case, some lollipops, a sneaker, a torn-open bag of marshmallows, and a view of the Hudson River Valley. / Cratelike constructions of raw wood boun together with rope which have a curious quality of perspective and are stuffed with finger size twigs or sheafs of raffia. Throug Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Hoffman, 429 Wes Broadway.)



Gladys Nilsson—Arrays of attenuated, two-d mensional figures in dreamlike motion, don in pale watercolors. Through Saturday, Ja 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St. Closed Friday, Ja 2.)

Group Show—Small paintings and sculpture arranged salon style, by more than a hundre artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Lan mark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Sa urdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Lee—A nine-foot lion and a life-si dragon are among the figures being shown this artist, who turns out such creatures f theatrical performances and community fest vals. Through Jan. 14. (City University Gra uate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42 St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Satu days, 11 to 3.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A huge and very fun three-dimensional caricature of Lower Ma hattan and some of its high rises and lowlif built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, a twenty-two other artists, which can touched, climbed on, and walked throug Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesda through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the AFRICAN-AMERICAN INS TUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th S A travelling exhibit of traditional Afric art, on loan from the government of Zaï Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . FEID 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Giko Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphi Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; o Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bernhard and Hilla Becher—About eighty p tures of industrial plants in Pennsylva coalfields. Through Jan. 22. (Museum Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, exc Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Jan. from 11 to 9.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reser tions taken between 1922 and 1942 by South Dakota Jesuit priest and teach Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 6, and Thursday, Jan. 8, from 11 to 9.)

Winthrop Edey—Landscapes and cityscapes t en in Venice, Mexico, and New Yo Through Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.

Gary Hallman / Joe Deal—Outsize black-a white prints of, for example, ice cream m ing, lettuce compressed under glass, ha holding ice; also a group of pictures m from scratched negatives. / Photographs back yards taken from elevated poi Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Light, 1 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Louis Lanzano—Street photographs taken bl with a wide-angle camera strapped to wrist. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Foto, Broome St. Wednesdays, except Dec. through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Monroe / Darryl Jones—Dye-transf one thousand toned prints (all variants us the same negative); and other manipula prints. / Three-dimensional images printed nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the ca process because the image is made of p dered carbon). Through Jan. 11. (Neikr 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Frid and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Barbara Jo Revelle and Richard Edelman—C posite prints in black-and-white and in co Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, n to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—At the CAMERA CLUB, 37 E. 6 St.: Photographs of a wide variety of sub matter by members. Through Jan. 12. (M days through Fridays, 2 to 6.) . . . INTER TIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 F Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs Chicago immigrants and workers that ma may not have been taken by Lewis W. H (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period.

¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Feb. 1. (Open Sundays and New Year's Day.) . . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: A show called "Women of Photography." Cameron, Käsebier, Johnston, Modotti, Jacobi, Lange, Morgan, Ulmann, Cunningham, and Arbus are some of the biggest guns, and there is also work by lesser-known nineteenth-century and contemporary practitioners—fifty in all, each represented by five prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **Kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit tracing sixty years of fashion photography, with examples by Edward Steichen, Cecil Beaton, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. . . . **Larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.: Original photographs and graphics from something called the *Picture Newspaper*, including work by Annie Liebovitz and Diane Arbus. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **Witkin**, 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Open Thursday evening, Jan. 8, until 8.) . . . **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs of artists, taken by Brassaï, Man Ray, Albert E. Gallatin, and Alexander Liberman, among others. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection of Japanese paintings, ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens, and other art objects. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Another private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Printsequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Jan. 8, from 11 to 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Films, photographs, videotapes, and other works that combine autobiography and self-portraiture by Eleanor Antin, Lucas Samaras, Joseph Beuys, and others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day and Friday, Jan. 2, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall devoted to the mollusk surveys both its biology and its uses—practical and decorative—by human cultures throughout history. One example on view: a Henry Moore sculpture of a woman wearing a skirt made from a cast of an oyster shell. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 31, at noon.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Two hundred steam-powered toys, preponderantly from the late nineteenth century, about a dozen of which are in operation. Through March 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Tosca" (a performance in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of Dorothy Kirsten's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Kirsten, John Alexander, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Jan. 1: "Hansel and Gretel," with Evelyn Mandac, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William

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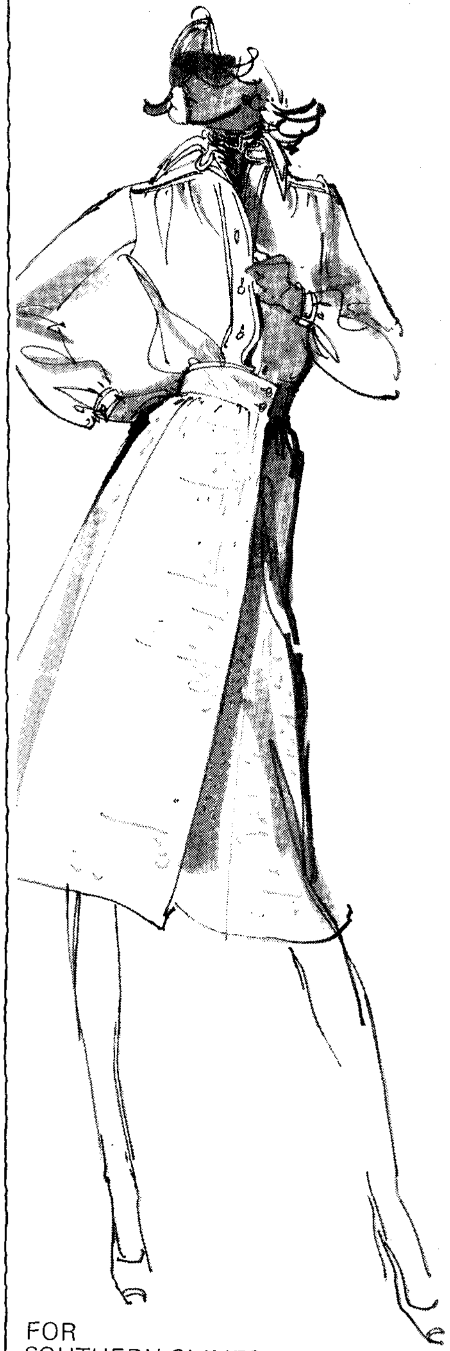

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Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 5: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 6: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Jerome Hines, Misha Raitzin, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Jon Garrison, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Elektra," with Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Roberta Knie, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Così Fan Tutte," with Clarice Carson, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Thursday, Jan. 1, at 5; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zdenek Macal conducting on Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 10, and Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30 (all with Gary Graffman, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 7-8, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Charles Ketcham conducting, with Enid Dale, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

Sacred Music Society of America—Anthony Morss directing an orchestra and a chorus in a benefit performance of the American première of Massenet's opera "Marie Magdeleine" in concert form, with Régine Crespin, soprano; Sheila Nadler, mezzo-soprano; Louis Roney, tenor; Joseph Roulleau, bass; and Daniel Roth, organ. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the second in a series of three programs of new music, this one with Susan Belling, soprano, and John Swallow, trombone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Myron Romanul, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Manhattan Repertory Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Founding Years (1620-1800)." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Coffee Concert—Paula Robison, flute, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, will play the third in a series of six hour-long concerts (*this one a program of Bach sonatas*), after which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 4.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the first in a series of three recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Robert Whaley—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

James Tocco—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, *Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky*, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:05.

Darts—United States Open Darts Championship. (Grand Ballroom, Commodore Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10-11, at 10:30; the finals begin at 5:30 on Sunday. Tickets at the door.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Tuesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. the Soviet Wings, in an exhibition game, Saturday, Jan. 10.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, May 15. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 3, and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Jan. 2, through Friday, March 12. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

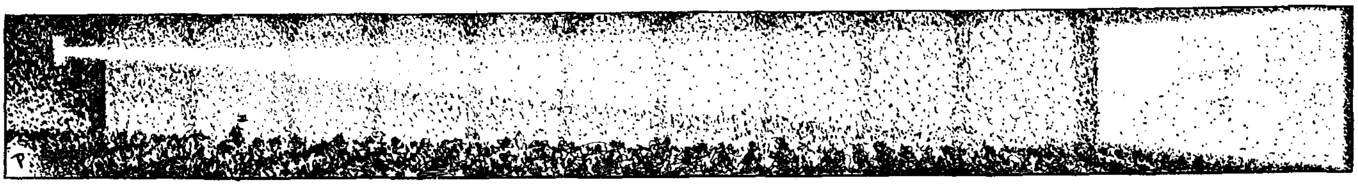
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Erica Jong reading from her own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Healthful Outdoor Living—On New Year's Eve, from 10:30 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the city's Department of Cultural Affairs at Bethesda Fountain, in Central Park; music, giant puppets, jugglers, dancers, singers, refreshments (not free), and fireworks are on the agenda.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 6: "Jaws."
From Jan. 7 (tentative): "Hard Times" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 6: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Zachariah."
From Jan. 7: "Hearts and Minds" and "Oh! What a Lovely War."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 6: "Jaws."
From Jan. 7: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Killer Elite."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Black Bird."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Special Section."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Distance."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 6: "Jaws."
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 6: "Let's Do It Again."
From Jan. 7: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 6: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."
From Jan. 7: "The Romantic Englishwoman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Killer Elite."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Aaron Loves Angela."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Three Days of the Condor."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Nashville."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Killer Elite."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 6 at one or another of the theatres: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx"/"Swept Away"/"Sodom and Gomorrah" (X-rated)/"Benji" (matinées only). "The Romantic Englishwoman" (evening performances only).
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 31: "Jaws."
Jan. 1-6: "Hard Times" and "The Lords of Flatbush."
From Jan. 7: "The Day of the Locust" and "Harold and Maude."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 6: "I Am a Dancer."
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Hiding Place."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 6: "Benji" (matinées only). "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (evening performances only).
From Jan. 7: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 31: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Bernadette Lafont; and "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Jan. 1: "California Split" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.
Jan. 2: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.
Jan. 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles and Joseph Cotten.
Jan. 4: "That Man from Rio" (†) and "Cartouche." (†)
Jan. 5: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†) and "Kanal." (†)
Jan. 6: "The Organizer" (†) and "Joe Hill." (†)
Jan. 7: "A Free Woman" (†) and "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands.
Jan. 8: "Uncle Vanya" (†) and "The Three Sisters." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 31: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
Jan. 1: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Jan. 2: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Jan. 3: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens." (†)
Jan. 4: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Richard III" (1956), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Mr. Olivier, Claire Bloom, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, and Cedric Hardwicke.
Jan. 5: "Désirée" (†) and "Guys and Dolls." (†)
Jan. 6: "Oliver Twist" (1922), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Lon Chaney and Jackie Coogan; and "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.
Jan. 7: "Black Peter" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman; and "Loves of a Blonde." (†)
Jan. 8: "The Mother and the Whore." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 31: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte

Bardot, Fritz Lang, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance; and *"Pierrot le Fou"* (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

Jan. 1: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "Will Penny." (†)

Jan. 2: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Jan. 3: "The Devils" (†) and "Women in Love," directed by Ken Russell, with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson.

Jan. 4: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The White Dawn" (1974), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett.

Jan. 5: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger and Robert Walker; and "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant.

Jan. 6: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Jan. 7: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx." (†)

Jan. 8: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "King of Hearts."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 31: "Susan and God" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Joan Crawford and Fredric March; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with *Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.*

Jan. 1-3: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Jan. 4-6: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, John Lodge, and Louise Dresser; and "Desire." (†)

From Jan. 7: "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 1 at 2: "Kitty Foyle" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan.... ¶ Jan. 1 at 5:30: Two films directed for TV by Steven Spielberg—"Something Evil" (1973), with Sandy Dennis and Darren McGavin, and "Duel" (1972), with Dennis Weaver.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Death Bay" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Abram Room; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "Kitty Foyle."... ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: "Rock Around the Clock" (1956), directed by Fred Sears, with Bill Haley and His Comets and the Platters.... ¶ Jan. 3 at 3: "Duel."... ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 4 at noon: "Rock Around the Clock."... ¶ Jan. 4 at 3: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), directed by James W. Horne and Charles Rogers, with Laurel and Hardy.... ¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 5 at noon: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer" (1975), directed by Thom Anderson.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Accattone!"... ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: "The Beast" (1975), in French, directed by Walerian Borowcyzk, English subtitles; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Jan. 6 at noon: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer."... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "October" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov; English inter-titles.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 2: "Night of Love" (1927), directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "The Great Madcap" (1949), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "The Young and the Damned" (1950), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 6: A retrospective of all ten animated films by Winsor McCay, done between 1911 and 1921.... ¶ Starting Jan. 7: "Solariumagelani: Vernal Equinox" and "Solariumagelani: Summer Solstice," both directed by Hollis Frampton. Showings at noon (except Wednesday, Jan. 7), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Méliès, Brakhage, Anger, Bresson, Breer, and others. Showings Dec. 31-Jan. 1 at 6 and 8; Jan. 2 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 3 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 4 at 8; Jan. 6 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 7 at 6 and 8; and Jan. 8 at 6 and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Two films each by Kent Hodgetts and Vickie Z. Peterson. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an over-elaborate production. The idea has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. With *Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom* DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Guild, and Loews 83rd St.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 6.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; through Jan. 6.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 7.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Jan. 6, matinées only.)

The Black Bird—With George Segal and Stéphane Audran, directed by David Giler. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Playboy; starting Jan. 7.)

Desire (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced Dietrich in this Frank Borzage picture, and freed her from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer, drives laconically in the same direction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4-6.)

Désirée (1954)—A ridiculously simpleminded costume picture—ten-ton romantic fluff, with some campily enjoyable scenes. With his nose built up and his hair plastered down in bangs, Marlon Brando is an amused Napoleon; he speaks in a hoarse whisper, his enunciation an odd, crisp parody of an Englishman's. Jean Simmons is the pensive Désirée whom he keeps yearning for. The two stars play together with conspiratorial charm; doubtless they knew they were trapped in a joke and tried to have as good a time as possible. Brando makes one laugh out loud when his Napoleon elevates his sisters to royal rank by rapping them on their heads—hard. And he's quite funny when he grabs the crown and crowns himself. With Merle Oberon as Josephine, Michael Rennie as Bernadotte, Elizabeth Sellars, Cathleen Nesbitt, Evelyn Varden, Isobel Elsom, John Hoyt, Carolyn Jones, and Alan Napier. The director, Henry Koster, and the scenarist, Daniel Taradash didn't earn any prizes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film abou a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russel doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; Jan. 3.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness o vicious pets. The discreetly charming amora beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (*as the bishop*), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Olympia; through Jan. 6 evening performances only.)

Distance—With Paul Benjamin, directed by Anthony Lover. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligen though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliche doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, U. A East, and Symphony.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74)

(Olympia; through Jan. 6, evening performances only.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Olympia; starting Jan. 7.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical, which Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows took from Damon Runyon's stories about lovable lowlifes, with a score by Frank Loesser. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Playboy; Jan. 1-6. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 7, tentative.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Playboy; starting Jan. 7.)

Hearts and Minds—This documentary on the war in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon") and finished in 1974, is a film of poise and amplitude. It is really a reflection on Americans' changing view of themselves, and it is done with even temper and a heed for justice. (4/28/75) (Cinema Village; starting Jan. 7.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hiding Place—With Julie Harris, Eileen Heckart, and Arthur O'Connell; directed by James F. Collier. (Thalia.)

The Hindenburg—With George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft, directed by Robert Wise. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Ciné.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 6.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese into the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 7.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Playboy; Dec. 31. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Jan. 6.)

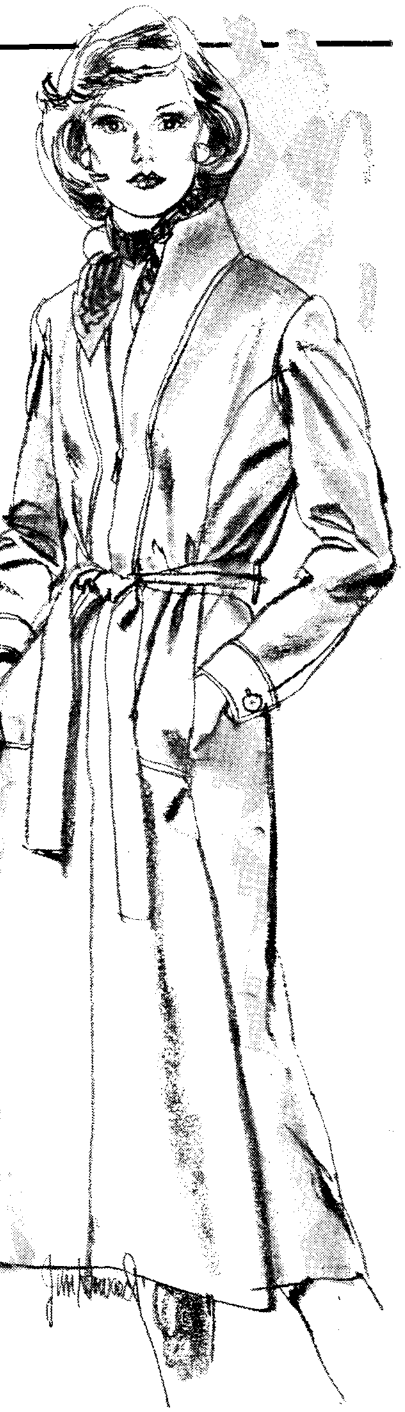
Joe Hill (1971)—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. The movie has no strength. With Thommy Berggren as the troubadour of the Wobblies. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal as a young composer playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Killer Elite—With James Caan and Robert Duvall, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Greenwich.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier,



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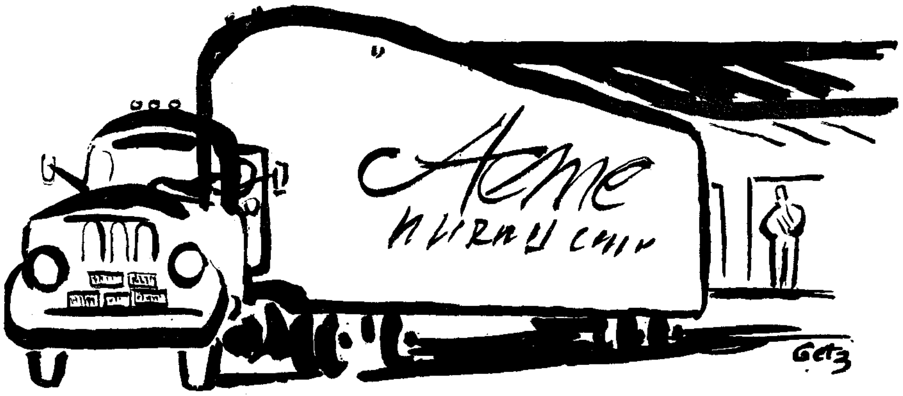

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who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (Juliet 1; through Jan. 6.)

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GRIZZLY ADAMS—With Dan Haggerty, directed by Richard Friedenberg. (Juliet 1; starting Jan. 7.)

THE LORDS OF FLATBUSH (1974)—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Playboy; Jan. 1-6.)

THE LOST HONOR OF KATHARINA BLUM—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta. In German. (Cinema II.)

LOVE AND DEATH—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 7.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

LUCKY LADY—An agents' picture—everybody's rip-off, and a mangy insult to the audience. Liza Minnelli as a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds as her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING—Based on the Rudyard Kipling story. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; directed by John Huston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (New Yorker.)

THE MOTHER AND THE WHORE (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 8.)

NASHVILLE—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (8th St. Playhouse.)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Village; starting Jan. 7.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

THE ORGANIZER (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

QUACKSER FORTUNE HAS A COUSIN IN THE BRONX (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Elgin; Jan. 7.)

RANCHO DELUXE—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 6, evening performances only. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Jan. 7.)

RUSSIAN ROULETTE—No click. With George Segal, directed by Lou Lombardo. (Olympia; starting Jan. 7.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, the birds and the flowers, and a narrator with the voice of a benign uncle. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.)

SPECIAL SECTION—Costa Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France, raises the question of why highly placed Cabinet ministers, judges, and prosecutors, who were in no immediate danger themselves, carried out measures that flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. But the casting and the writing are so prejudicial that this purpose is undercut: the collaborators are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped. Their victims, however, shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (12/15/75) (Beekman.)

THE STORY OF ADÈLE H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I.)

HE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

WEPT AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 2, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

HAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

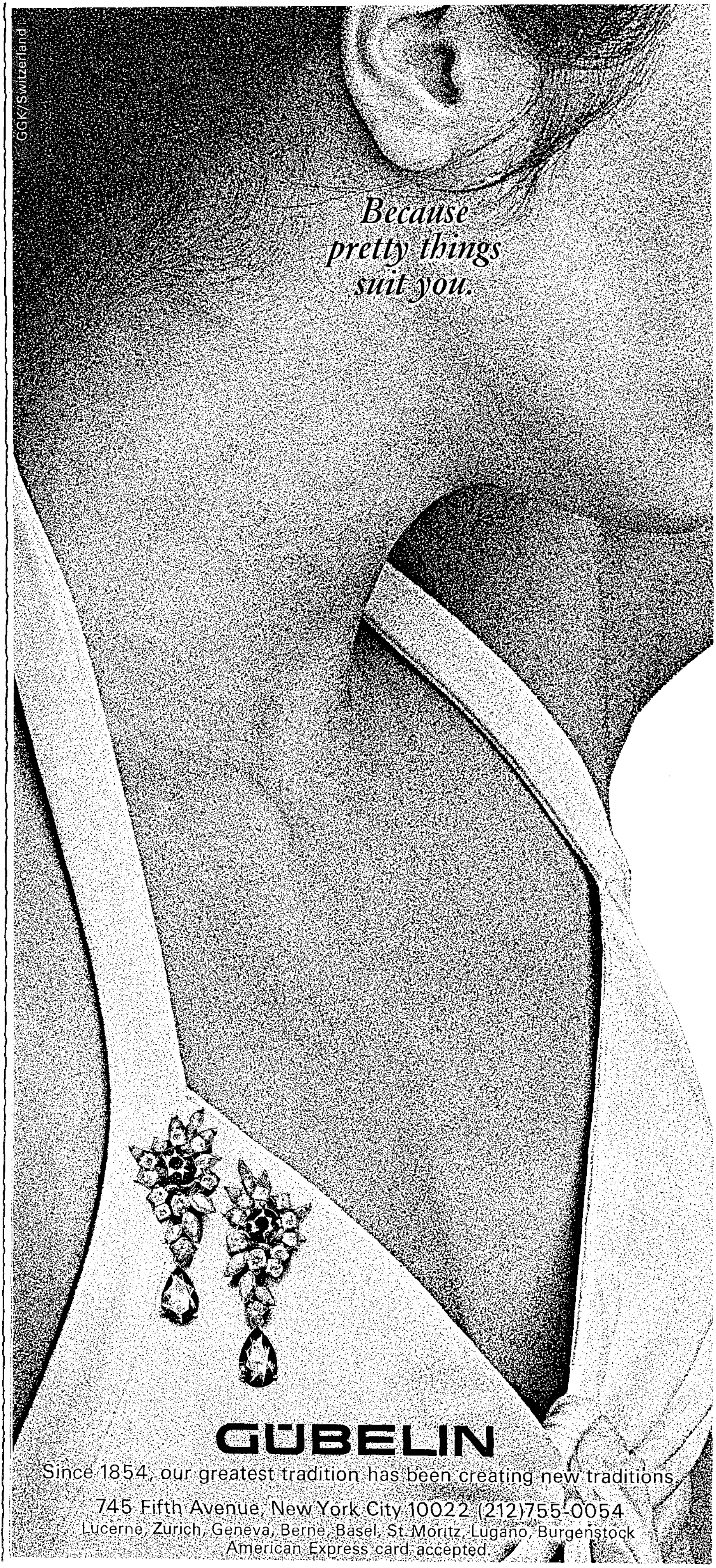
HREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

HE THREE SISTERS (1964)—A delicately faithful, sturdy film made with Chekhov's spirit by Samson Samsonov, already beloved for his film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper." In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8.)

NCLE VANYA (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8.)

ILL PENNY (1968)—A "realistic" Western, in the sense that the cowhand hero (Charlton Heston) is dirty, ignorant, not overly courageous, and fifty years old. This film, written and directed by Tom Gries, is trying to be a classic—you can tell because all that the hero really hopes to do is survive, and though he meets a woman (Joan Hackett, who gives the film its only freshness), he goes back to his dull, solitary existence. It's static and overextended, to put it generously, and Donald Pleasence does one of his more obnoxious performances, staring fixedly as the religious-maniac villain. The cast includes Bruce Dern as Pleasence's giggly-killer son, Ben Johnson, Slim Pickens, Anthony Zerbe, Clifton James, and G. D. Spradlin. Gries stages the action so that it all seems to start ten feet from the camera and then rush toward it dead center; after a while the mountains and blue skies begin to seem like a painted backdrop. Heston does a solid job, however. (Elgin; Jan. 1.)

ACHARIAH (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; through Jan. 6.)



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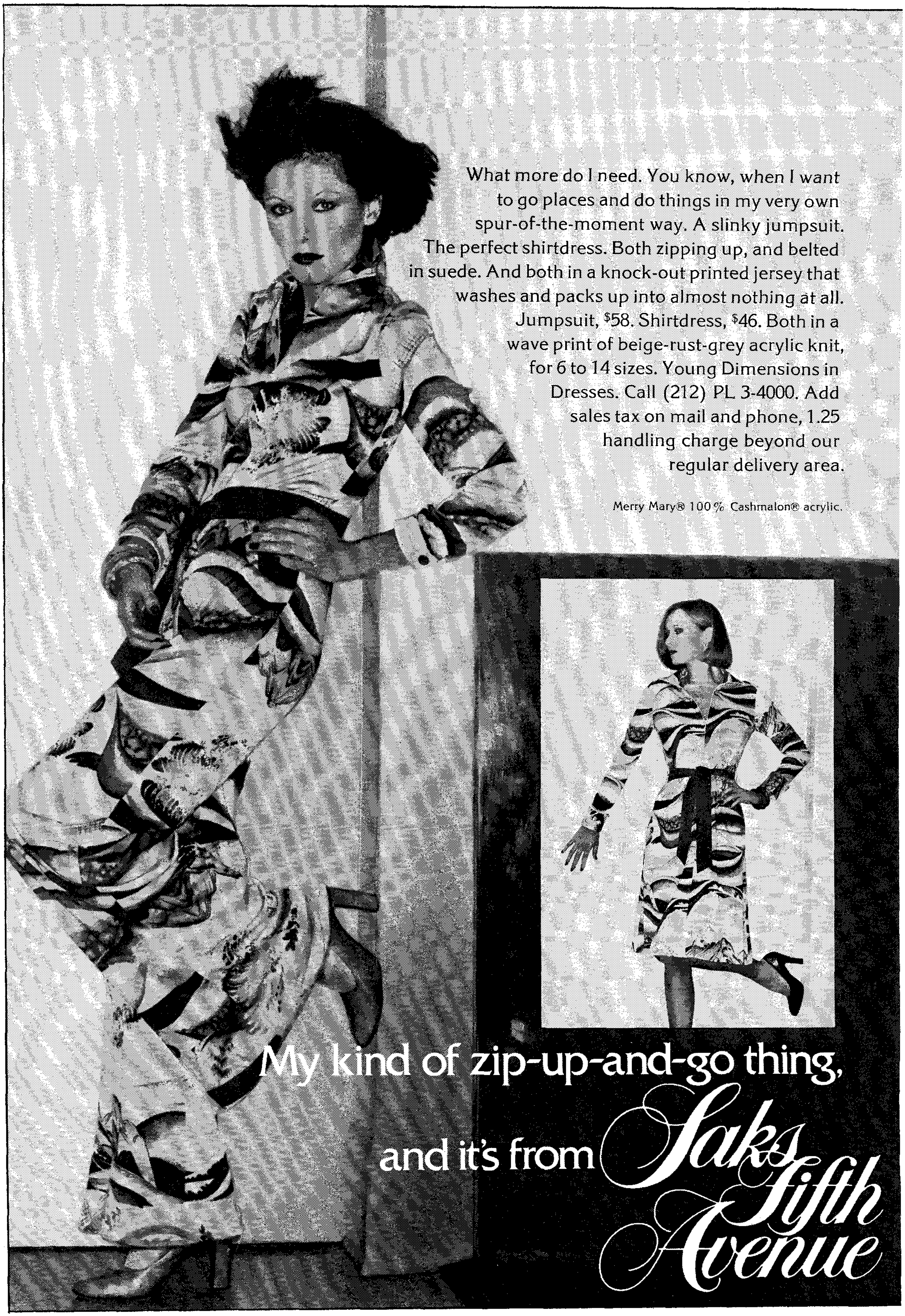
My kind of zip-up-and-go thing,
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the last year or so, the United States and the Soviet Union have added the civil war in the former Portuguese colony of Angola to the long list of local conflicts around the world which they have appropriated to their own purposes by supplying arms to the contending forces. In these situations, the two great powers customarily cast local factions in roles in a global struggle that absorbs Washington and Moscow but may be of little or no interest to the indigenous populations. A short while ago, however, the Senate, apparently breaking with this tradition, voted by fifty-four to twenty-two to deny further American aid to any of the factions in Angola. President Ford called the decision "a deep tragedy." The House of Representatives, when it takes a vote after the holiday recess, is expected to decide which view prevails. In other crises, the White House has usually furnished a certain amount of propaganda to the effect that the faction receiving American support stands for traditional American principles of democracy and freedom, but in the case of Angola these assertions have been largely dispensed with. This time, the White House has hardly bothered to claim that the faction it supports stands for anything at all; nor has it raised any objection to the policies pursued by the rival Angolan factions. In fact, Angola seems to have been overlooked altogether in the American Angola policy. The Angolans are invisible to the Administration, which is able to see in Angola little besides the presence of Soviet power. As Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has put it, "we can live with any of the factions in Angola and we would never have given assistance to any of the other factions if other great powers had stayed out of this." But it is Angolans, of course, and not Russians, who are being killed in the well-supplied, expanded fighting. The Russians, for their part, are busy consuming ten million tons of American grain while their leaders negotiate with American leaders on how to avoid nuclear war and extinction. This broad arrangement, in which the United States steers clear of hostilities in its direct relations with the Soviet Union but fights the Soviet Union to the death in Africa and Asia through the expedient of proxy war, was once called the Cold War and is now called détente. The Cold War has been "cold" because neither the Soviet Union nor the United States has been under direct attack. For Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Angolans, however, the Cold War—and détente, too—has been hot.

In the last decade or so, the results of the policy of global intervention have turned out to be mostly ironic for both great powers. In the nineteen-fifties, the Soviet Union helped to consolidate the success of the Communist revolution in China; today, Communist China is the Soviet Union's most dangerous and implacable enemy. Also in the nineteen-fifties, the Russians found in Egypt a situation they judged ripe for exploitation; in the nineteen-seventies, they were ignominiously thrown out. Meanwhile, the United States, hoping to "contain" a "Communism" that was already divided, was doing itself grievous harm in Vietnam. In recent years, both the United States and the Soviet Union appear to have harmed themselves with their interventions more than they have harmed each other. As for the other nations of the world, they are going their own way. For better or worse, they are moving in directions unforeseen in the global plans for liberation and containment. As if they were characters in a play who had thrown the script away and begun to speak lines they had devised for themselves, these nations—nationalistic, proud, jealous of their independence—have stepped out of the roles arranged for them by the great powers of the postwar years and have taken their diverse futures into their own hands.

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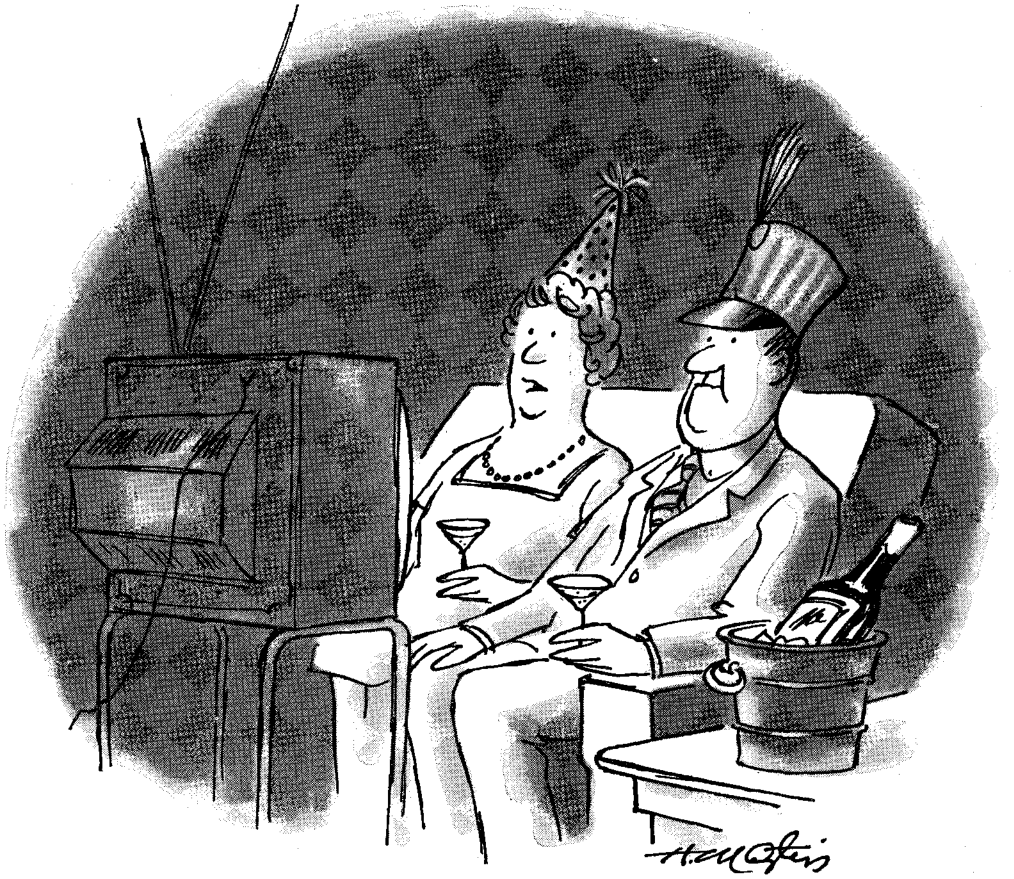
Pigeon Mumblers

ONE afternoon not long ago, three young men from Canarsie stopped by the Meeker Pigeon Exchange, in Greenpoint, on their circuitous way to watch the ponies run at Aqueduct. We happened to be in the store at the time, talking with Patrick Sottile, the proprietor, and as the three customers passed through the Exchange's front room, heading for the pigeon coops, which are in the back room, Mr. Sottile muttered something that sounded like "pigeon mumblers."

We told him we weren't sure we had understood him correctly.

"You know, pigeon mumblers," he said. "Remember in school, the ungraded class, the yo-yos? That's pigeon mumblers. Actually, a lot of guys who kept pigeons never made it to the yo-yo class, because they didn't even bother to go to school, so when they talked they mumbled. Nowadays, it's mainly a term to describe someone who fancies pigeons. A guy doesn't have to mumble to be a pigeon mumbler, but you should watch out when you're talking to a genuine mumbler. He'll mispronounce everything, call a tippler a tiplet, or a teager a teaguh. One thing you gotta remember: when you get a real pigeon mumbler around, no matter what he's talking about, agree with him."

In New York City, there are about fifteen establishments that cater to the needs of serious-minded pigeon mumblers. Certainly every pigeon emporium enjoys its distinctions, but we feel safe in assuming that only the Meeker Pi-



"Well, Artie, here it is next year again."

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geon Exchange—on Meeker Avenue, right alongside the Manhattan-bound lanes of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway—has a live bird in the front window named Killer King. We also suspect that no pigeon trader in town has more tattoos per square inch of arm space than Mr. Sottile has (none of the tattoos have anything to do with pigeons) or that any pigeon-exchange entrepreneur has a more relaxed attitude toward his work. A year ago, Mr. Sottile retired from the presidency of the Allied International Union of Security Guards and Special Police, and decided, at forty-five, to collect his pension and settle down full time with his pigeons. Mr. Sottile is a man *at ease*—far more at ease, certainly, than Killer, a pedigreed show king, who reluctantly shares the premises with a motley horde of birds, two calico cats, and a collie who has recently learned to answer to the name Prince.

The cats have been standard fixtures since Mr. Sottile opened for business, last June; the pigeon population ebbs and flows with the customer traffic; and Prince, who almost certainly had a different name at his previous address, wandered in about two months ago. Prince gives every indication of having attended obedience school somewhere along the line, which makes him far better behaved than Killer, who lives in a cage with a nameless, relatively tame Great American Runt. The Runt seems well matched with Killer, both being about the size of respectable chickens. Their bulk makes them too heavy to fly, and their grandeur makes them not for sale. Killer is his most imperious self when he is perched atop a cardboard nesting bowl waiting for one of the Runt's eggs to hatch. Some Greenpoint pigeon mumblers who are familiar with Killer's irascible moods say that if he really put his mind to it, he could probably hatch a baseball.

As it happened, the Canarsie mumblers—George, John, and Steve—hadn't come to bother with, or be bothered by, Killer. George carried a small wire cage containing a blue teager and four Budapest tipplers—or Budies, as they're known in the trade. This meant that the mumblers had come not to buy but to sell—something that Mr. Sottile naturally understood—but he let the boys hang out in the back room for a while before he started to conduct his business with them. The front room at the Exchange contains cages, feed bins, a few birds, bulletin boards with race results and contest information, and a glass display counter with medicines, leg bands, and other pigeon accessories, but the real action is in the back room. Six coops there accommodate almost a thousand birds, including show homers and flying homers, show flights and flying flights, show turbits and flying turbits, and a variety of fancy Viennas, nuns, helmets, tipplers, and monks—about forty breeds in all. The birds come, of course, in all the appropriate, and peculiarly named, pigeon colors. A blue show flight looks gray to a non-pigeon mumbler, anything dun looks brown, yellow is gold, Dutch silver is red, red is sort of muddy, white is white, and black is black. The terms "show" and "flying" suggest that some birds are bred for beauty and others for their aerodynamic skills. This explains why a show flight caught off guard in a sudden gust of wind usually looks pretty silly.

When Mr. Sottile, who sells more flying flights than anything else, finally wandered into the back, the transaction was brief.

"I'm keeping the teaguh," George said. "But you can have the others. How much?"

"Haven't I seen those birds before?" Mr. Sottile asked.

"Yeah," George said. "You saw the mommy and daddy but not the babies. I sold you the mommy and daddy early last spring and bought 'em back in July. Here they are again."

"I'll give you three bucks apiece."

"Good enough," said George, and he accepted a ten and two singles from Mr. Sottile and put them in the breast pocket of his T-shirt. The T-shirt was inscribed "Maloney's, E. 42nd and Ave. D. Bklyn." George then placed the four Budies in a small cage along the wall, opposite the large coops. We asked what he planned to do with the teager.

"Oh, we're gonna let him go out at Aqueduct," George explained. "He's my smoker—a hot one. I liberated him one time up in the Adirondacks, two hunnerd fifty miles from home, and he makes it back in five hours. No, I don't have names for my birds. He's just a blue teaguh and he's my smoker."

"Why did you sell those Budies if you'd already bought and sold them once before?" we asked.

"Well, I sold them in the spring, and bought the parents back because I liked them, and then they had the babies, and I sold them again today because I'm a little tired of them but mainly because I'm a carpenter and

I've been out of work for a while because I hurt my hand, and we're going to the track now and I need twelve bucks to bet a horse—Sip Sip Sip, running in the fourth."

Ignoring for the moment the unfortunate fact that the newspapers the next day showed Sip Sip Sip to have broken from the gate in last place and stayed there, George's reasons for selling his beloved Budies accorded with the implacable logic that is the standard for most commerce at the Meeker Pigeon Exchange. Not long after the Canarsie mumblers left, for instance, two of their brethren, a couple of teenagers from Coney Island, dropped by the store. One of these mumblers, who explained that he had a plan for breeding golden flights, bought twenty-two carefully chosen birds for seventy-two dollars. His companion, who seemed less discriminating, paid twelve dollars for six birds, which he said he planned to add to his flock of five hundred. Why was he buying six more? "To watch them fly," he said.

Every self-respecting pigeon mumbler, then, has his own reasons. Mr. Sottile, who has been raising pigeons since he was ten years old, understands this, and, as a consequence, asks few questions. He also makes few rules, with the notable exception of a caveat posted on a bulletin board in the front room. The sign says, "I DO NOT BUY STREET RATS." A street rat is the garden-variety pigeon found everywhere in the city except in pet shops. Among pigeon mumblers, who will disagree on just about every other subject, contempt for street rats is a common denominator.

Mr. Sottile invokes one other rule—an unwritten injunction that prohibits schoolchildren from hanging out in the store during school hours. This is part of his plan to reduce the population of genuine mumblers in the Brooklyn area. The plan isn't intended, however, to rob Brooklyn of its distinction as a mecca for pigeon mumblers. When Mr. Sottile opened the Meeker Pigeon Exchange, he put up a small sign on top of the building to advertise the store. The billboard can be seen from the B.-Q. E., and its presence probably accounts for the homing instincts of the upwardly mobile mumblers who long ago made the move from Brooklyn to Nassau County but have somehow discovered Mr. Sottile's store back in Greenpoint. No one at the store claims that the mumbler migration to the wilds of Nassau County means that there is anything like a burgeoning pigeon chic afoot in the suburbs, but it's worth noting that Mr. Sottile has gone to the trouble to tack up a newspaper clipping next to the cash register which shows Yul Brynner nuzzling a pigeon.

"Oh, you get a lot of interesting people who raise pigeons," one customer told us. "James Stewart, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Henry Fonda. Also, Jerry Rosenberg—you know, 'So, what's the story, Jerry?'—and Dutch Schultz. Actually, Dutch used to pay a guy a hundred dollars a week just to take care of his pigeons for him." The customer neglected to mention Marlon Brando, who, as Terry Malloy in "On the Waterfront," knew a thing or two about flying homers. As it is, the regulars at the Meeker Pigeon Exchange tend not to have names like James, Marlon, Yul, and Henry but run more to Rocky, Gus, Carmine, Butch, Richie, Joey, Frankie, and Vinny. Lots of Vinnys.

Because Mr. Sottile's vocation is an extension of his avocation, and because his union pension gives him a satisfactory income, he doesn't feel compelled to keep long hours—he opens at noon, and doesn't open at all on Wednesday—or even to dicker very strenuously when he is buying and selling. One of his regular customers, a thirteen-year-old called Obbie Santiago,

"Too bad about Hackett. His global mission was snatched away from him and given to someone else."

came in with a friend after school the other day and handed Mr. Sottile some change. "Here's the fifteen cents I owe you, from the food," he said.

Mr. Sottile took the money but looked puzzled. "Are you sure?" he asked. "What happened—'dja get a call from my lawyer?"

Obbie said sternly, "I'm sure." Then he went into the back room with his friend.

While the two boys were among the coops, Mr. Sottile noticed some birds flying outside and went to the front door of the store to watch them. We followed him, and he pointed toward a group of a couple of hundred pigeons on the other side of the Expressway. The birds rose and glided, whirling in a funnel-shaped mass, above a row of low buildings. "That flock there belongs to a customer who lives a couple of blocks away," said Mr. Sottile. "And see that other flock, over there? Probably a few birds from each flock will get mixed up with the other." For a while, it seemed that the two flocks might merge completely, but they never did. As we looked at the birds—there must have been about four hundred—it occurred to us that we were witnessing more sustained pigeon flight than we had ever seen before.

"How high will those birds fly?" we asked.

"Those birds? How high?" Mr. Sottile hesitated for a moment, and then nodded in the direction of the pigeons. "Now, those *particular* birds will fly *sky*-high."

Up the River

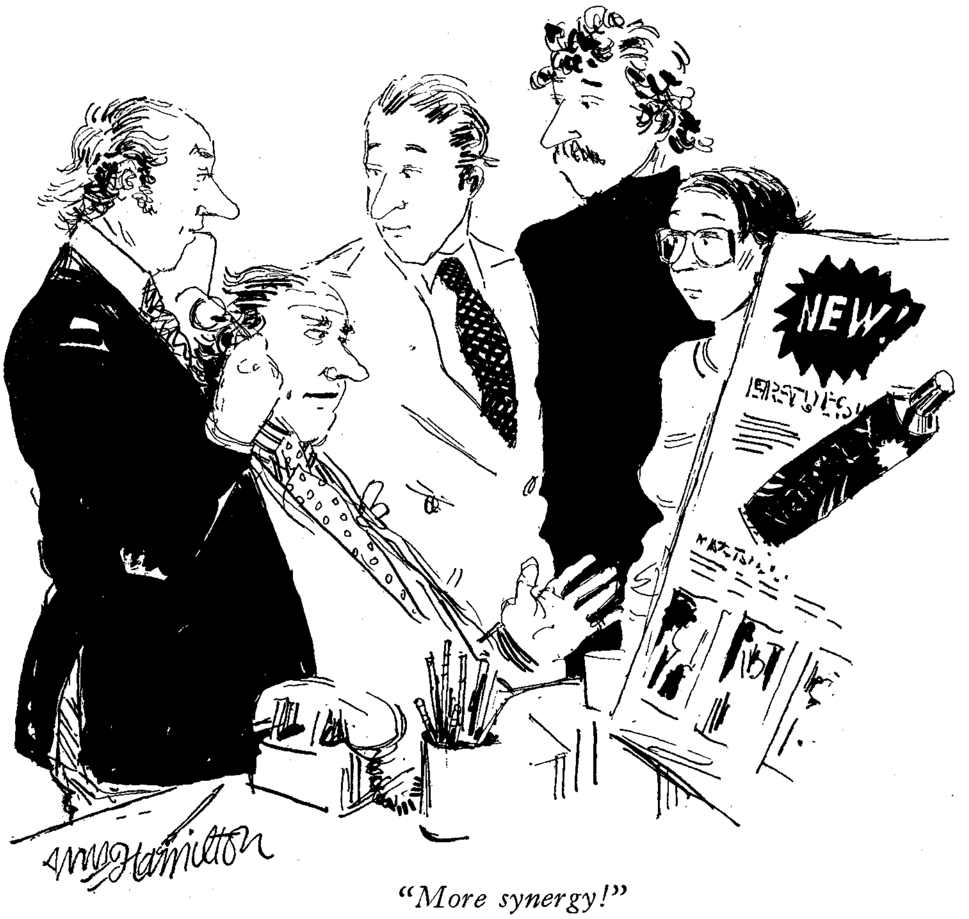
THE old curmudgeon, a notorious boulevardier and shunner of rustic districts, startled us considerably the other evening by descending onto a stool next to us at the Grand Central Oyster Bar—we were about to inhale a steaming bowl of oyster stew with cream—and announcing, "I have just spent the day at Hyde Park. Moreover," he continued, as an oyster slid off our spoon and back into the stew, "I was part of a press junket, and I enjoyed it. I am involved in an outfit called TRAINS—the word stands for Tourist Railway Association—whose members own a number of spotlessly maintained private railroad cars. George Pins, a former president of TRAINS—he's become so busy running private trains for himself and other people that he's practically given up his original career as a lawyer—was approached by the fellows at ABC-TV to run a special train of his cars to Hyde Park for a screening of a four-hour special, two years in the making, based on Joe Lash's 'Eleanor and Franklin,' which will be broadcast January 11th and 12th, and Pins asked me to form part of his honor guard. This was almost, but not quite, the first train to call at the Hyde Park station in twenty years. The station is in good shape, because it has been fixed up by members of the Hudson Valley Railroad Society—these little towns upstate are full of malcontents who want the trains back—but the station is now entirely separated from the tracks by a cyclone fence, and the Hudson Valley Railroaders, who were at the station to greet us, had to summon a local cyclone-fence cutter this morning so that we could disembark. The only other train to have pulled in there in recent memory stopped last September to pick up the winner of a Hudson Valley Railroad Society fund-raising raffle, who had won an all-expense-paid Amtrak trip to Montreal. The 'Hello, Dolly!' movie people repainted all of downtown Garrison, opposite West Point, a few years ago and fixed up the railroad station there for some on-location scenes, and now ABC has taken an interest in the Hyde Park station. It is a wonderful idea to have movie and TV companies interested in our railroad stations. Now that Grand Central has apparently been saved—although I hear that the Penn Central lawyers are mulling an appeal—how about a movie company rebuilding Penn Station in all its pristine Roman grandeur?"

"What movie would be appropriate for that?" we said as the curmudge paused to order up a cool beer and a dozen Chincoteagues on the half-shell.

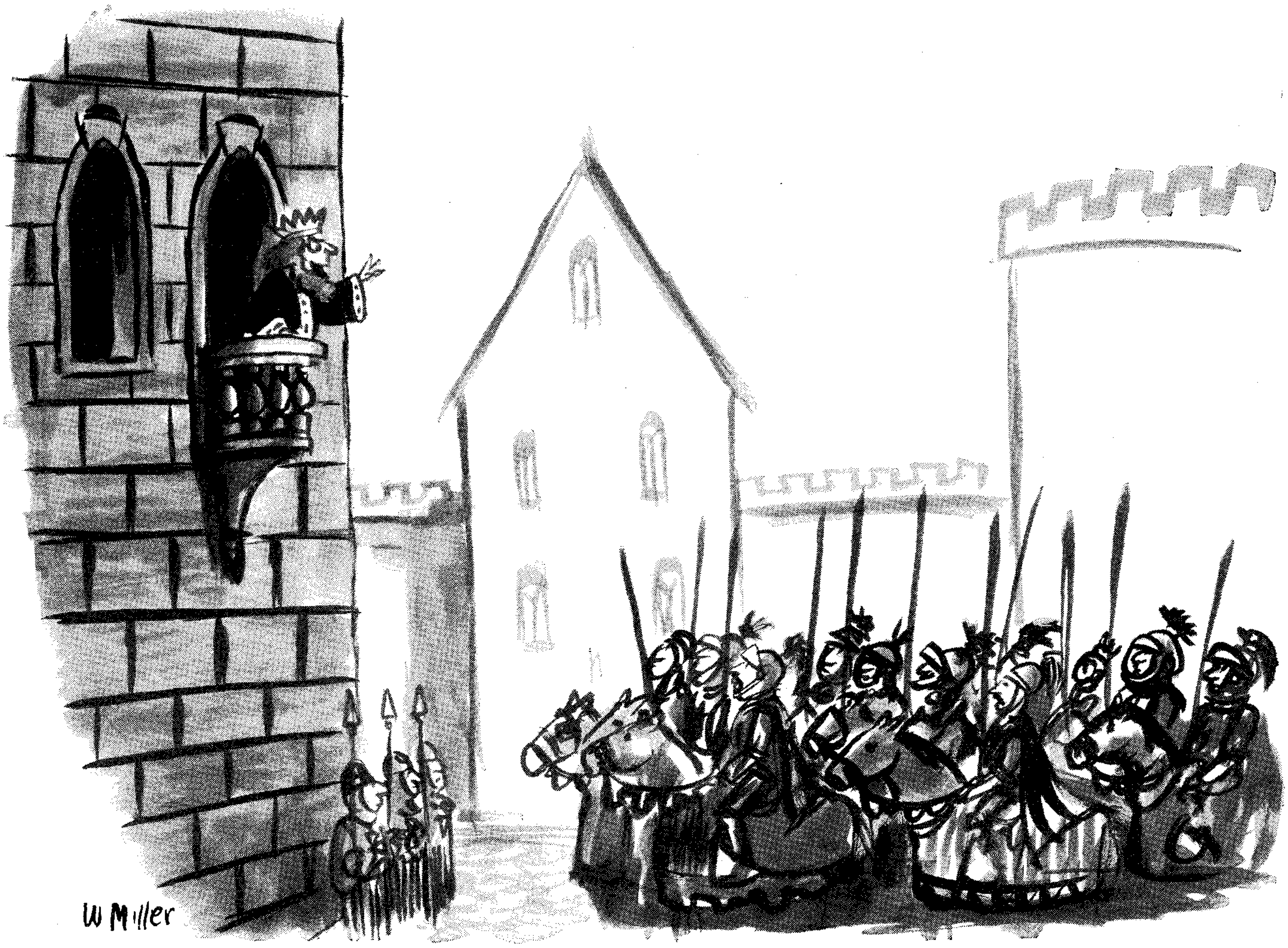
"Why, of course," he said, "that stirring tribute to American know-how called 'The Wreck of the Penn Central.' "

"Did the press people like George Pins' private train?"

"Well, yes indeed, although there was one man who asked me, 'Does this train run every day to Hyde Park?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Hourly.' I talked for some time to John Tibbs, one of Pins' porters, with whom I have travelled over six thousand miles on the Pins specials. He told me he had been the porter on the private car that took F.D.R. to Quebec during the war for a conference with Churchill, and that the President and the Prime Minister invited him and another porter to join a penny-ante poker game on the train one night when the discussions were over for the day. Tibbs is a discreet man. I asked him if F.D.R. had cleaned up, and at first all he would say was that Churchill had won thirty-five cents. Finally, he allowed that he had taken a dollar-ten off Roosevelt. I also



"*More synergy!*"



"The first knight among you to slay the horrible dragon will win the hand of my daughter, plus two thousand golden ducats. Void where prohibited by law."

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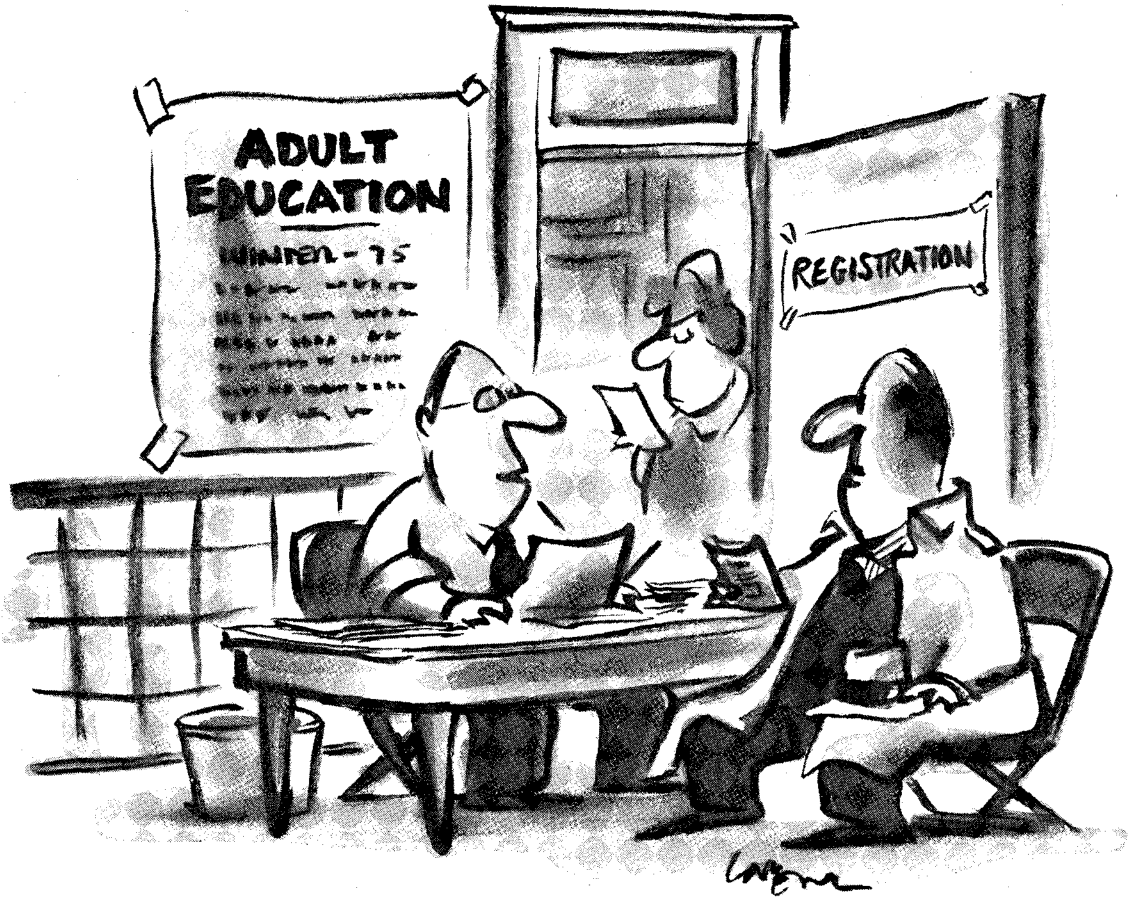
talked to Joe Lash, who was on the train, and he told me that when he was writing 'Eleanor and Franklin' he sometimes heard Mrs. Roosevelt's voice in his mind asking him not to write about the troubles in her parents' marriage. I date my own interest in the Roosevelts to 1912, when my father held me up to shake Teddy Roosevelt's hand during his Bull Moose campaign."

The curmudgeon ate three more oysters and took a sip of beer. (He of course has nothing to do with cocktail sauce.) "We were met at Hyde Park by F.D.R., Jr., who told us the family was really quite pleased with the film we were about to see. He said that his parents had met the King and Queen of England at the station in 1939, when Their Majesties went up to Hyde Park for the weekend. The Roosevelts threw a picnic, and the Queen asked the President how to eat a hot dog. F.D.R., according to his son, said, 'You just aim it at your mouth, and then keep pushing and chewing.' Then an acceptable bus took us off, past a Chicken Licken shop and a flower shop called Plant Parenthood, to the Roosevelt Theatre, a movie house across the road from the Roosevelt estate, and we were shown the first half of 'Eleanor and Franklin.' George Pins, meanwhile, took his train back to Poughkeepsie, for rewatering and revictualling. I tried to buy some popcorn—I like to be democratic during my mass pilgrimages—but was told by the ticket-taker he had been ordered not to dispense any. I hate documentaries, but this one was something else. *I* was quite pleased myself, particularly by a scene in which Edward Herrmann, as Franklin, teases Jane Alexander (Eleanor) at the breakfast table. She's telling him about someone who's coming to call. He's reading the paper, and she thinks he hasn't heard a word, and tells him the person has two heads. But he repeats the conversation verbatim and says that the children will be very interested in anyone with two heads but that she will have to prepare the servants, so as not to embarrass their guest. Finally, he wins from her a slow smile of recognition. Afterward, we talked to Jane Alexander, who was also on hand. Joe Lash told her that her spirit had really taken over the picture and brought out Eleanor's light."

"Did you say anything to her?" we asked.

"Oh, I said, 'You make me wish I'd been Franklin.' Then we were whisked off to lunch in the Escoffier Room of the Culinary Institute of America—the cooking school that occupies a former Jesuit seminary adjacent to the Roosevelt estate. I sat at a table with Harry Sherman, the co-producer of 'Eleanor and Franklin,' and Dr. William Emerson, the director of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, and his wife. Dr. Emerson, a Yale man, said that an occasional visitor to Hyde Park is a woman who says that she is a daughter of the last of the czars and that Roosevelt made her the only six-star general in the Army, secret head of the F.B.I., and



"I'm afraid 'The Lessons of Vietnam' and 'The Lessons of Watergate' are full. I could squeeze you into 'The Lessons of New York City,' however."

Commandant of the Marine Corps. Dr. Emerson said that in order not to blow her cover he asked her to pay fifty cents admission, just like everybody else.

"After lunch, we went to the library on the Roosevelt estate. I saw the wickerwork love seat he and his dog used to sit in atop his pony, the election poster when he ran for managing editor of the Harvard *Crimson* in 1903 (his platform was 'Assignments Only When Requested! Long Live Bacchus!'), the curls and dresses his mother made him wear until he was five, the toy horses, elephants, roosters, cows, pigs, and, of course, donkeys that he kept on his cluttered desk in the Oval Office, and the famous photograph of Chief Petty Officer Graham Jackson playing the accordion and singing 'Going Home' while the tears roll down his face as F.D.R.'s casket is put aboard his funeral train. In the Roosevelt mansion, I saw the dark-panelled drawing room. Oh, the dark-panelled drawing rooms of old New England and the days I had to spend sitting silently in them! The sun always seemed to set at one, and on Sunday it never came up at all."

The o. c. called for his check. "From the house, we went back to the theatre, and saw the second half of the movie. Then we got back on George Pins' train, and here I am. I talked to Dan Petrie, the picture's director, coming back, and was pleased to find out that *his* favorite scene, like mine, is Franklin teasing Eleanor. F.D.R. had the proper attitude. He always assumed the world was, you might well say, his oyster, and he intended to be gentle with it as long as it behaved reasonably."

Psychoanalysts at the Waldorf

THE two thousand or so psychoanalysts who came to the Waldorf recently for the annual meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association glowed with the glow of the well-scheduled; here they were for five days in New York—nice hotel, wives or husbands or kids along, with time to Christmas-shop—catching up on the latest ideas in their profession, secure in the knowledge that whatever feelings of anger and abandonment they had left with their patients could easily be worked through in twenty minutes of the next appointment. Also, many of them looked happy to be listening to something different for a change as they sat in the Empire Room on Friday morning to hear six of their number speak on the topic "Psychic Energy Reconsidered." They sat weightily. We glanced down a row and saw one with the tips of his fingers pressed together, the next with his right forefinger to his temple, the next with the bowl of his pipe in his left hand resting in his lap, the next straightening the pant leg over his right calf in a single motion, and so on. They made the air rich with high-priced listening, and they made the simple metal chairs they were sitting on seem like distinguished leather armchairs. They didn't fidget, except for one. The only analyst who fidgeted was sitting in front of us, and he was also the only one wearing a leisure suit, and he was from Hawaii.

As near as we could tell, the issue at stake in the "Psychic Energy Reconsidered" discussion was whether very abstract levels of metaphor were helpful or harmful in a consideration of the human mind. Most of the panelists agreed that psychiatrists had to solve the problem on their own, without counting on the help of natural scientists. "To say 'Let the neurophysiologists do it,' I think, is a cop-out," stated one panelist. At only one point during the entire three-and-a-half-hour session was there any laughter. Dr. Allan D. Rosenblatt, upon being challenged by Dr. Merton M. Gill, said, "I dislike Talmudic exegeses as a way of solving disputes, but there is a quotation from Freud—" And at that the entire room of psychoanalysts laughed. There were close to five hundred in the room. The laugh was not long in duration, and it sounded kind of rusty. For some reason, the laugh reminded us of the short, creaky noise the rope makes when the shark first takes the bait in "Jaws." It gave us a funny feeling between the shoulder blades. Some people go through years of analysis without raising so much as a chuckle from their analyst, and here was a room full of five hundred analysts laughing. It was an impressive sound.

LETTERS FROM THE SAMANTHA

THESE letters were recovered in good condition from the vault of the sunken Samantha, an iron-hulled sailing ship of one thousand tons, built in Scotland in 1879 and wrecked during the First World War in the Persian Gulf off Basra.

•

20 August, 1909, 20° 14′ 18″ S,
43° 51′ 57″ E
Off Madagascar
DEAR SIR:

Many years have passed since I joined the Green Star Line. You may note in your records and logs, if not, indeed, by memory, the complete absence of disciplinary action against me. During my command, the Samantha has been a trim ship on time. Though my subordinates sometimes complain, they are grateful, no doubt, for my firm rule and tidiness. It saves the ship in storms, keeps them healthy, and provides good training—even though they will be masters of steamships.

No other vessel of this line has been as punctual or well run. Even today we are a week ahead and our Madagascar wood will reach Alexandria early. Bound for London, the crew are happy, and though we sail the Mozambique Channel they act as if we had just caught sight of Margate. There are no problems on this ship. But I must in conscience report an irregular incident for which I am ready to take full blame.

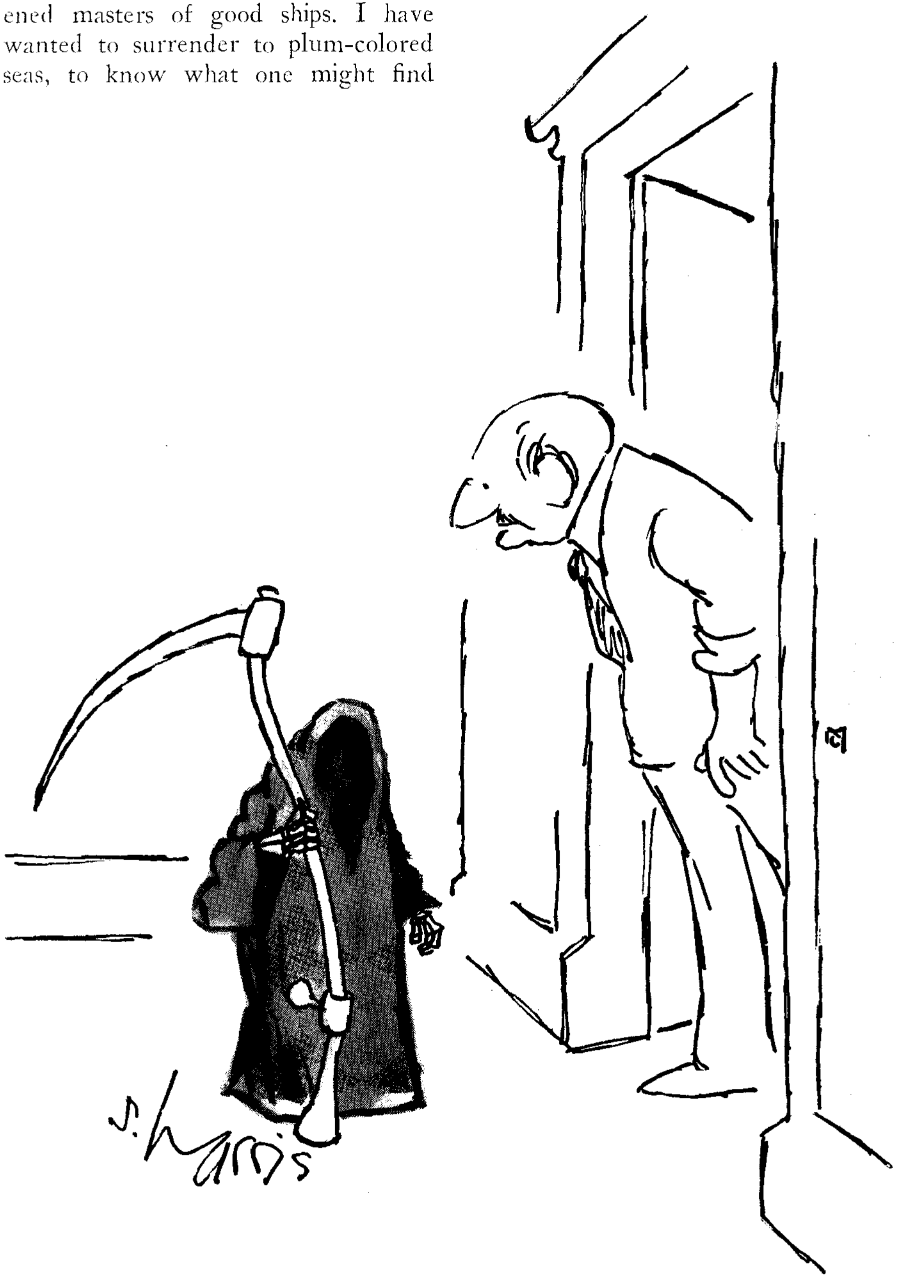
Half a day out of Androka, we came upon a sea so blue and casual that its waters seemed fit to drink. Though the wind was slight and we made poor time, we were elated by perfect climate and painter's colors, for off the starboard side Madagascar rose as green and tranquil as a well-watered palm, its mountains engraved by thrashing freshwater streams which beat down to the coast. A sweet upwelling breeze blew steadily from shore and confounded our square sails. Twenty minutes after noon, the lookout sighted a tornado on land. In the ship's glass I saw it, horrifying and enormous. Though at a great distance, its column appeared as thick as a massive tree on an islet in an atoll, and stretched at least 70 degrees upward from the horizon.

I have seen these pipes of windy fleece before. If there is sea nearby, they rush to it. So did this. When it became not red and black from soil and debris but silver and green from the water it drew, I began to tighten ship. Were the typhoon to have struck us directly, no preparation would have saved us. But what a shame to be swamped by high waves, or to be dismasted by beaten sea and wind. Hatches were battened as if for storm, minor sails furled, and the mainsail driven down half.

It moved back and forth over the sea in illegible patterning, as if tacking to changing winds. To our dismay, the distance narrowed. We were afraid, though every man on deck wanted to see it, to feel it, perhaps to ride its thick swirling waters a hundred times higher than our mast—higher than the peaks inland. I confess that I have wished to be completely taken up by such a thing, to be lifted into the clouds, arms and legs pinned in the stream. The attraction is much like that of phosphorescent seas, when glowing light and smooth swell are dangerously magnetic even for hardened masters of good ships. I have wanted to surrender to plum-colored seas, to know what one might find there naked and alone. But I have not, and will not.

Finally, we began to run rough water. The column was so high that we bent our heads to see its height, and the sound was greater than any engine, causing masts and spars to resonate like cords. Waves broke over the prow. Wind pushed us on, and the curl of the sea rushed to fill the depression of the waters. No more than half a mile off the starboard bow, the column veered to the west, crossing our path to head for Africa as rapidly as an express. Within minutes, we could not even see it.

As it crossed our bows, I veered in the direction from which it had come. It seemed to communicate a decisiveness of course, and here I took opportunity to evade. In doing so we came close to land. This was dangerous not only for the presence of reefs and shoals but because of the scattered



"Don't panic. I'm just a sore throat."

"... Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear ... from out of the past come the thundering hoof-beats of the great horse, Silver ..."
P.D.

debris. Trees as tall as masts and much thicker, roots sucked clean, lay in puzzlement upon the surface. Brush and vines were everywhere. The water was reddish brown from earth which had fallen from the cone. We were meticulously careful in piloting through this fresh salad, as a good ram against a solid limb would have been the end. Our cargo is hardwoods, and would have sunk us like granite. I myself straddled the sprit stays, pushing aside small logs with a boathook and calling out trim to the wheel.

Nearly clear, we came upon a clump of tangled vegetation. I could not believe my eyes, for floating upon it was a large monkey, bolt upright and dignified. I sighted him first, though the lookout called soon after. On impulse, I set trim for the wavy mat and, as we smashed into it, offered the monkey an end of the boathook. When he seized it I was almost pulled in, for his weight is nearly equal to mine. I observed that he had large teeth, which appeared both white and sharp. He came close, and then took to the lines until he sat high on the topgallant. As he passed, his foot cuffed my shoulder and I could smell him.

My ship is a clean ship. I regretted immediately my gesture with the hook. We do not need the mysterious defecations of such a creature, or the threat of him in the rigging at night. But we could not capture him to throw him back into the sea and, even had we collared him, might not have been able to get him overboard without danger to ourselves. We are now many miles off the coast. It is dark, and he sits high off the deck. The night watch is afraid and requests that I fell him with my rifle. They have seen his sharp teeth, which he displays with much screaming and gesticulating when they near him in the rigging. I think he is merely afraid, and I cannot bring myself to shoot him. I realize that no animals are allowed on board and have often had to enforce this rule when coming upon a parrot or cat hidden belowdecks where some captains do not go. But this creature we have today removed from the sea is like a man, and he has ridden the typhoon. Perhaps we will pass a headland and throw him overboard on a log. He must eventually descend for want of food. Then we will have our way. I will report further when the matter is resolved, and assure you that I regret this breach of regulations.

Yours & etc.,
SAMSON LOW
Master, S/V SAMANTHA

23 August, 1909, 10° 43′ 3″ S,
49° 5′ 27″ E
South of the Seychelles
DEAR SIR:

We have passed the Channel and are heading north-northeast, hoping to ride the summer monsoon. It is shamefully hot, though the breeze is less humid than usual. Today two men dropped from the heat but they resumed work by evening. Because we are on a homeward tack, morale is at its best, or rather would be were it not for that damned ape in the rigging. He has not come down, and we have left behind his island and its last headland. He will have to have descended by the time we breach passage between Ras Asir and Jazirat Abd al-Kuri. The mate has suggested that there we throw him into the sea on a raft, which the carpenter has already set about building. He has embarked upon this with my permission, since there is little else for him to do. It has been almost an overly serene voyage and the typhoon caused no damage.

The raft he designed is very clever and has become a popular subject of discussion. It is about six feet by three feet, constructed of spare pine dunnage we were about to cast away when the typhoon was sighted. On each side is an outrigger for stability in the swell. In the center is a box, in which is a seat. Flanking this box are several smaller ones for fruit, biscuit, and a bucket of fresh water, in case the creature should drift a long time on the sea. This probably will not be so; the currents off Ras Asir drive for the beach, and we have noted that dunnage is quickly thrown upon the strand. Nevertheless, the crew have added their own touch—a standard distress flag flying from a ten-foot switch. They do not know, but I will order it replaced by a banner of another color, so that a hapless ship will not endanger itself to rescue a speechless monkey.

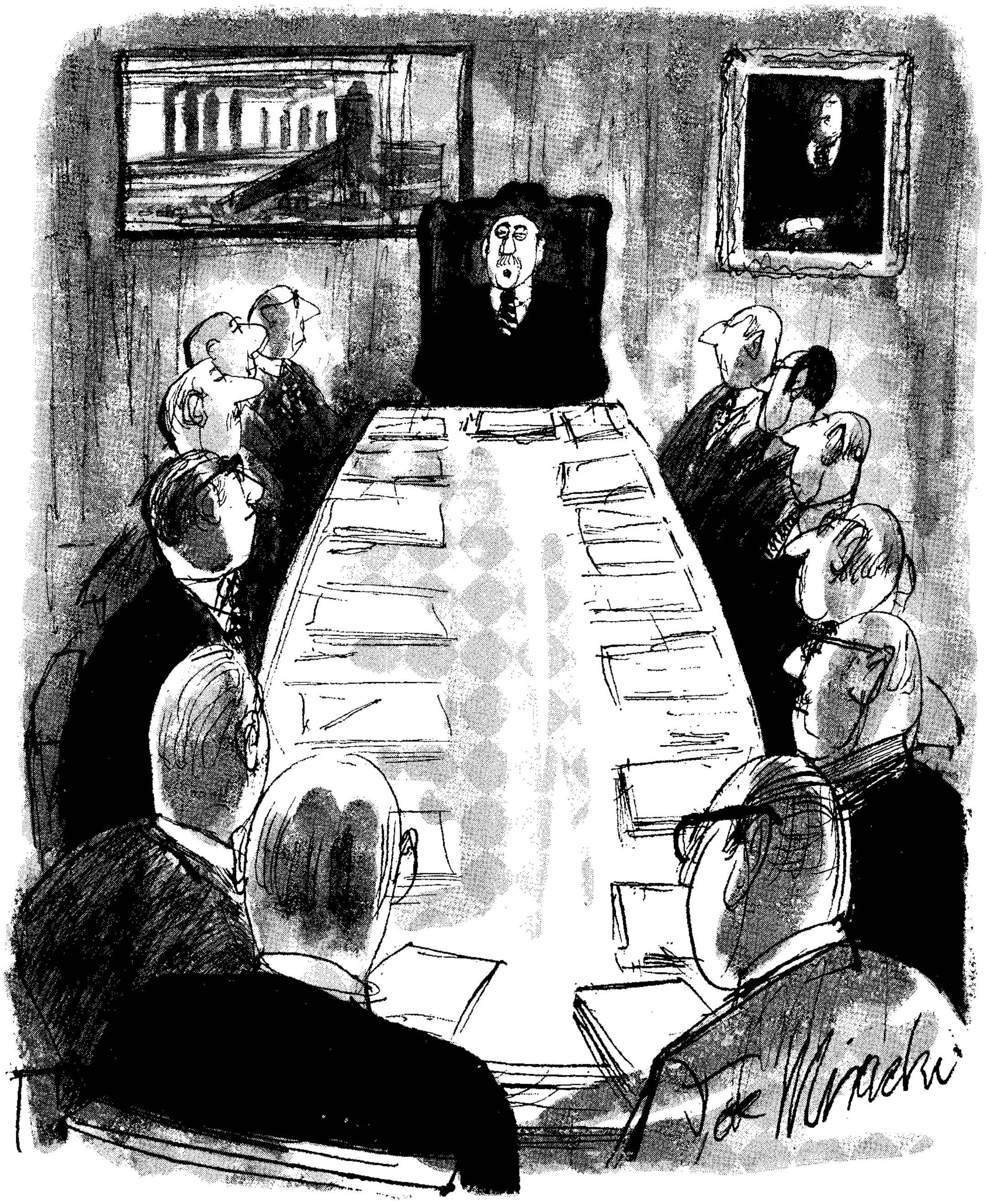
The crew have divided into two factions—those who wish to have the monkey shot, and those who would wait for him to descend and then put him in his boat. I am with the latter, since I would be the huntsman, and have already mentioned my lack of enthusiasm for this. A delegation of the first faction protested. They claimed that the second faction comprised those who stayed on deck, that the creature endangered balance in the rigging, and that he produced an uncanny effect in his screeching and bellicose silhouettes, which from below are humorous but which at close range, they said, are disconcerting and terrifying.

Since I had not seen him for longer than a moment and wanted to verify their complaint, I went up. Though sixty years of age, I did not use the bosun's chair, and detest those masters who do. It is pharaonic, and smacks of days in my father's youth when he saw with his own eyes gentlemen in sedan chairs carried about the city. The sight of twenty men laboring to hoist a ship's rotund captain is simply Egyptian, and I will not have it. Seventy feet off the deck, a giddy height to which I have not ascended in years, I came even with the ape. The ship was passing a boisterous sea and had at least a twenty-degree roll, which flung the two of us from side to side like pendula.

I am not a naturalist, nor have we on board a book of zoology, so the most I can do is to describe him. He is almost my height (nearly five feet ten inches) and appears to be sturdily built. Feet and hands are human in appearance except that they have a bulbous, skew, arthritic look common to monkeys. He is muscular and covered with fine reddish-brown hair. One can see the whiteness of his tendons when he stretches an arm or leg. I have mentioned the sharp, dazzling white teeth, set in rows like a trap, canine and pointed. His face is curiously delicate, and covered with orange hair leading to a snow-white crown of fur. My breath nearly failed when I looked into his eyes, for they are a bright, penetrating blue.

At first, he began to scream and swing as if he would come at me. If he had, I would have fared badly. The sailors fear him, for there is no man on board with half his strength, no man on the sea with a tenth his agility in the ropes, and if there is a man with the glacierlike pinnacled teeth, then he must be in a Scandinavian or Eastern European circus, for there they are fond of such things. To my surprise, he stopped his pantomime and, with a gentle and quizzical tilt of the head, looked me straight in the eyes. I had been sure that as a man I could answer his gaze as if from infallibility, and I calmly looked back. But he had me. His eyes unset me, so that I nearly shook. From that moment, he has not threatened or bared his teeth, but merely rests near the top of the foremast. The crew have attributed his conversion to my special power. This is flattering, though not entirely, as it assumes my ability to commune with an ape. Little do they suspect that it is I and not the monkey who have been converted, although to what I do not know. I am still thoroughly ashamed of my indiscretion and the trouble arising from it. We will get him and put him adrift off Ras Asir.

This evening, the cook grilled up some beef. I had him thoroughly vent the galley and use a great many herbs. The aroma was maddening. I sat in near-hypnotic ease in a canvas chair on the quarterdeck, a glass of wine in



"The question before the board, then, is this: Shall we put out a white paper or cop a plea?"

hand, as the heat fell to a cool breeze. We are all sunburned and have been working hard, as the ape silently watches, to trim regularly and catch the best winds. We are almost in the full swift of the monsoon, and shortly will ride it in all its speed. It was wonderful to sit on deck and smell the herb-laden meat. The sea itself must have been jealous. I had several men ready with cargo net and pikes, certain that he would come down. We stared up at him as if he were the horizon, waiting. He smelled the food and agitated back and forth. Though he fretted, he did not descend. Even when we ate we saw him shunting to and fro on a yardarm. We left a dish for him away from us but he did not venture to seize it. If he had, we would have seized him.

From his impatience, I predict that tomorrow he will surrender to his stomach. Then we will catch him and this problem will be solved. I truly regret such an irregularity, though it would be worthwhile if he could only tell us how far he was lifted inside the silvered cone, and what it was like.

Yours & etc.,
SAMSON LOW

25 August, 1909, 2° 13′ 10″ N,
51° 15′ 17″ E
Off Mogadishu
DEAR SIR:

Today he came down. After the last correspondence, it occurred to me that he might be vegetarian, and that though he was hungry, the meat had put him off. Therefore, I searched my memory for the most aromatic vegetable dish I know. In your service as a fourth officer, I called at Jaffa port, in Palestine, in January of 1873. We went up to Sfat, a holy town high in the hills, full of Jews and Arabs, quiet and mystical. There were so many come into that freezing velvet dome of stars that all hostelries were full. I and several others paid a small sum for private lodging and board. At two in the morning, after we had returned from Mt. Jermak, the Arabs made a hot lively fire from bundles of dry cyprus twigs, and in a great square iron pan heated local oil and herbs, in which they fried thick sections of potato. I have never eaten so well. Perhaps it was our hunger, the cold, the silence, being high in the mountains at Sfat, where air is like ether and all souls change. Today I made the cook follow that old receipt.

TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING

All things lean at you, and some are
Trying to tell you something, though of some

The heart is too full for speech. On a hill, the oak,
Immense, older than Jamestown or God, splitting

With its own weight at the great inverted
Crotch, air-spread and ice-hung, ringed with iron

Like barrel hoops but heavier, massive rods
Running through and bolted, and, higher, the cables,

Which in summer are hidden by green leaves—the oak,
It is trying to tell you something. It wants,

In its fullness of years, to describe to you
What happens on a December night when

It stands alone in a world of snowy whiteness. The moon is full.
You can hear the stars crackle in their high brightness.

It is ten below zero, and the iron
Of hoops and reinforcement rods is continuing to contract.

There is the rhythm of a slow throb, like pain. The wind,
Northwest, is steady, and in the wind the cables,

In a thin-honed and disinfectant purity, like
A dentist's drill, sing. They sing

Of truth, and its beauty. The oak
Wants to declare this to you, so that you

Will not be unprepared when, some December night,
You stand on a hill, in a world of whiteness, and

Stare into the crackling absoluteness of the sky. The oak
Wants to tell you because, at that moment,

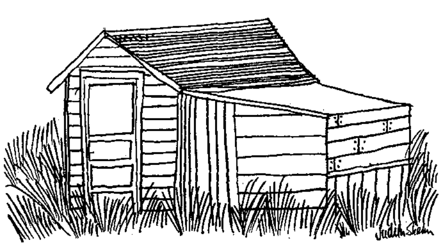
In your own head, the cables will sing
With a thin-honed and disinfectant purity,

And no one can predict the consequences.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

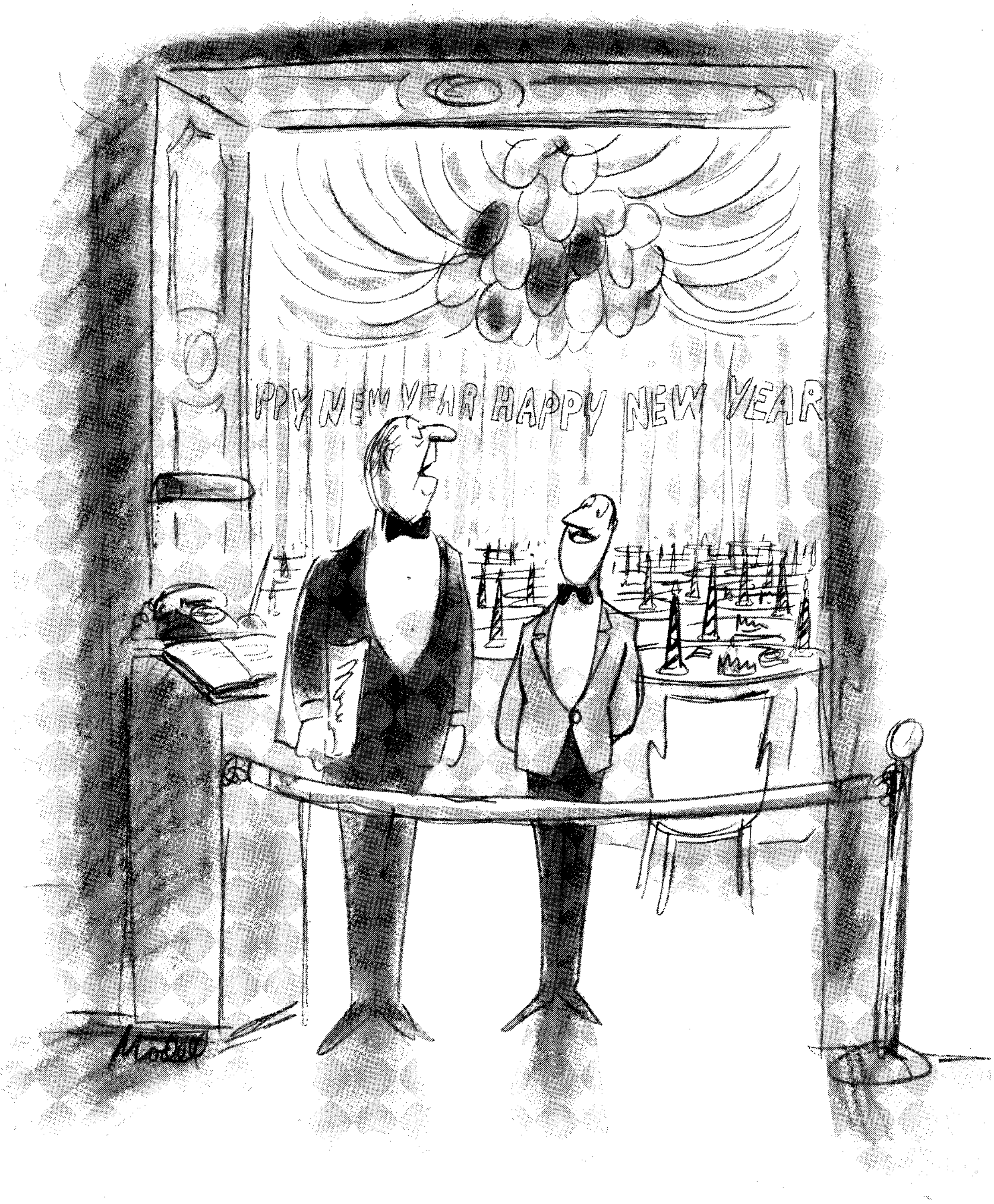
We had been in the monsoon for several hours, and the air was littered with silver sparks—apparitions of heat from a glittering afternoon. Though the sun was low, iron decks could not be tread. In the rigging, he appeared nearly finished, limp and slouching, an arm hanging without energy, his back bent. We put potatoes in a dish on the forecastle. He descended slowly, finally touching deck lightly and ambling to the bows like a spider, all limbs brushing the planks. He ate his fill, and we threw the net over him. We had expected a ferocious struggle, but his posture and expression were so peaceful that I ordered the net removed. Sailors stood ready with pikes, but he stayed in place. Then I approached him and extended my hand as if to a child.



In imitation, he put out his arm, looking much less fearsome. Without a show of teeth, in his tired state, crouched on all fours to half our heights, he was no more frightening than a hound. I led him to the stern and back again while the crew cheered and laughed. Then the mate took him, and then the entire hierarchy of the ship, down to the cabin boys, who are smaller than he and seemed to interest him the most. By dark, he had strolled with every member of the crew and was miraculously tame. But I remembered his teeth, and had him chained to his little boat.

He was comfortable there, surrounded by fruit and water (which he ate and drank methodically) and sitting on a throne of sorts, with half a dozen courtiers eager to look in his eyes and hold his obliging wrist. Mine is not the only London post in which he will be mentioned. Those who can write are describing him with great zeal. I have seen some of these letters. He has been portrayed as a "mad baboon," a "man-eating gorilla of horrible colors, muscled but as bright as a bird," a "pygmy man set down on the sea by miracle and typhoon," and as all manner of Latin names, each different from the others and incorrectly spelled.

Depending on the bend of the monsoon and whether it continues to run strongly, we will pass Ras Asir in three days. I thought of casting him off early but was implored to wait for the Cape. I relented, and in doing so was made to understand why those in command must stay by rules. I am sure, however, that my authority is not truly diminished, and when the ape is gone I will again tighten discipline.


PPY NEW YEAR HAPPY NEW YEAR

"By the way, John, before all hell breaks loose around here let me wish you a Happy New Year."

• •

I have already had the distress flag replaced by a green banner. It flies over the creature on his throne. Though in splendor he is in chains and in three days' time will be on the sea once more.

Yours & etc.,
SAMSON LOW

28 August, 1909, 12° 4′ 39″ N,
50° 1′ 2″ E
North of Ras Asir
DEAR SIR:

A most alarming incident has occurred. I must report, though it is among the worst episodes of my command. This morning, I arose, expecting to put the ape over the side as we rounded Ras Asir at about eleven. (The winds have been consistently excellent and a northward breeze veering off the monsoon has propelled us as steadily as an engine.) Going out on deck, I discovered that his boat was nowhere to be seen. At first, I thought that the mate had already disposed of him, and was disappointed that we were far from the coast. Then, to my shock, I saw him sitting unmanacled atop the main cargo hatch.

I screamed at the mate, demanding to know what had happened to the throne (as it had come to be called). He replied that it had gone overboard during the twelve-to-four watch. I stormed below and got that watch out in a hurry. Though sleepy-eyed, they were terrified. I told them that if the guilty one did not come forth I would put them all in irons. My temper was short and I could have struck them down. Two young sailors, as frightened as if they were surrendering themselves to die, admitted that they had thrown it over. They said they did not want to see the ape put to drift.

They are in irons until we make Suez. Their names are Mulcahy and Esper, and their pay is docked until they are freed. As we rounded the Cape, cutting close in (for the waters there are deep), we could see that though the creature would have been immediately cast up on shore, the shore itself was barren and inhospitable, and surely he would have died there. My Admiralty chart does not detail the inland topography of this area and shows only a yellow tongue marked "Africa" thrusting into the Gulf of Aden.

I can throw him overboard now or later. I do not want to do it. I brought him on board in the first place. There is nothing with which to fashion another raft. We have many tons of wood below, but not a cubic foot of it is lighter than water. The wind is good and we are making for the Bab al-Mandab, where we will pass late tomorrow afternoon—after that, the frustrating run up the Red Sea to the Canal.

The mate suggests that we sell him to the Egyptians. But I am reluctant to make port with this in mind, as it would be a victory for the two in chains and in the eyes of many others. And we are not animal traders. If he leaves us at sea the effects of his presence will be invalidated, we will touch land with discipline restored, and I will have the option of destroying these letters, though everything here has been entered in short form in the log. I have ordered him not to be fed, but they cast him scraps. I must get back my proper hold on the ship.

Yours & etc.,
Samson Low

30 August, 1909, 15° 49′ 30″ N,
41° 5′ 32″ E
Red Sea off Massawa
DEAR SIR:

I have been felled by an attack of headaches. Never before has this happened. There is pressure in my skull enough to burst it. I cannot keep my balance; my eyes roam and I am drunk with pain. For the weary tack up the Red Sea I have entrusted the mate with temporary command, retiring to my cabin with the excuse of heat prostration. I have been in the Red Sea time and again but have never felt apprehension that death would follow its heat. We have always managed. To the east, the mountains of the Hijaz are so dry and forbidding that I have seen sailors look away in fright.

The ape has begun to suffer from the heat. He is listless and ignored. His novelty has worn off (with the heat as it is) and no one pays him any attention. He will not go belowdecks but spends most of the day under the canvas sun shield, chewing slowly though there is nothing in his mouth. It is hot there—the light so white and uncompromising it sears the eyes. I have freed his champions from irons and restored their pay. By this act I have won over the crew and caused the factions to disappear. No one thinks about the ape. But I dare not risk a recurrence of bad feeling and have decided to cast him into the sea. Where we found him, a strong seaward current would have carried him to the open ocean. Here, at least, he can make the shore, although it is the most barren coast on earth. But who would have thought he might survive the typhoon? He has been living beyond his time. To be picked up and whirled at incomprehensible speed, carried for miles above the earth where no man has ever been, and thrown into the sea is a death sentence. If he survived that, perhaps he can survive Arabian desert.

His expression is neither sad nor fierce. He looks like an old man, neutral to the world. In the last two days he has become the target of provocation and physical blows. I have ordered this stopped, but a sailor will sometimes throw a nail or a piece of wood at him. We shall soon be rid of him.

Yesterday we came alongside another British ship, the Stonepool, of the Dutch Express Line. On seeing the ape, they were envious. What is it, their captain asked, amazed at its coloring. I replied that he was a Madagascar ape we had fished from the sea, and I offered him to them, saying he was as tame as a dog. At first, they wanted him. The crew cried out for his acceptance, but the captain demurred, shaking his head and looking into my eyes as if he were laughing at me. "Damn!" I said, and went below without even a salute at parting.

My head aches. I must stop. At first light tomorrow, I will toss him back.

Yours & etc.,
SAMSON LOW

3 September, 1909
Suez
DEAR SIR:

The morning before last I went on deck at dawn. The ape was sitting on the main hatch, his eyes upon me from the moment I saw him. I walked over to him and extended my arm, which he would not take in his customary manner. I seized his wrist, which he withdrew. However, as he did this I laid hold of the other wrist, and pulled him off the hatch. He did not bare his teeth. He began to scream. Awakened by this, most of the crew stood in the companionways or on deck, silently observing.

He was hard to drag, but I towed him to the rail. When I took his other arm to hoist him over, he bared his teeth with a frightening shriek. Everyone was again terrified. The teeth must be six inches long.

He came at me with those teeth, and I could do nothing but throttle him. With my hands on his throat, his arms were free. He grasped my side. I felt the pads of his hands against my ribs. I had to tolerate that awful sensation to keep hold of his throat. No man aboard came close. He shrieked and moaned. His eyes reddened. My response was to tighten my hold, to end the horror. I gripped so hard that my own teeth were bared and I made sounds similar to his. He put his hands around my neck as if to strangle me back, but I had already taken the inside position and, despite his great strength, lessened the power of his grip merely by lifting my arms against his. Nevertheless he choked me. But I had a great head start. We held this position for long minutes, sweating, until his arms dropped and his body convulsed. In rage, I threw him by the neck into the sea, where he quickly sank.

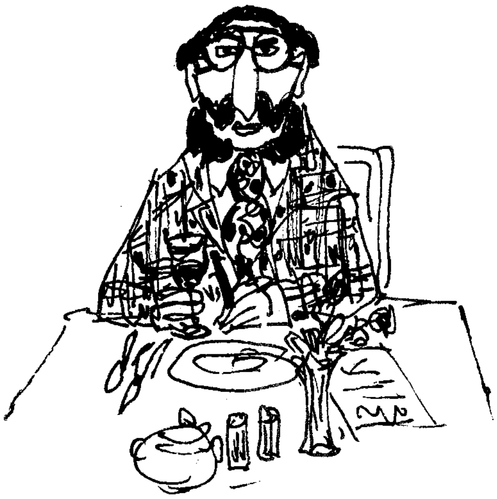
Some of the crew have begun to talk about him as if he were about to be canonized. Others see him as evil. I assembled them as the coasts began to close on Suez and the top of the sea was white and still. I made my views clear, for in years of command and in a life on the sea I have learned much. I felt confident of what I told them.

He is not a symbol. He stands neither for innocence nor for evil. There is no parable and no lesson in his coming and going. I was neither right nor wrong in bringing him aboard (though it was indeed incorrect) or in what I later did. We must get on with the ship's business. He does not stand for a man or men. He stands for nothing. He was an ape, simian and lean, half sensible. He came on board, and now he is gone.

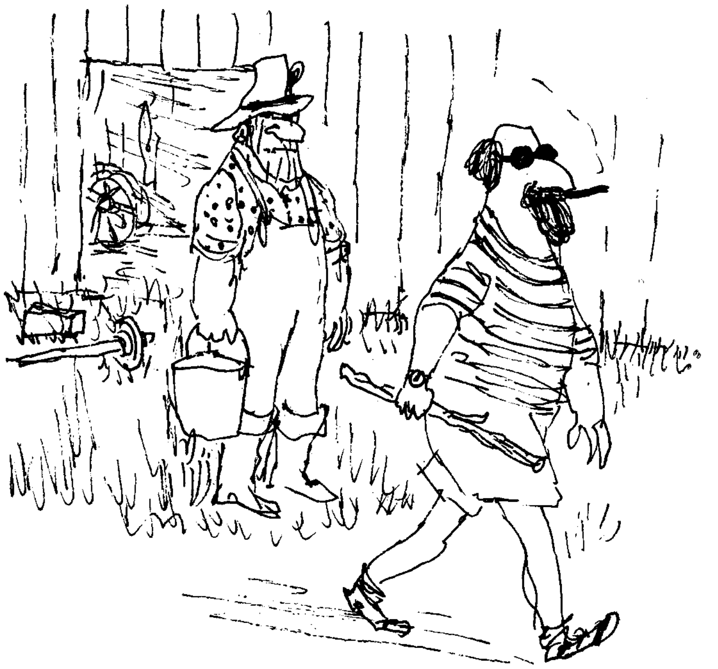
Yours & etc.,
SAMSON LOW

—MARK HELPRIN

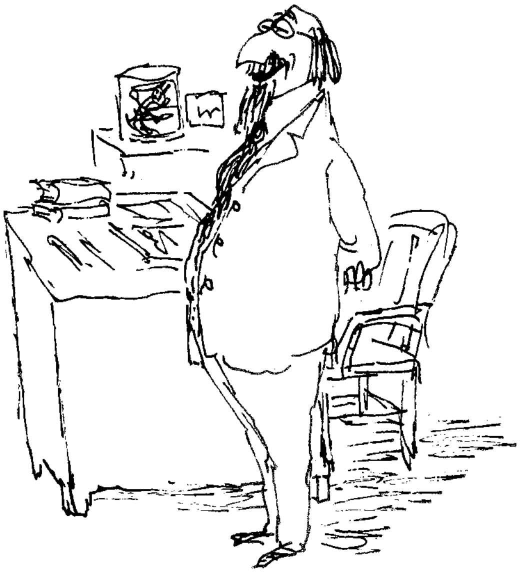
FELLOW MEN



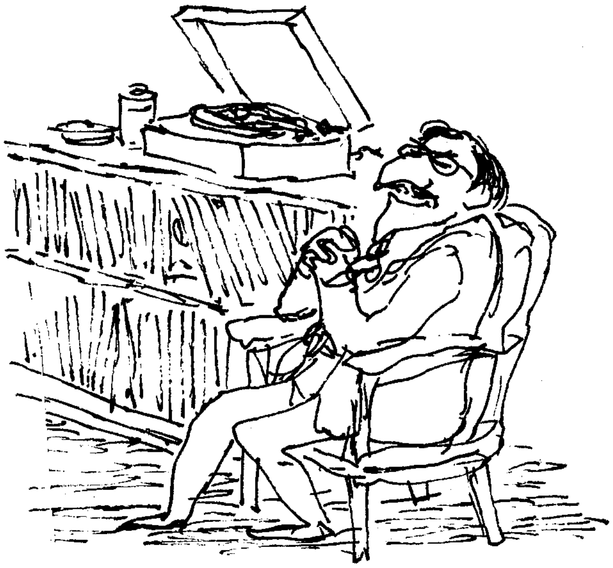
Man Drinking Pernod and Smoking a Schimmelpenninck



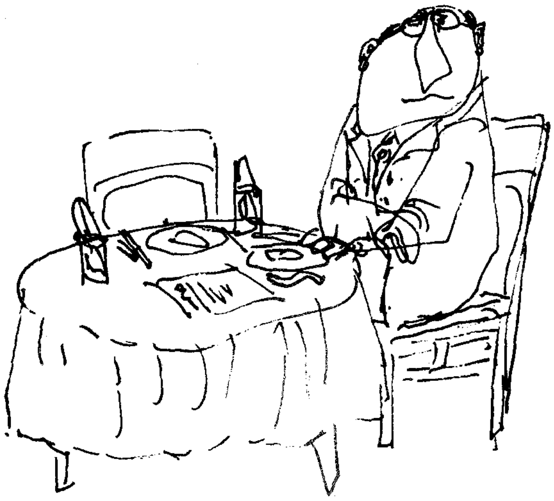
The Seasonal Resident Reappearing



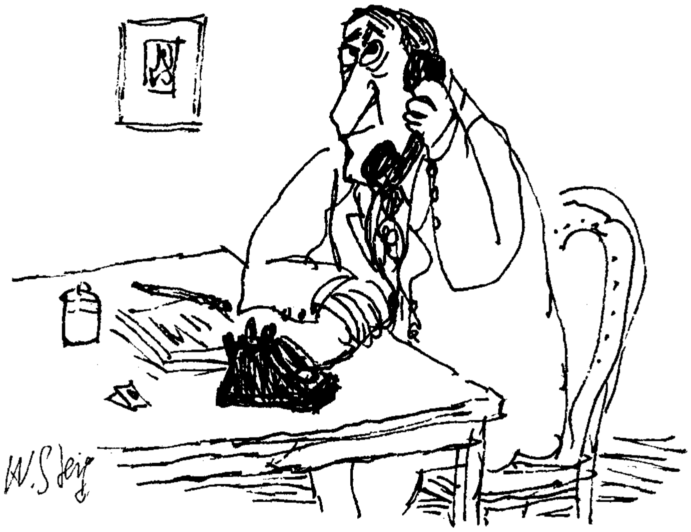
Professor Greeting New Students with Pleasantries



Man Listening to Beethoven's Ninth



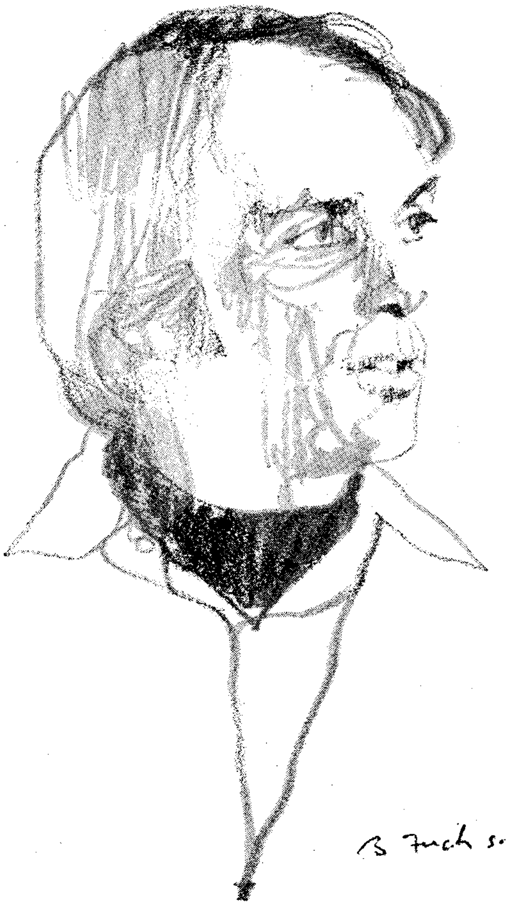
Diner Watching a Later Arrival Being Served Earlier



Recipient of Strange Phone Call

PROFILES

NEW PARADIGMS



Michael Murphy

IT is somewhat ironic that the Esalen Institute, in Big Sur, California, should have acquired a reputation mainly for encounter groups, public nudity, and a general spirit of emotional letting go. When Michael Murphy and Richard Price started the Institute, in 1962, neither of them had ever heard of an encounter group, and Murphy, at least, now has serious reservations about the ultimate value of the encounter process. It is true that encounter—which has been described as a way of achieving personal growth through the exploration of feelings among people gathered together for that purpose—owed a great deal of its vogue to the development it underwent at Esalen, and it is also true that the attacks on encounter therapy that now come with increasing frequency from the psychiatric profession usually single out Esalen as the fount of heresy. The fact of the matter, however, is that encounter groups have never accounted for more than a small percentage of the Esalen program, which includes lectures, workshops, and seminars on a seemingly limitless variety of subjects, from God in the Secular City to Mountain Aesthetics Along the Big Sur Coast.

"Mike Murphy never had a hard intellectual fix on any philosophical position," according to William Irwin Thompson, an author and teacher, who founded a more specifically spiritual learning community, Lindisfarne, on eastern Long Island. "That's what made Esalen different from what it would have been under someone like Buckminster Fuller or Paolo Soleri. He didn't put his stamp on the place—which meant that Alan Watts and Abraham Maslow and Fritz Perls and the others could come and use it for their own purposes. But Esalen wouldn't have happened without Mike. It all had its origin in his sensibility and his spiritual quality."

What Esalen did become, under the careful non-guidance of Murphy and Price, was an extremely influential center of the human-potential movement—a somewhat amorphous but rapidly growing effort to tap unsuspected resources of energy or perception or sensory awareness in all of us. Humanistic and transpersonal psychology, psychosynthesis, transactional analysis, gestalt therapy, encounter, sensitivity training, and a panoply of "body-awareness" techniques are aspects of the movement, along with such mass-market packagings as Transcendental Meditation and Erhard Seminars Training (EST). Carried far enough, the human-potential idea leads to speculation about the transformation of man and society. According to Murphy and others, we are on the verge of tremendous social changes—changes as great as those that accompanied the evolution from hunting and gathering to farming and stock raising in the Neolithic age, or from feudal to modern society during the Industrial Revolution, the difference this time being that evolution has accelerated to such a degree that we can be aware of the changes as they are taking place, and can to some extent prepare ourselves for the post-industrial world that is in the process of being born. What is needed, the transformationalists say, is new paradigms—new models for looking at the nature of man and the universe. Talk of paradigms and paradigm shifts is often a clear sign that one is in the presence of a transformationalist.

Recent developments in scientific research have lent reinforcement to some aspects of the human-potential idea. Brain researchers who have established that linguistic skill and analytical thought are associated with the left hemisphere of the brain, while the right hemisphere seems to handle the perceptual modes that we have thought of as intuitive, have opened up new perspectives on the so-called creative process. Through galvanic skin response and other "biofeedback" indicators, it has been shown that man can become aware of his own internal processes, such as blood pressure, nervous tension, and brain-wave patterns, and that by becoming aware of them he can learn to control them—as Indian yogis have been doing for centuries. Experiments of this sort have made it possible for scientists to take an interest in areas of human experience that were formerly considered fit for study only by humanists or divines. In fact, it is beginning to be thought that telepathy, clairvoyance, mystical transports, and other altered states of consciousness may be latent in most, if not all, of us, along with psychic powers and dominions not yet demonstrated. Is some revelation at hand? In a society whose institutions all seem to be crumbling, in a cosmos that has expanded lately to include antimatter and quarks and black holes, it grows easier to conceive that anything is possible. The myths of antiquity recur; the new journey, one hears, will be inward, into the depths of our conscious and unconscious powers. The new science will be closer to religion than to technology.

In a small, tidy studio on Telegraph Hill, with a view of San Francisco Bay from the Golden Gate to the Oakland Bay Bridge and beyond, Michael Murphy does a lot of thinking about such matters. The studio is upholstered in books—books on Tibetan Buddhism and Vedanta and Christianity and Islam; the complete works of Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramakrishna; the Upanishads, in various translations; Meister Eckhart, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa; Freud and Jung; Coleridge, Blake, Joseph Campbell, Plotinus, James Joyce. A whole library of the human potential, past and present. Alone in his studio, Murphy practices yoga meditation and works on his second novel. His first, "Golf in the Kingdom," published by Viking in 1972, concerned the mystical aspects of Murphy's favorite game. The new one has to do with a contemporary artist whose preoccupations, like his Basque ancestors, are very similar to Murphy's own.

There is also another, less solitary Murphy, who lives with his new wife in the attractive suburb of Mill Valley, goes to all the home games of the San Francisco 49ers, runs five miles a day, and continues to serve as chairman of the board of the Esalen Institute. For the last year or so, he has been trying to extricate himself from the day-to-day operation of the Institute. He spends as little time as possible at Esalen's San Francisco office, on Union Street, and he seldom goes down to Big Sur. Dulce Murphy, the attractive, subtle, and highly competent girl he married last July, and who is director of the San Francisco office, does her best to shield him from excessive demands on his time, but it is a frustrating job. In addition to his other gifts, Murphy is endowed with a warm, responsive nature, extravagant good looks, and a wild Irish charm. His studio has an unlisted telephone number. Most of the time he is working there, he keeps the telephone unplugged. But sometimes people simply come and ring the doorbell until he answers.

Sam Keen, a writer and lecturer and one of Murphy's closest friends, said recently that there had been a real change in Murphy during the last three or four years—a sort of coming down to earth. "He's more of a friend than he used to be," Keen said. "There's more ordinary humanity, more of the sloppy side of friendship. He's more willing to come out and have a coffee with you at the Trieste. Also, he can get angry now—before, he was always a little disembodied. Mike is a joyous mystic, you see. It's the ecstatic side of the religious nature—very rare these days. The danger in a person like Mike is that he's unmarked by life; he lives on such a high plane that he may not know what other people are going through. But this is changing."

Murphy himself said not long ago that what he really wanted to do was to live the life of Jacob Atabet, the central character in the novel he is writing. "Atabet discovers that the body is an opening into the secrets of time, a sort of evolutionary star gate," he said. "In it, the universe is remembered, level upon level. And so his lifelong voyage is back to the birth of the universe through this bodily descent. I really do believe that evolution is becoming conscious of itself in man, and that man is on the verge of a transformation. There's a great opening up, a synthesis now going on between intuition and intellect, body and mind, matter and spirit, East and West, and terms like 'the human potential' and 'transpersonal psychology' and 'altered states of consciousness' are emerging to deal with it. The new maps are all provisional, of course. But I think of this as the most exciting adventure ahead of us, and it's what I want to do for the next forty years."

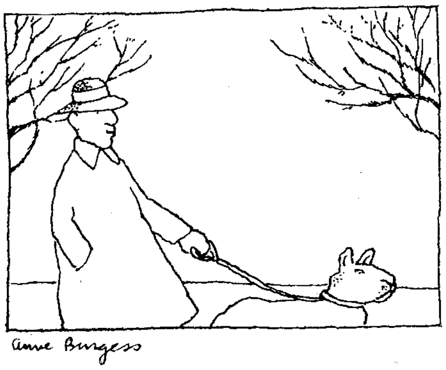
WHEN Murphy was growing up—in Salinas, about forty-five miles from where the Esalen Institute is now—he alternated between wanting to be a doctor and wanting to be a minister. The doctor idea came from his grandfather, Henry Murphy, who was the town's leading physician. Dr. Murphy, born and raised in Bristol, Tennessee, did so well with his practice in Salinas that he was able to build two hospitals there. He delivered a great many of the babies born in town—including John Steinbeck, who is said to have used Michael and his younger brother Dennis as models for the two brothers in his novel "East of Eden." Murphy sometimes dreams about his

"I'd like to present Mr. Bilkins. Mr. Bilkins is not a lawyer."

grandfather. "Gramp lived in a big house, and he was such a figure in town," he says. "He didn't have any business sense at all, but my grandmother did. She was a very strong character—forbidding at times—and she took over their business affairs quite early, and invested in real estate, and did pretty well with it." She also took Michael and Dennis to church for the first time, in 1944, when Michael was fourteen—their parents were not churchgoers. The Episcopal service made little impression on twelve-year-old Dennis, but Michael was enthralled by it. He went to church every Sunday after that, eventually becoming an altar boy. That summer, he spent a month at an Episcopal church camp and came back saying he had decided to be a minister. This went on for several years—each summer he would go to church camp and opt for the ministry, but then, over the winter, to his parents' relief, he would tilt again toward Grandfather Murphy and medical school.

Both Michael and Dennis Murphy were bright, popular, and sports-mad. Good at most games, they both excelled at golf—their father, who was a lawyer and a golfer, started them off early. By 1946, Michael was playing in junior tournaments around the state. That same year, Dennis shot a 2 on the notoriously difficult, par-4 tenth hole at the Pebble Beach Golf Links, overlooking Carmel Bay—an event that is still remembered with awe in the local pro shop. Sports counted for a lot in the Murphy family, where life had its ups and downs. "My parents had an enormous capacity for having a good time," Michael recalls. "My mother in particular had this gift of buoyant joy, which I like to think came from her Basque parents; her father had been a sheepherder from a town near Pau, in the Pyrenees. There was a lot of tension in the family, too. Stormy days and sunny days, light and darkness. But through it all my parents' fidelity to each other and to us held the pain and the joy together and contributed, I think, to my sense of a happiness and a meaning behind all the contrary appearances. Denny and I had very different strategies for coping with the dark side of things. He would plunge into the middle of the troubles; I would always withdraw. When I was about fourteen, I began deliberately to work out a philosophy to deal with this. It became a kind of daily ritual to work at it while I walked to school—to try to come to terms with this incredible sense I had that joy was *lurking*, that there was such richness and beauty laid up at the core of life, and at the same time there was all this pain and unhappiness. I worked out a kind of naïve theory about emanations—that there were emanations of something that was descending, trying to come into being, and that the basic thing to do in life was to help that happen. I also started reading a lot then—Will Durant's 'The Story of Philosophy,' Emerson, and especially Jung. I actually used to go around spouting Jung in high school, and I had just about decided to become a psychiatrist." None of this seemed to bother his classmates at Salinas High, where he was valedictorian of his class, president of the student body, and captain of the golf team.

Rather introverted as a young child, Michael had become a "raging extrovert," as he puts it, in high school, and he continued in that vein during his first two years at Stanford. (He had turned down a scholarship to Harvard in favor of Stanford—largely, he now feels, because of the happy memories he had of watching football games there with his parents.) His career as a campus hot dog came to an abrupt halt, however, in 1950, in the second semester of his sophomore year, when he wandered by accident into Professor Frederic Spiegelberg's opening lecture on comparative religion. Spiegelberg was a great figure at Stanford—a world-famous Asian scholar and a mesmerizing lecturer. Murphy, who had been going through the traditional sophomore atheist phase, found his spine tingling as he listened to Spiegelberg discourse on the five-thousand-year-old beginnings of Hindu religion. "He opened the course with the Rig-Veda—the Vedic hymns—and with this early version of the Brahman, the divine spirit. Spiegelberg had been a great friend and colleague of Paul Tillich, and, like Tillich, although he had all that scholarship, his real gift was being able to transmit his own intuitive hold on a subject. When he said 'Brahman,' it was a sacred utterance!"



The meeting of East and West, prophesied in F. S. C. Northrop's famous book of that title, was very much in the air at this period, particularly in California. Paramhansa Yogananda, the first "great master" from India to settle for a long period in the West, had established himself in Los Angeles as early as 1924; others had followed, among them Swami Prabhavananda, who became the teacher of the transplanted Englishmen Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, and Christopher Isherwood. Spiegelberg himself had recently been to India and had met the great yogi Ramana Maharshi (whom Somerset Maugham had visited in 1936, later drawing on the experience for his novel "The Razor's Edge"), Aurobindo Ghose, and other religious leaders. (In 1951, Spiegelberg became the first director of the American Academy of Asian Studies, in San Francisco. The Academy attracted many important scholars, including Haridas Chaudhuri, from India, and Alan Watts, the

ONIONSKIN: FOR THE NEW YEAR

Already there is as much behind as ahead.
Knowing this we link arms, here, high
on the cusp of the city, in the vicinity
of this moment. Refugees, we strain
for a glimpse of the New World, ready
to astonish any absolute. Below,
the Charles spins its sinuous flow
of detail under bridges of pure reason
as we smile for the gap-toothed honey
who snaps us for posterity. Yes,
it has become impossible to be human;
we agree that we are what is good
about time. And sing for all we're worth,
our whiskey gargle the unravelling onionskin
of too many near collisions.

—PHILIP SCHULTZ

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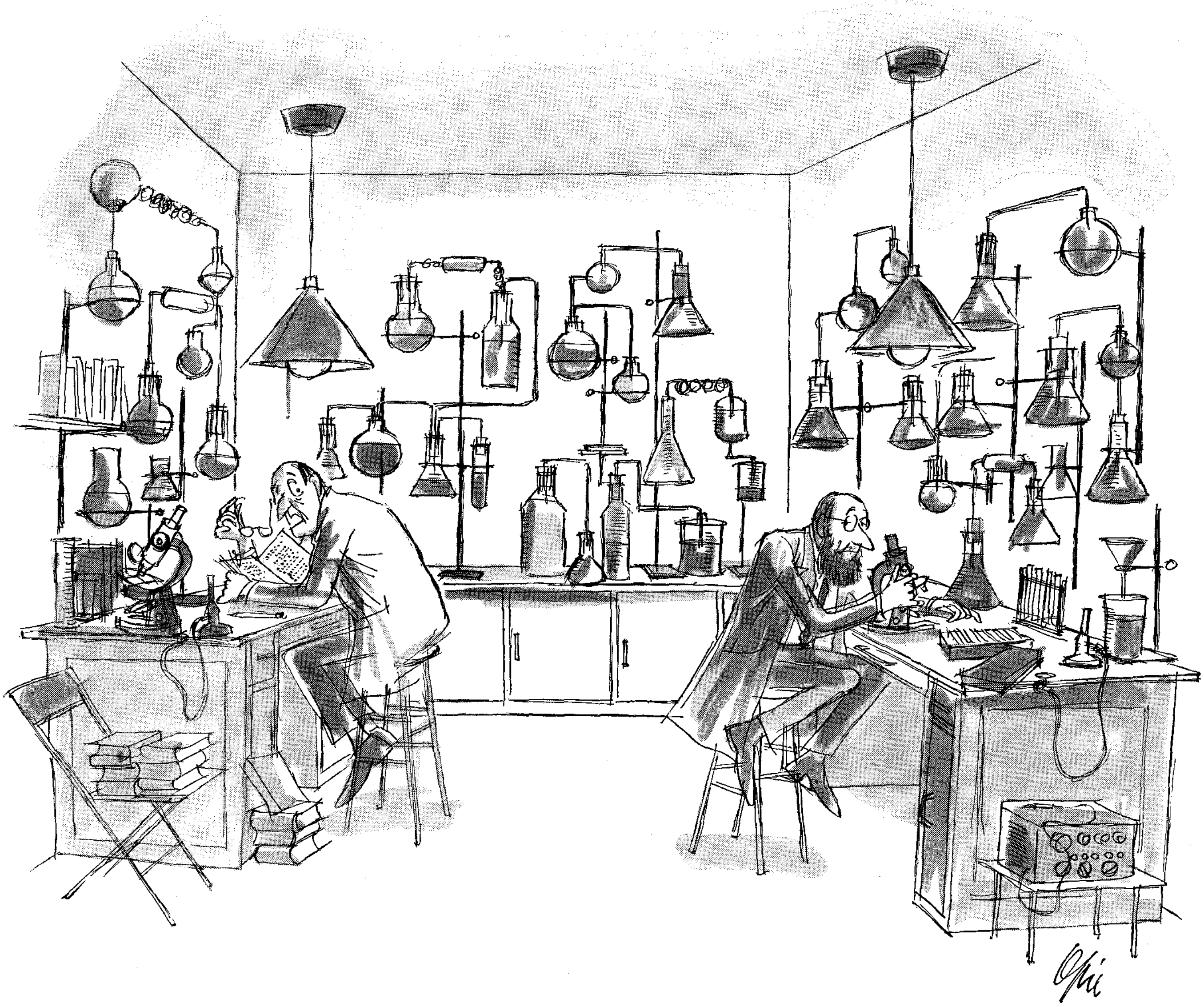


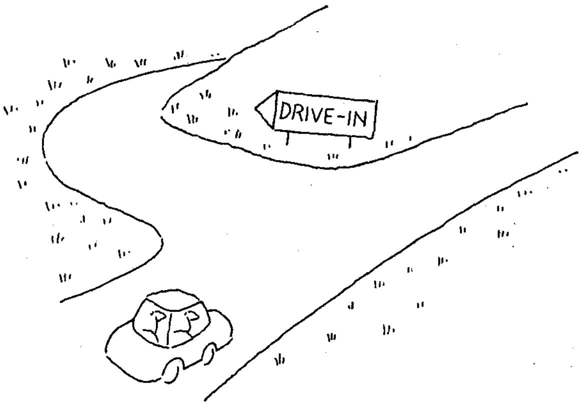
"I see by the current issue of 'Lab News,' Ridgeway, that you've been working for the last twenty years on the same problem I've been working on for the last twenty years."

• •

former Episcopal chaplain of Northwestern University, who became an authority on Zen Buddhism and exerted a compelling influence on the Beat Generation poets and writers. It also attracted Murphy, who took courses there while he was still at Stanford.) Spiegelberg's lectures seemed to Murphy to be supercharged with personal meaning, and toward the end of the semester, when Spiegelberg got to Aurobindo, he felt an almost overwhelming surge of recognition. Sri Aurobindo (1872-1950) was, in Spiegelberg's view, the master spirit of our age. "He thought that Aurobindo and Heidegger were the two greatest philosophers of the twentieth century," Murphy says, "but that because Aurobindo had come to knowledge through his own experience and through yoga, he had more depth than Heidegger, who had come to it out of intellectual genius. Actually, I started reading Aurobindo's 'The Life Divine' before Spiegelberg got to him in the course, and it had an incredible impact on me. Aurobindo's stuff about the evolution of consciousness here on earth fitted right in with my own very primitive and naïve notions. There was a tremendous feeling of everything falling into place."

That autumn, Murphy took Spiegelberg's course in Indian religion, and joined a group of students who met twice a week to discuss "The Life Divine." Walt Page, a graduate student with a streak of white hair running down the middle of his head, was the group's animating spirit. Page had a powerful, precariously balanced mind and a pressing need for disciples. Murphy resisted becoming a follower—when six of the group went away with Page during Christmas vacation to form a sort of commune off campus, he was not among them. ("Gradually, they all came back," he recalls. "One of them told me they'd got into a convoluted and rather sordid situation, but he was still so much under Page's spell that he could hardly talk about it. Several years later, we heard that Page had committed suicide.") By this time, Murphy had made a final decision not to go to medical school. He stopped taking money from his parents, feeling that he had disappointed their expectations; what spending money he needed he earned by waiting on tables at his fraternity house. He dropped out of all extracurricular activities and saw few people outside class. That spring, Dennis Murphy, after hitchhiking across the country, stopped by the Stanford campus to say hello to his brother. He found him in a small room at the top of a tower, deep in a meditative trance. "I poked him in the chest," Dennis says, "and he opened his eyes, and said, 'I've been expecting you.’ That was the first time he became Jesus.”

WHEN Murphy graduated from Stanford, in 1952, the Korean war was still going on. He was drafted into the Army and sent to Puerto Rico, where he spent the next two years interviewing draftees to check for malingering (he found only two possible cases), and reading a great deal of history. He also wrote a letter to the Aurobindo ashram in Pondicherry, asking permission to go there when he got out of the service. The first reply was affirmative, but a little later another letter arrived, telling him not to come. After completing his Army service, he went back to Stanford with the idea of taking a doctorate in philosophy, but something was wrong. “I began developing weird symptoms—obsessional thoughts that I was going to have an epileptic fit. I was studying pre-Socratic philosophy, analyzing ideas, making charts—all that left-brain stuff—and inwardly I kept thinking I had to go to India. One night, I woke up and felt I was going to disappear. There was just going to be nothing left of me. I dressed, went outside, and started to run. I ran for two hours, trying to get my body back. A few nights later, the same thing happened. I really thought I was going crazy. But I had enough insight to know that I was just doing violence to what I really wanted, and so in 1956 I went to India. I went to Europe first. Because of all that history I’d been reading, I wanted to see places like the Forum in Rome, Reims Cathedral, London, and Edinburgh—the Edinburgh trip later became the basis for ‘Golf in the Kingdom.’ And, oh, Christ, I was being chased by this girl! It was so funny—I was a virgin until the age of thirty-two. In high school, everything was so innocent, and then, getting religion when I was so young . . . Anyway, I met this girl on the Ile-de-France going over; she was about five years older than I was, and it was like a French farce. I was determined to keep my virginity until I got to the ashram! Finally, she got disgusted and took off. All my symptoms disappeared on the trip. I went to Rome and made such a commotion at the Indian Embassy, saying I would wire Nehru direct, that I scared them into giving me a visa in one day. I went on to Egypt, and had a great time with the pyramids and all that, and then I travelled around India for a while before going to Pondicherry. The ashram had heard I was coming—I knew a couple of Americans who were staying there, and I’d written to them. So I just presented myself, and they let me stay.”

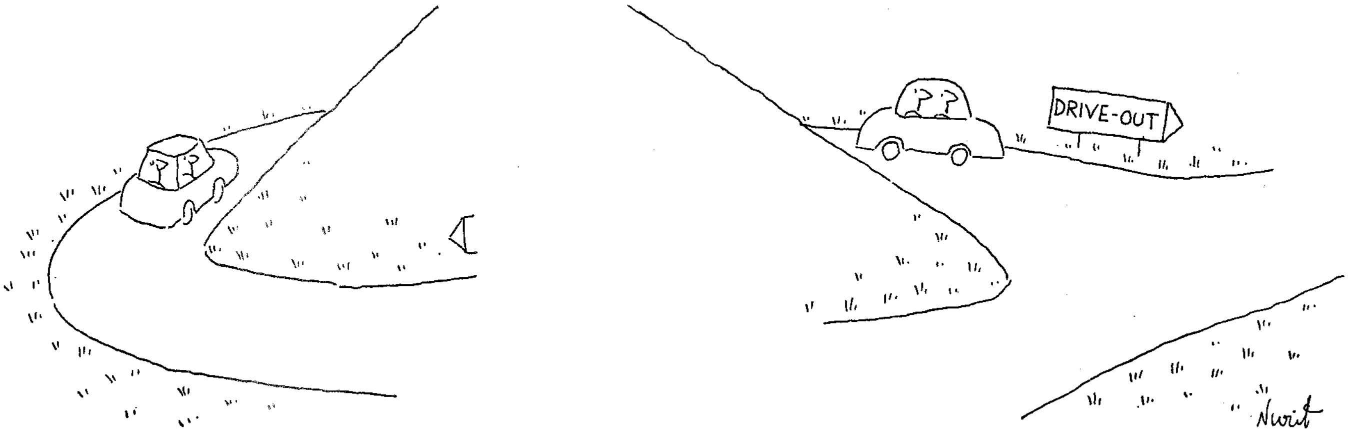


The life and works of Aurobindo Ghose are still not widely known in the West. Born in Bengal but brought up and educated in England, Aurobindo began his political activity in the cause of Indian independence in 1902, some fifteen years before Gandhi appeared on the scene. The British arrested him as a terrorist, and while in jail he had a profound religious experience that altered his life. Released in 1909, he retired soon afterward to the French colony of Pondicherry and, with a group of disciples, founded the ashram where he spent the rest of his life working out his philosophy of the evolution of human consciousness. Aurobindo believed that mankind had come to a “crisis of transformation” comparable to the prehistoric appearance of mind in living creatures. Through the discipline of yoga, he explored and charted in himself the successive stages of ascending consciousness, leading to the moment when the Supramental consciousness would descend and transform man’s nature and, with it, the terrestrial world. From 1926 on, Aurobindo pursued his quest in seclusion, seeing only a handful of followers.

Over the years, Aurobindo’s ashram grew to be the largest in India, accommodating nearly two thousand people. The members grew most of their own food crops and lived together as a nearly self-sufficient community, under the direction of a remarkable Frenchwoman, Mme. Paul Richard, who had appeared on the scene, with her husband, soon after Aurobindo arrived. Paul Richard was a politician who had come out to run for the French Chamber of Deputies as the candidate from Pondicherry; both he and his wife became fascinated with Aurobindo, and they founded a journal, *Arya*, to publish his writings. The outbreak of the First World War forced them to leave India. Later, they were separated, and in 1920 Mme. Richard returned alone to Pondicherry to devote the rest of her life to Aurobindo. She took over the management of the ashram, saw to its continued growth, and served as the principal link between Aurobindo and the world. Aurobindo died in 1950, but the Mother, as Mme. Richard had come to be known, was still there when Murphy arrived. She was in her late seventies, and she was a formidable woman, whose spiritual force Murphy soon experienced at first hand.

An American girl at the ashram was behaving very strangely. She had fallen in love with a boy whom Murphy had known at Stanford, but the rules of the ashram forbade intimate relationships (as well as alcohol, tobacco, and politics). The boy had gone off alone to the Himalayas, and the girl was in great distress. Every evening, the members of the ashram gathered in a large open space for *darshan*, when they would file by the Mother and each person would experience an individual, momentary transmission of her presence, symbolized by the giving of a flower, perhaps, or a few words. One night, the girl was seen standing beside the Mother throughout the ceremony—a breach of etiquette that scandalized the devout. A few nights later, someone came running to Murphy’s room to tell him that the girl was going to kill herself. She was standing on the roof of the highest building in the compound, the one called the Golconda, and she had a rope around her neck. Murphy went up on the roof and managed to coax her down, but afterward he thought he had better have a talk with the Mother.

“It was quite a juxtaposition for me,” he said. “I had seen the Mother in this numinous way, and now here I was face to face with her, talking about this situation. I could see she was very upset by what had happened. An Englishman had killed himself three months before at the ashram, and there were two other Westerners who’d had psychotic breaks that same year. It was one of the reasons they were saying no to Western applicants. Anyway, the Mother said that I would have to stand by the girl and be very watchful. It happened again about a week later. I looked up, and there on the roof of the



Golconda, silhouetted against the sky, was this ghostly figure standing right at the edge. It was a drop of about sixty feet, down to a concrete walk with reflecting pools. I went straight to the Mother, who was just getting ready for the evening *darshan*. I could see her sort of shudder all over. She said, 'I will use you as my agent. Go up and be with her.' So I climbed up to the roof. I sat down some distance away, sensing that if I made any kind of sudden move toward her she could really go over. I started to meditate. And, with that, I felt this incredible— It was like billowing *waves*. It's hard to believe that it could have been just suggestion. Pretty soon, I forgot all about the girl. But gradually she came toward me and sat down, and eventually I got her to come downstairs. Soon afterward, we managed to get her into a hospital, and from there she went back to New York."

In spite of his experience on the roof, Murphy never did become one of the ashram's true believers. Aurobindo's teachings had acquired since his death a rigidity that they did not have when he was alive, and the Mother tended, according to Murphy, to make dogmatic pronouncements. Murphy disliked the cult atmosphere, but he liked most of the other aspects of life at the ashram very much. Somewhat to his surprise, he found that great emphasis was placed there on the body—on physical well-being and sports. In addition to hatha yoga and some of the Asian martial arts, there was soccer, cricket, track, basketball, and swimming. Murphy himself introduced softball, which was taken up enthusiastically by several of the Asian members. Afternoons at the ashram were given over mainly to sports, and the mornings, at least in Murphy's case, to meditation and study. There was no formal instruction in Aurobindo's philosophy; relatively few of the Indians there, Murphy discovered, had even read "The Life Divine." The arts were encouraged—nearly everyone wrote poetry (Aurobindo had also been a poet), and the Mother herself wrote didactic plays, which Murphy found awful. His own life there came to center more and more on meditation. He could meditate for four and five hours at a time. There are dangers to this sort of total immersion, as he found out two years later, back in the United States, when he tried to imitate Ramana Maharshi's feat of meditating while gazing at the sun. Murphy gazed at it for half an hour. Afterward, he felt strangely depressed, and that night the street lamps looked blood-red to him. He went to an eye doctor, who asked what he had done, and then called in three colleagues to look. The doctor told him to come back in a week. His eyesight improved a little during the week, and when he went back for his appointment the doctor said he was very lucky—he had come close to losing his sight, and there was nothing that anyone could have done about it.

AFTER a year and a half at the ashram, Murphy went back to Palo Alto. He took a room in the same house he had lived in as a graduate student and continued his life of meditation and study, working two days a week to support himself. He took gardening work, and he was a bellhop at Rickey's Inn, where the Green Bay Packers stayed when they came to the West Coast. (Murphy was delighted to carry their bags.) In the summer of 1960, learning that Haridas Chaudhuri, one of Aurobindo's leading disciples, had set up a center in a big old house on Fulton Street where students could live and study and meditate, he moved to San Francisco. It was at this point that he met Richard Price. Although Murphy and Price had been in the same class as undergraduates at Stanford, they had not known each other there. Price, who came from a well-to-do Illinois family, had majored in psychology at Stanford; he had no religious leanings, and he was interested mainly in social anthropology. After graduating from Stanford, he took a year of graduate study in clinical psychology at Harvard and then went into the Air Force, where he had what the military considered a nervous breakdown—to Price it seemed more like an ecstatic experience. He spent the next six months in military hospitals, after which his family had him committed to the Institute of Living, a private hospital in Hartford, Connecticut, which Price came to regard as a private prison. (Murphy sometimes says that Esalen is Price's revenge on mental hospitals.) In 1960, Price was in San Francisco, "waiting for the world to come around," as he puts it. At the suggestion of one of his friends, he went to visit the Chaudhuri center on Fulton Street, where he found Murphy. Price moved into the house soon afterward. In their thinking, Murphy said not long ago, "Dick and I found we were in very similar places."

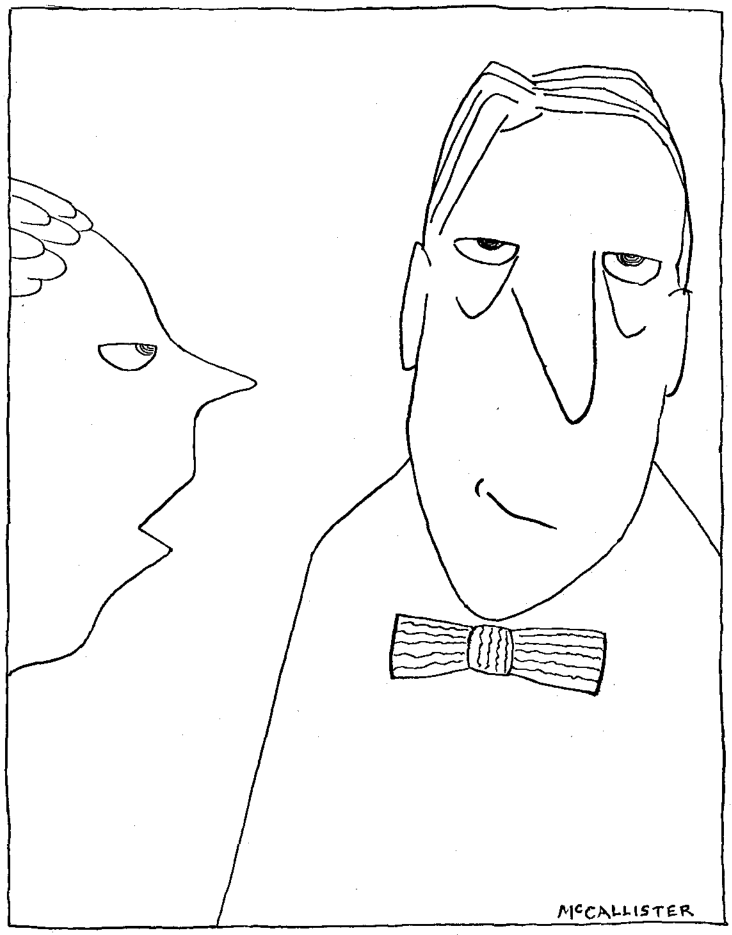
Murphy supported himself in San Francisco by working two days a week for a shipping-news journal. When the editor told him he would either have to work full time or quit, he quit, and suggested to Price, more or less on the spur of the moment, that they go down and look at some property his family owned in Big Sur. Murphy's grandfather, the Salinas physician, had bought the land in 1910—three hundred and seventy-five acres of rugged mountain and coastline—with the idea of developing it into a health spa on the European model. Hot mineral springs flowed out of the rocks on a cliff overlooking the Pacific—springs that the Esalen Indians had bathed in for centuries before the white man arrived. Dr. Murphy had built bathhouses over the springs and installed bathtubs, which had to be brought in on a fishing boat and derricked up the cliff, because there were then no roads in Big Sur. He had also built a large house and one or two smaller ones, but he had died before the spa idea came to fruition.

When the Murphy boys were growing up, their parents used to take them to Big Sur on weekends and in the summer. Dennis loved the place; Michael, who didn't care for hunting or fishing, often felt that he would rather have been home playing games with his friends. Grandfather Murphy had wanted the property to remain in the family, and his widow had respected his wishes. When Michael and Dick Price went down to look at it in 1961, however, some fairly peculiar things were going on there. Michael's grandmother had appointed a friend of hers, a Mrs. Webb, to act as caretaker of the property, and Mrs. Webb was using one of the buildings as a meeting place for the First Church of God of Prophecy, an evangelical sect to which she belonged. The evangelicals coexisted on somewhat uneasy terms with the assorted types who went down to use what was then known as Slate's Hot Springs, after the original homesteader on the property. Henry Miller was living in Big Sur then, and he and his friends used to go over to the baths occasionally. A much rougher crowd, known collectively as "the Big Sur Heavies"—people who camped out in the mountains for a variety of reasons, not the least of which were said to be drug dealing and the cultivation of marijuana—also used the baths, and so did a growing number of male homosexuals, some of whom came from as far away as San Francisco and Los Angeles. Murphy and Price were appalled by the goings on at the baths. The situation had clearly got out of hand, and it occurred to Murphy that maybe he ought to do something about it. Why not, he thought, take over the family property and start a center to explore their own interests in philosophy, psychology, social anthropology, and the more esoteric disciplines? "It was as simple as that," Murphy recalls. "I'd had something like the same idea when I was in India, but nothing had come of it. Now, though, there was a good deal of pressure building up from my family for me to do *something*—here I was thirty and still just meditating." Price liked the idea. He had a small income of his own, and was not tied down to anything in particular. Seeking further guidance, they drove to Santa Monica to discuss the plan with Gerald Heard, the writer and mystic, whom Murphy had met through mutual friends at Stanford. Heard gave them a lot of encouragement, and so did Heard's friend Aldous Huxley. "Suddenly, everything was charged with meaning and excitement," Murphy says.

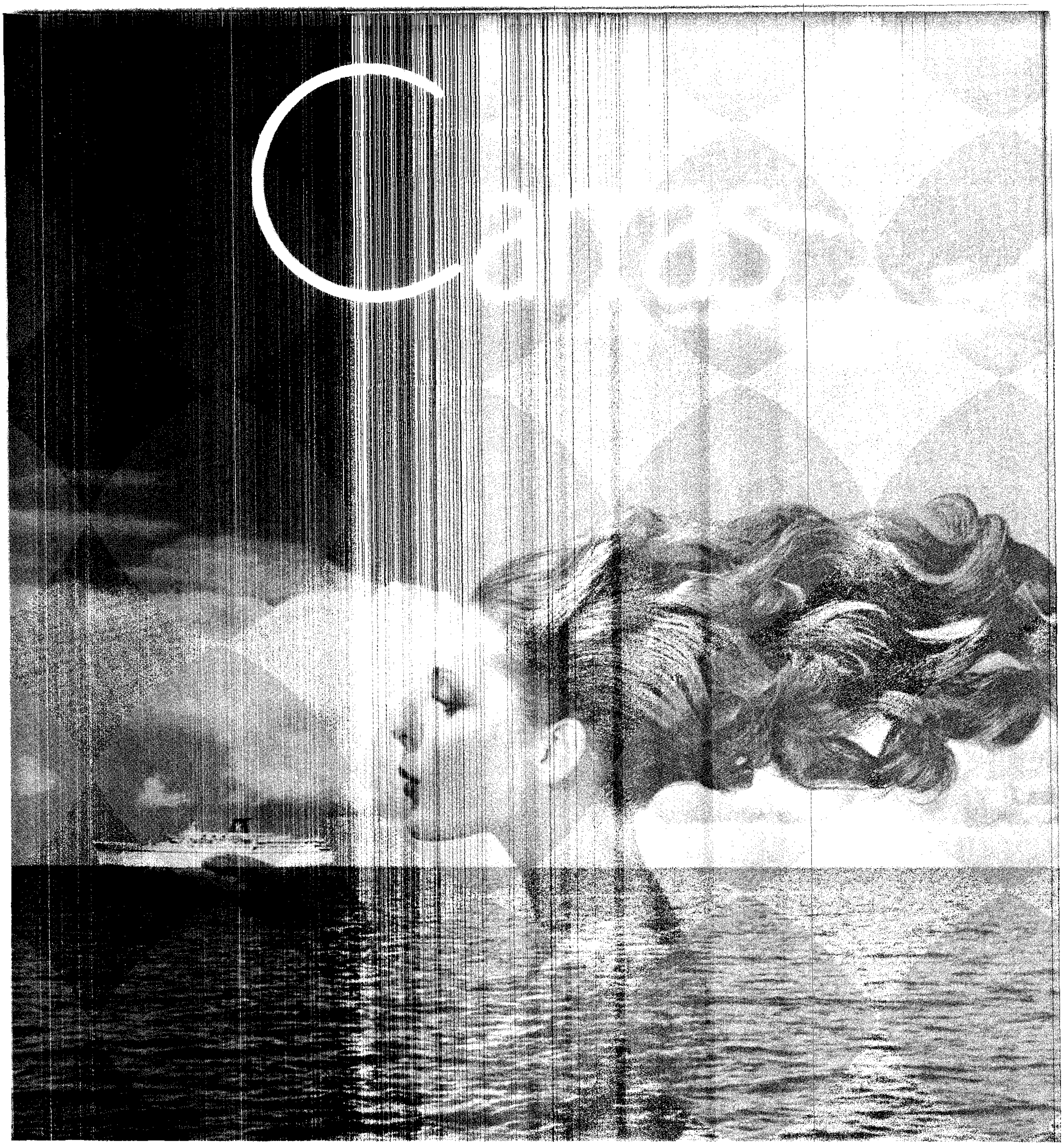
They next went to Salinas to talk things over with Michael's grandmother. She was in her late eighties then, still vigorous and not easily won over. The idea sounded faintly reminiscent of Dr. Murphy's dream of a European health spa, and it appealed to her for that reason, but she was dubious about her grandson's ability to run any sort of enterprise. Finally, she consented to let them have it on a long-term lease. "I can't give it to you, Mike," she said. "Because I know you'd just give it away to some Hindu." She also insisted that Mrs. Webb remain in control of the property until the end of her lease, which had three months to run.

Murphy and Price decided to wait out the interval at Big Sur, where they were looked upon with considerable suspicion. Word of what they were planning got out, and nobody liked it. They put up a steel fence around the baths, with a gate that they locked at night, but night after night the lock was either picked or broken. Michael's grandmother had hired a guard, a Kentuckian in his early twenties named Hunter Thompson (the future gonzo journalist), who lived in the main house on the property and was charged with keeping out intruders. One night, a bunch of aggrieved homosexuals ambushed him and nearly succeeded in throwing him over the cliff. Calling the police was no solution; the nearest town, Carmel, was forty miles up the coast, by a slow and winding road. Murphy and Price were not entirely without allies. Besides Hunter Thompson, they could count on support from Joan Baez—not yet famous as a folksinger—and her boyfriend, and from two other young couples, friends of hers, who had rented shacks on the property from Mrs. Webb, and who were building a trimaran that they planned to sail to Tahiti. Heavily outnumbered as they were, the future proprietors decided to provoke a showdown.

On what came to be known as the Night of the Dobermans, Murphy and Price locked themselves in at the baths and sat down to wait. Almost immediately, they heard a thunderous commotion on the path leading down to the hot springs, and moments later they were joined by about a dozen young males in T-shirts and bluejeans. A retreat seemed advisable at this point. Murphy and Price walked back up the hill, to the accompaniment of loud taunts and jeers, and set out to round up their cohorts. Murphy went to where Joan Baez and her friends were living, and got the men to come out and bring their dogs—three young Doberman pinschers on short leashes. The assembled home forces then headed back toward the baths. On the way, the two male



"Just once, can't you let it break through? Never a smile—only that suggestion of a smile."



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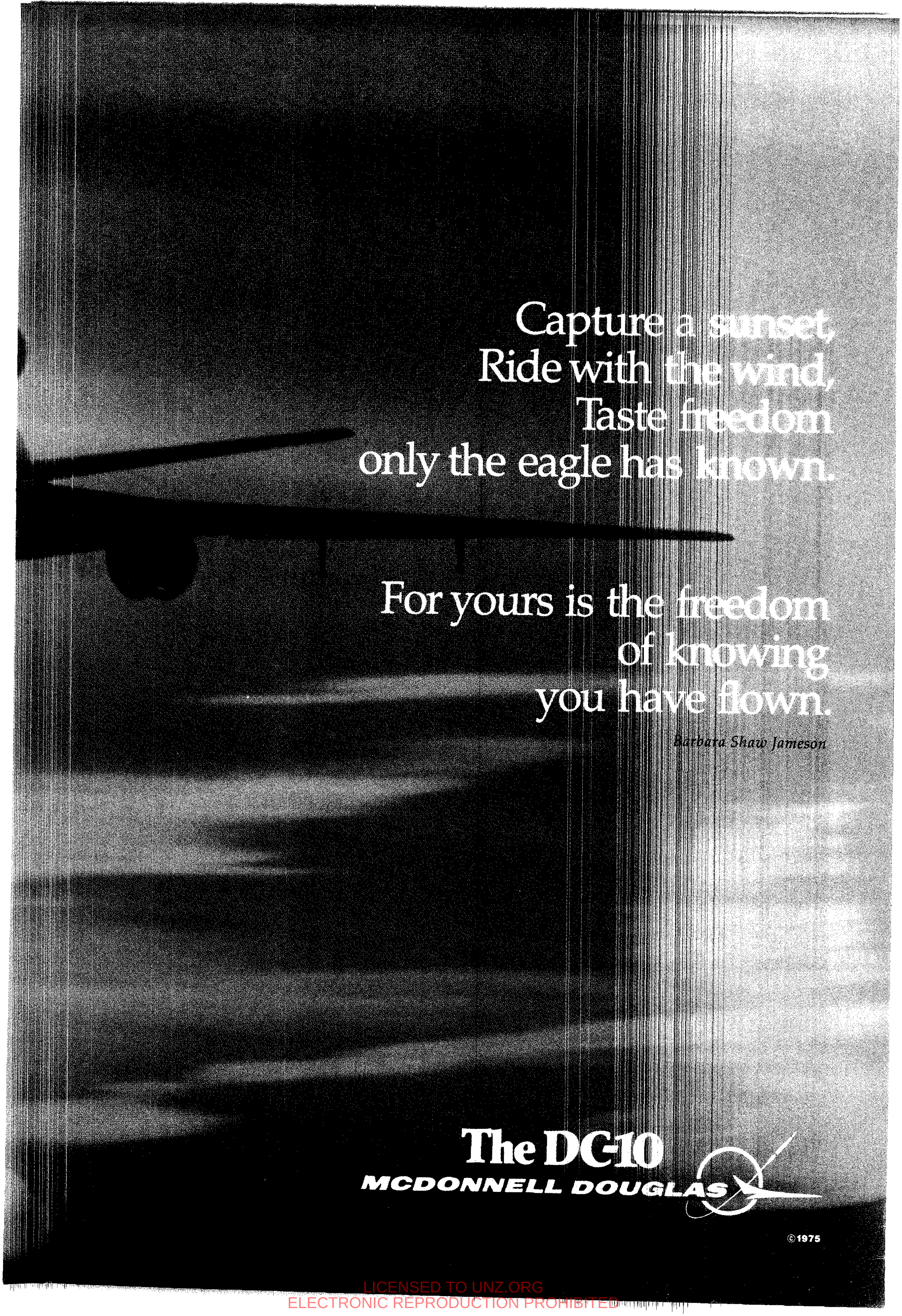

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Dobermans got into a vicious battle over the female. Dobermans are noisy fighters—no silent bulldog grips for them. The owners finally got the dogs apart and continued down to the baths, but nobody was there. They came back up the hill to find the invaders regrouped in the main parking lot. They were about thirty strong by then, menacing but dogless. The male Dobermans had another set-to at the edge of the parking lot, and again the night air was rent by sounds of unimaginable savagery. The owners got them separated again just in time to see the last of the enemy jumping into cars and lamming it up the road.

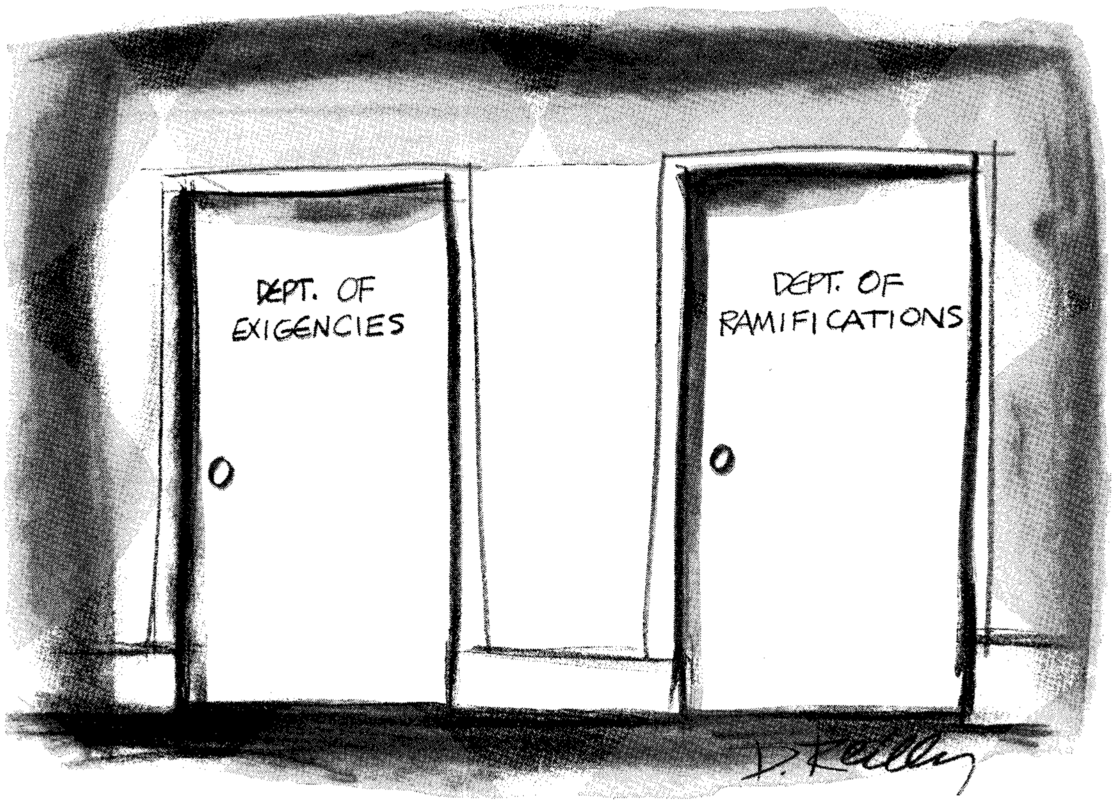
That was the end of the homosexuals, and also of the First Church of God of Prophecy. Mrs. Webb and her frightened followers moved out a few days later. Murphy and Price took over the property, posted guards at the entrance, and negotiated a compromise with the Big Sur Heavies—the baths would be open to anyone, gratis, every night from midnight to 6 A.M. By and large, this is still the situation. Esalen guests are advised not to visit the baths after midnight, and those who do are presumably prepared for what they may find there. Murphy himself feels that the somewhat lawless, Wild West atmosphere surrounding the baths has played an important part in the development of Esalen's unique character. "I think a lot of the atmosphere of the place came from this outlaw element, having these people around," he has said. "It may have contributed to the kind of try-anything spirit of the place. For a while, we tried to make rules and have separate sides of the baths for men and women, but that kept breaking down, so finally we just said the hell with it."

ONE of the amazing things about Esalen is that its founders never did have a clear plan for the place. Both of them wanted a center where people from different disciplines could meet and exchange ideas. They liked to think of their approach as Taoist—letting things develop naturally, even if that led (as it did) to continuing chaos and a certain degree of mismanagement. They would not impose their own thinking on others. Murphy sometimes says, a bit ruefully, that he has never yet been able to get anyone at Big Sur to read the works of Aurobindo.

Price took over the administrative side of the operation, while Murphy threw himself into programming and promotion. His enthusiasm seemed boundless. "I've sometimes thought that the tremendous energy with which I plunged into Esalen came from the submerged extrovert who'd been in the closet all those years," he observed recently. "It just seemed to come rushing out." He and Price spent the first year working on the grounds and buildings, planning, and lining up people to lecture or give seminars. One of Murphy's earliest supporters was John Levy, a onetime engineer whose interests had turned toward psychology. (He later became the guiding spirit and executive officer of the Association for Humanistic Psychology, in San Francisco.) "I felt quite confident that Mike would make a go of it, mainly because of his combination of self-confidence and humility," Levy said a while ago. "A lot of people in this area have plenty of self-confidence and enthusiasm, but they can also be pretty arrogant. Mike never came on as somebody who knew he had the message, and that in itself was impressive." Certainly Murphy seemed to have no trouble persuading people to come to Big Sur. Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Alan Watts, Arnold Toynbee, Frederic Spiegelberg, Ken Kesey, S. I. Hayakawa, Linus Pauling, Paul Tillich, Gary Snyder, Norman O. Brown, Rollo May, Bishop James A. Pike, Carl Rogers, B. F. Skinner, Carlos Castaneda (then a graduate student at U.C.L.A.), and a host of others who might seem to have had little in common gave lectures or seminars or just dropped in during the first three years of Esalen's existence, and paying guests arrived in sufficient numbers to finance a steady expansion of the facilities.

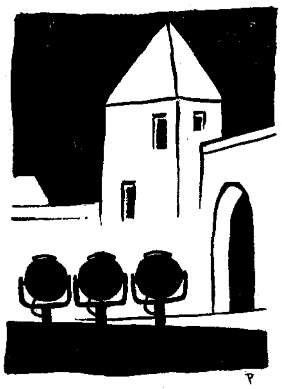
At first, Murphy and Price and a few paid employees did all the work. One of their more remarkable assistants was a Chinese-born financier named Gia Fu Feng, who had gone to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, at the University of Pennsylvania, and had worked for a while on Wall Street. Feng had more or less decided to go back to mainland China in 1960, but when he got to San Francisco he met Alan Watts, discovered Zen and other aspects of his Oriental heritage, and decided that perhaps Mao's China was not the place for him after all. Watts introduced him to Murphy and Price, and Feng offered his services. For a while, he was the chief cook at Esalen; he also kept the accounts, on an abacus, and taught Tai Chi Chuan.

Esalen was certified as a nonprofit educational institution, and, thanks in part to the general inefficiency that prevails there, it has always had difficulty staying out of the red. From the outset, though, the omens were highly propitious. Murphy and Price were eager to meet Abraham Maslow, the



real father of humanistic psychology, whose work had struck them as a natural bridge between the psychiatric establishment and all the new trends that were emerging. One foggy night in the summer of 1962, Maslow and his wife happened to be driving south on the precipitous coast road through Big Sur. Seeing a light and thinking that it might be a place where they could spend the night, they pulled into Esalen's parking lot, knocked on the door of the main house, and introduced themselves to a group of astonished people who had read Maslow's books. Their hosts insisted that they stay. Maslow returned many times after that to lead seminars, and his friendship was an important factor in the Institute's growth.

Although Maslow later became president of the American Psychological Association, he saw his own humanistic psychology as a "third-force" alternative to strict Freudianism and its offshoots, which ruled the psychoanalytic profession, and to the behavioristic psychology that had become dominant in most university psychology departments. Freudian analysis has traditionally been focussed on the pathology of human behavior. Maslow and his followers shifted their attention to the enormous and largely unsuspected possibilities for human growth in so-called normal people—the untapped human potential. And in place of the behaviorists' mechanistic concept of human nature as a network of conditioned responses, Maslow posited a human nature that is partly species-wide and partly unique. Most of us, according to Maslow, are capable, moreover, of what he termed "peak experiences"—breakthrough moments of deep emotional understanding or intensity, the most dramatic examples of which are the spiritual revelations of saints and mystics. "My thesis is, in general, that new developments in psychology are forcing a profound change in our philosophy of science, a change so extensive that we may be able to accept the basic religious questions as a proper part of the jurisdiction of science, once science is broadened and redefined," Maslow has written. The very first program at Esalen, offered in the fall of 1962, was a series of four seminars on "The Human Potentiality;" the opening seminar dealt in detail with the work of Maslow. The human-potential movement has been the focus of a great deal that has taken place at Esalen since, although neither Maslow nor anyone else could have felt easy about some of the experiments carried out there in its name.



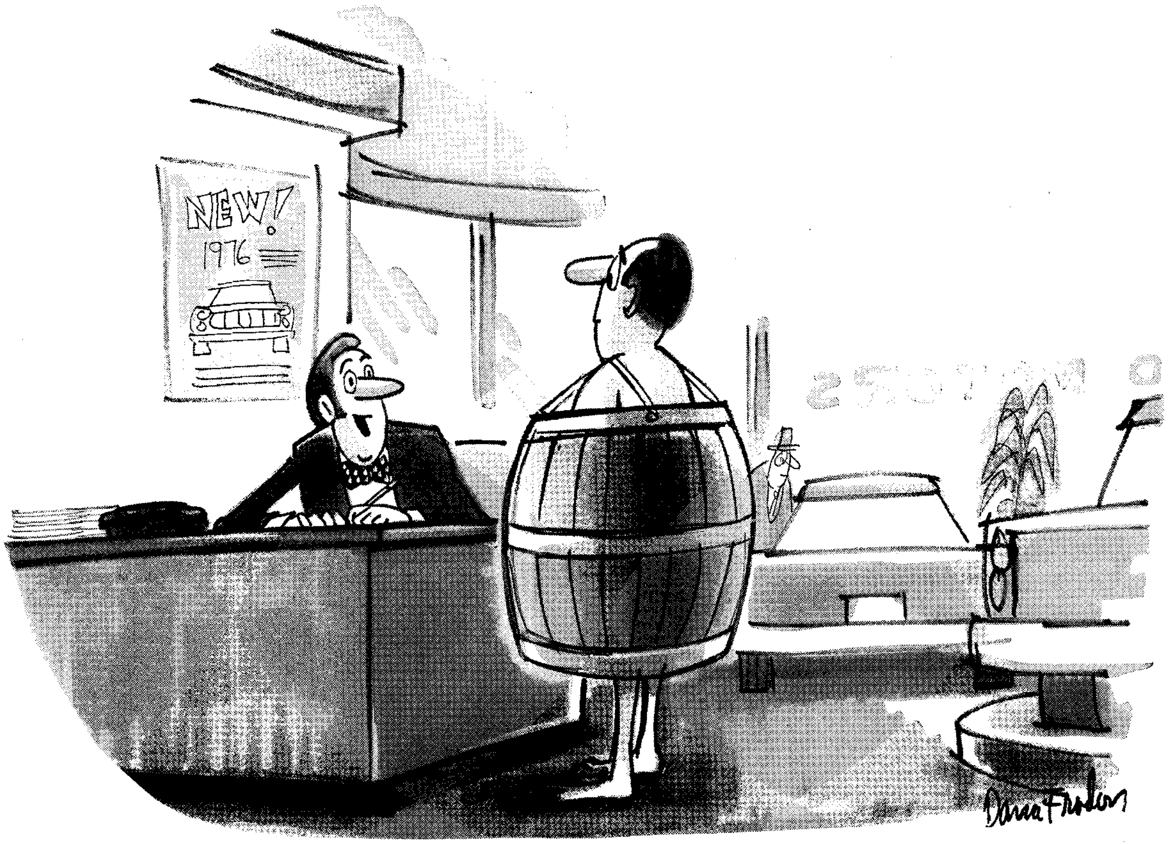
Looking back now on the early years, Murphy and Price sometimes wonder how they managed to surmount the multiple disasters. Several of the first group of seminarians (as Esalen quaintly calls its paying guests) witnessed a nearly fatal attack on Dennis Murphy in 1963. Dennis, who had published a best-selling novel ("The Sergeant") in 1958, and who was living in a house of his own on the Big Sur property while working on his second, got into an argument with a local artist, and before anyone realized what was happening the artist had stabbed him nine times with a knife. Dennis survived. Michael got him to the hospital in Monterey, spent a sleepless night, and came into his room the next morning to find Dennis sitting up in bed smoking a cigar and trying to blow smoke through his wounds. (Dennis subsequently left Big Sur for Los Angeles, where he became a successful screenwriter.) A couple of the early employees at Esalen were arrested on drug charges, in spite of strict anti-drug regulations laid down by Murphy and Price, and undercover narcotics agents often prowled the premises. But in the main the seminarians were getting high on experiences that had no connection with drugs. The most popular programs were the various body-awareness and encounter groups, in which almost anything could happen.

The basic principles of encounter and some of the techniques had been worked out as early as 1946 by the psychologist Kurt Lewin and his associates at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Lewin's "T-group" methods were designed mainly to help people perform more effectively in groups—in the Army, in business, in scientific laboratories—and to minimize tensions by being more honest and straightforward with one another and by letting their suppressed feelings come to the surface. Lewin's work led to the founding of the National Training Laboratories, with headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, many of whose clients are industrial corporations. It was soon discovered, however, that the process of taking part in small group sessions of this nature often led to extraordinary emotional reactions among the participants. The power of a group to elicit such responses was hardly a new discovery; primitive shamans knew about it, revivalist preachers make use of it all the time, and group therapy has long been an accepted aspect of psychiatric practice. But the idea of using the group as a lever to bring about emotional breakthroughs in normally healthy individuals seemed to touch a highly sensitive nerve in America in the affluent nineteen-sixties. The eminent psychologist Carl Rogers, who popularized the term "encounter," has called it "the most rapidly spreading social invention of the century, and probably the most potent." New group techniques proliferated in the sixties—particularly on the West Coast. Encounter, sensory awareness, gestalt therapy, transactional analysis, marathons, psychodrama, and other shortcuts to "personal growth" blossomed in suburban community centers, in churches, and even in private houses throughout the land, together with the more esoteric practices of Sufism, Zen, and yoga. It is probably true that all this would have happened without Esalen, but it is also true that Esalen was for several years the narrow neck of the funnel—the place where many of the new methods were tried out and developed before they spread into the larger community. It was the laboratory, and there were occasions when it appeared to be on the brink of blowing up.

The danger, of course, lay in its great appeal to mad scientists. Murphy and Price kept a sharp eye on the leaders of the early encounter sessions. There was no real training course for such leaders, and no agreed-on credentials except sensitivity, intelligence, and a high degree of self-awareness; psychiatric training, with its doctor-patient orientation, often seemed to be the worst sort of preparation for the subtle give-and-take of effective group process. Murphy attended almost every one of the seminars given at Esalen in the first four years—more than two hundred in all, about ten of which were straight encounter groups. If he felt that a leader showed signs of cruelty or insensitivity, that leader was not invited back. But what was one to do with a mad genius like Fritz Perls?

Frederick S. Perls visited Esalen for the first time in 1964, and two years later he returned there to live. A lot of people were scared to death of him. He spoke with a heavy German accent, he had a very large head with ntense, penetrating yes and a beard that ent in all directions, nd he wore a sort of mp suit with heavy ead necklaces. Dennis Iurphy once dreamed f Perls as a huge, oom-filling head with airs coming out of his ose and ears and rushing against the alls on either side. In is younger years in urope, Perls had tudied with Max einhardt, and his iethods were nothing not theatrical. Gealt therapy, which erls developed in the fties (and which is ot to be confused with he experimental scince of Gestalt psyhology), proceeded n the assumption that nder proper conditions and with proper chniques the neurotic mptoms that preented people from ealizing their own ue natures could be brought to the urface in relatively short order, withut months or years of analysis. One of erls' techniques was to gather a group f people and call for a volunteer to sit eside him in what he called "the hot eat" and to relate a recent dream. erls maintained that every part of a ream—an inanimate object, an aniıal, a gesture—was a projection of the reamer. He would make the person in he hot seat act out all these aspects— the dream had a chest of drawers in , the subject would have to become he chest of drawers. In the process, Perls would notice something about the ubject, something that was being unonsciously avoided or repressed, and e would proceed step by step to bring out, forcing the subject to a final tage that he called "the impasse"—an motional climax followed, with luck, y a cathartic recognition. "Fritz had he most fabulous clinical mind I've ver seen," Murphy recalls. "He could pot where the problem was, and he ad a genius for pushing it to the surace—that's why he was so scary. And vith Fritz the therapy game was going ll the time; he was that way at lunch r in the baths." Once, when Perls hought the leader of a certain seminar vas being pompous, he crawled the ength of the room on all fours by way of protest. ("This is beginning to look like sickness," Abraham Maslow, who saw the performance, murmured to Murphy.) Although Perls terrified people, his seminars were always crowded, and there was never any lack of volunteers for the hot seat.

Another game that Perls played to the hilt was one that Murphy and Price called Capture the Flag. He wanted to make Esalen over in his own image—to get rid of the religious and mystical aspects, and turn it into the world center of gestalt therapy. Perls himself became quite famous while he was at Esalen; his book on gestalt therapy was worshipped by college students, and all sorts of people were attracted to Esalen by his powerful presence. Ida Rolf, a therapist who had developed her own theory and method of "structural integration" of the body through deep massage (called "Rolfing"), soon came to Esalen at Perls' invitation and became a part-time resident. Several other younger psychologists came to study with Perls, and Price, who had begun by disliking him, went on to study under him and to become, after four years, an exceptionally gifted gestalt therapist and, in a sense, Perls' successor at Esalen. Perls never did manage to take over the place, and in 1969 he left to form his own therapy center on Vancouver Island. He died in the spring of 1970.



"Now, will this be cash or credit?"

• •

FOR a time in the sixties, Perls' principal antagonist was William C. Schutz, the field marshal of encounter. Schutz, a psychologist who had taught at Harvard and Berkeley, came to Esalen in 1967 at Murphy's invitation. His approach to encounter was eclectic and experimental. He had led or participated in all kinds of groups and had studied all the new methods—bioenergetics, psychodrama, psychosynthesis, Rolfing—and while he used elements from most of these in his own work, he was also willing to try anything else that suggested itself during the group process. Schutz's idea was always to seek out the trouble spots in a group and go right into them. If two people hated each other, Schutz might get them to wrestle then and there. (Fistfights were discouraged, but they sometimes happened anyway.) If a seminarian seemed to be uneasy about his or her body, Schutz might try to get that person to strip and show it to the others. The popular success of Schutz's book "Joy," published the year he arrived at Esalen, which described many of these methods, and the frequent appearance of Schutz on television talk shows to discuss his work contributed

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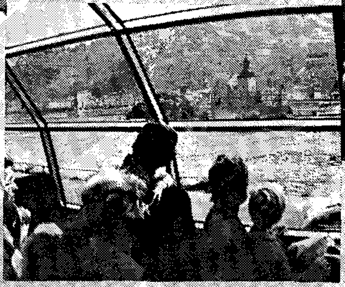

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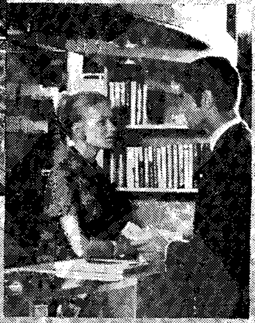
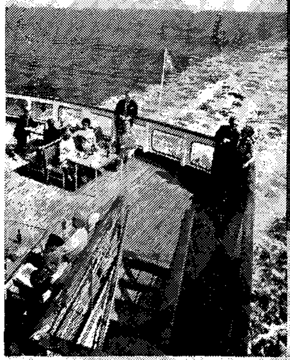


Imagine shopping on a train—some crack flyers have boutiques.



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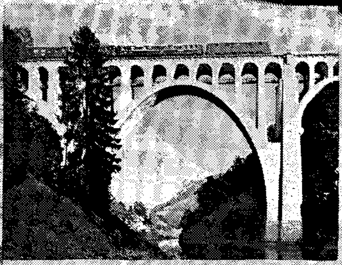

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the great trains of Europe

no little to the growing fame of Esalen, and also helped to form the popular notion that Esalen *was* encounter—and Schutz's form of encounter, at that. Perls resented this. Schutz and Perls stopped speaking to each other after a while. No one suggested that the two of them wrestle.

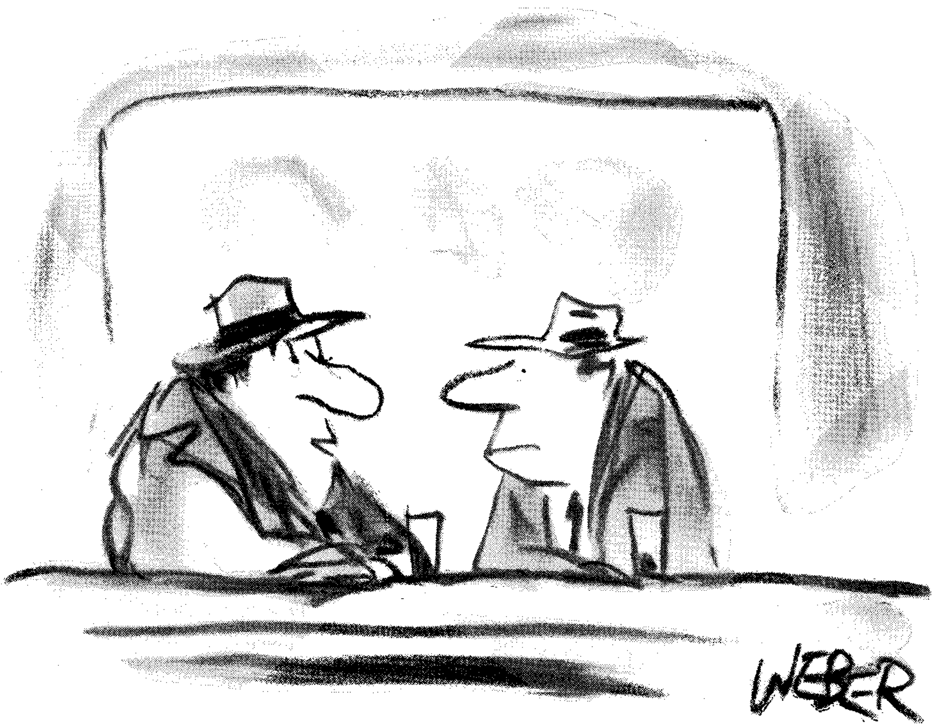
When Schutz arrived, Esalen was in the early stages of what George Leonard calls its "big-bang period." Leonard, a senior editor of *Look* and one of Murphy's closest friends—his thinking and writing about Esalen and the human-potential movement have had a strong influence on Murphy's own—was a frequent group leader or participant in seminars at Big Sur during the late sixties. "We really thought we were on the verge of vast breakthroughs that would change the world," he recalls. "The atmosphere in the lodge at mealtimes was just electric with new discoveries; people couldn't sit still through a meal, the vibes were so terrific. I remember once, soon after the media had started to run stories on Esalen, a guy from one of the networks was there wanting to know what we were all about. I talked to him for a while in the dining room, and then I saw Mike Murphy and called him over, and Mike talked, but we weren't really getting to him. Gia Fu Feng came in, and I called *him* over to the table. 'What is Esalen really about, Gia Fu?' I asked. Gia Fu pointed at Mike and at me and at Dick Price, saying, 'I see God! I see God! I see God!'—and walked away. Gia Fu was just unbelievable. Another time, he came tearing into the dining room at lunchtime and said, 'Two women in my group have spontaneous orgasm!' It was like that all the time in those days."

Much of the excitement in the fall of 1966 centered on the residential program for fifteen carefully selected Esalen Fellows, who had agreed to spend nine months at Big Sur. The premise, roughly, was that if people could be brought to heightened states of consciousness in weekend or five-day seminars, what would happen if you gave them nine months of Esalen's battery of psychic stimuli? The fifteen psychic astronauts had been selected, from more than two hundred applicants, by the well-known family psychologist Virginia Satir, who was the director of the program, and a good many of those she had chosen were graduate students or college teachers in psychology or sociology. The program was repeated the following year, with twenty-two residents, and was then dropped.

"It was such grandiose thinking," Murphy said recently. "We had seen these things happening in groups that were epiphanies of some sort of immense power, and we really wanted to see how far we could go with that. The residential program coincided with the whole hippie thing in 1967—the 'summer of love' in San Francisco. It was very much in the spirit of the sixties, when everybody sensed these enormous possibilities just around the corner. There was a kind of drunkenness in the air then. The program was certainly a failure in the sense of not realizing our original intentions. It was just impossible to sustain that level of expectation. Bill Schutz disagrees with me; he still thinks the program was a huge success. It's true that some of our most creative group leaders here came out of it—people like John Heider and Steve Stroud and Stuart Miller. But I think a lot of it was destructive. It shook hell out of people. Of the thirty-seven people in both those seminars, two committed suicide within a year. One had been through a lot of rocky times before she came to Esalen, the other was a psychologist who stayed with us only three months. Of course, there are suicides at the Aurobindo ashram, and on college campuses, too. There definitely is a risk element in any kind of opening-up process. But, to me, our program didn't have the sense of center—the balance—that you have to have if you're going to go very deeply into personal transformation. It was too wild and chaotic. Some of the residential Fellows would take people down to the baths and get them plunging between the hot water and the cold water, and they'd start to hyperventilate in between, and it was as powerful as taking hallucinogenic drugs. People would start barking like seals! We had to close the baths while this sort of stuff was going on. One week, they tried what they called a 'symbo group,' everybody staying together in physical proximity for a whole week, except to go to the bathroom, and more or less pooling their separate identities—there was no me-you language allowed. The power of this kind of group hypnosis is just astonishing. It can take people to very far-out states. But I have very serious reservations about the long-term results."

Murphy himself took part only intermittently in the residential program. He had had enough of group process after four years, and, anyway, he was too busy with other things. Esalen was growing in all directions, very unsystematically. The building program that today provides accommodations for seventy guests plus a large staff was in full swing. Murphy was away from Big Sur about one week in every four, trying (with little success) to get foundation grants, speaking at colleges and universities, investigating new aspects of the human-potential movement.

There was also the Esalen center in San Francisco, which Murphy



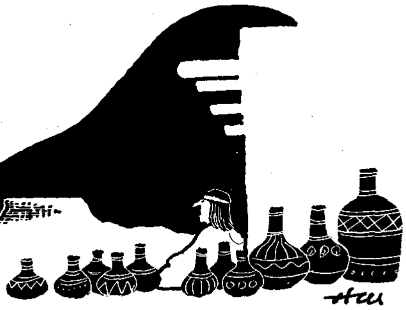
"I've always been attracted to warm, beautiful women—which, I think, says something about me."

started in the fall of 1967. Like the residential program, the San Francisco center had messianic overtones. Only a small number of people could come to Big Sur—the facilities were limited, and the costs (about a hundred and fifty dollars per person for five days' room and board) tended to make for a clientele that was middle-aged and relatively affluent. Believing strongly that their discoveries held great importance for the larger public, Murphy and some of his colleagues wanted to make the Esalen experience available in a much broader and younger social milieu, and San Francisco seemed the natural place to find this. The Esalen San Francisco center held its first lectures and workshops in Grace Cathedral, thanks largely to the good offices of Bishop James A. Pike, who was a friend and admirer of Murphy's and had lectured at Esalen. (Pike had left the active ministry in 1966, under threat of expulsion for heresy; his former chaplain at Grace Cathedral, David Baar, became the first director of Esalen's San Francisco programs.) Later, the center moved, much to the relief of the Episcopal diocese, to its own quarters, on Union Street, where it was soon offering more than a hundred and fifty programs a year, in everything from aikido to an "awareness workshop for dental professionals."

Tremendous events were impending; everybody at Esalen felt it. The transformation of consciousness was *at hand*, here in California, where the natives seemed ripe for conversion to altered states. Esalen was even solving the racial problem. Black-white "confrontations"—encounter sessions organized by Price Cobbs, a black psychiatrist in San Francisco, and George Leonard, the former *Look* editor, who was now Esalen's vice-president—were being held at Big Sur and in San Francisco. Participants of both races were learning to bring out their hidden racism and their suppressed rage and fear, and were establishing in the process a new paradigm (indispensable word!) for dealing with the troubled situation between the races everywhere. But then Esalen developed a racial problem of its own. An assistant director of the San Francisco center, a white man, got into a heated argument over the telephone with Ronald Brown, a black psychologist and one of the program leaders. Brown felt that he had been insulted. Leonard, Cobbs, and several others in the program decided that the assistant director was a secret racist, and that something would have to be done. A summit encounter session was set up in the office of Cobbs, and Murphy, who was in New York, was summoned back to attend it. Murphy cancelled a trip to the Menninger Clinic, in Topeka, where he had been scheduled to speak at a conference on altered states, and flew straight to San Francisco.

About a dozen people came to the encounter session, which went on for several hours. The embattled assistant director kept insisting that he had helped to lobby the 1965 Voting Rights Act through Congress and didn't need to prove himself to anyone. After two hours had gone by, they took a ten-minute break, and when they reconvened their target was no longer among them. The group then zeroed in on Murphy. "It wasn't enough to be on the firing line in those days," Murphy recalls. "You had to confess your unconscious racism. God, the language that flew around that room! Maybe if I'd really let fly with my own anger at the whole silly situation it would have been better, but in that kind of situation I just go catatonic—numb. 'What are you going to do about this man?' they kept asking me. I'd ask if they wanted me to fire him, and they'd say no, they wanted him to be emotionally reëducated. They wanted him sent down to Big Sur for six weeks, to 'get in touch with his anger,' and all that. I agreed to that, finally, and everybody left exhausted but happy. But then I got back to the San Francisco office and found that the people at Big Sur were up in arms about my letting Esalen be pushed around by San Francisco program leaders. All the phones were ringing at once. So the next morning I called George Leonard to tell him what was going on. George, who had felt all along that the situation would prove impossible to deal with, gave up at this point. He said, 'Wait a minute, Mike,' and left the phone, and then he came back and said, 'Mike, I'm resigning.' "

Leonard's resignation as vice-president was immediately followed by the resignations of the black program leaders and the collapse of the program. Price Cobbs, Ron Brown, and another of the black program leaders, named Michael Brown, have since started a highly successful consulting firm in San Francisco, which specializes in organizational development and race relations. All three of them remained friends of Murphy's, as did George Leonard. The controversial assistant director did go to some group-process workshops at Big Sur, but a few months later Murphy fired him anyway. The whole incident could have been averted, Murphy feels now, if he had only handled it a little more skillfully. "It just proved to me the failure of encounter," he said recently. "The whole idea that you can solve anything by shouting at people in a group is ridiculous."



ACCORDING to George Leonard, the racial Donnybrook really marked the end of Esalen's big-bang period. The transformation of society was not, perhaps, quite as imminent as had been thought. A new spirit of moderation was growing at Big Sur, which over the years had begun to seem less like an encampment of gypsies and more like a well-planned, well-tended, and rather expensive resort. Some of the extremists there were distressed by the calmer pace. Perls left in 1969 to establish his gestalt-therapy center in Canada. In 1970, a group that included several of the alumni from the residential program went down to Chile to work with Oscar Ichazo, whose Arica movement, heavily influenced by the teachings of Gurdjieff, was preparing to transform society right away. Price was devoting his time mainly to leading gestalt-therapy groups, while a succession of managers struggled to bring order out of the administrative chaos. (Although Big Sur was filled to capacity virtually year-round, the place nearly went bankrupt in 1971.) Murphy spent less and less time at Big Sur. He was busy with the San Francisco center (which consistently lost money), and he was trying to bring some order into his personal life as well.

The past ten years had been a bruising period for him, emotionally and spiritually. Murphy had even plunged into marriage at one point, much to the dismay of his colleagues. According to Price, the two events that really caused Perls to leave the country were the election of Richard Nixon and Murphy's marriage, both of which seemed to him to presage the coming of Nazism. The girl was older than Murphy, beautiful, and twice divorced.

"How much disarray will the Party have to be in to turn to you, dear?"

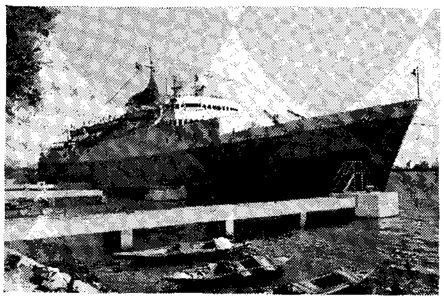
They met in an Esalen seminar, had a stormy two-year affair, and got married on the spur of the moment one night in 1968 after seeing "Zorba the Greek." "We drove up to Carson City, Nevada, where we were married by a midget," Murphy recalls. "He stood on a box, and he looked just like Bucky Fuller, and I knew it couldn't last." For three months afterward, Murphy insisted on keeping the marriage a secret—which did not help relations between the couple. "We had the most tremendous battles," he says. "And meanwhile we were getting therapy from a psychiatric community that stretched for three thousand miles. Abe Maslow, Rollo May, Bill Schutz, John Levy—we broke the best therapists of our time on the prow of that marital ship. Finally, we just wore each other down." They were divorced at the end of 1969.

In a sense, Murphy was also trying to divorce himself from Esalen. The place was his creature—"Esalen *is* Mike Murphy," Schutz often says—but it had grown to be too successful and too complex and too demanding. Murphy strenuously resisted the efforts of a number of "personal-growth centers" in various parts of the country to associate themselves with Esalen; he was willing to give them all the advice and help they wanted, but he felt that Esalen was big enough already and that to make it the nucleus of an institutional network would endanger its value as a laboratory. Besides, Esalen's imitators often seemed bent on commercializing and vulgarizing the model. There were "growth centers" in California whose program seemed to consist mainly of nudity and recreational sex. Esalen had its share of both, of course, but they were more or less incidental to everything else, in spite of the impression given by a filmed documentary, "Here Comes Every Body," that dealt with an Esalen encounter group; the film was made under the general supervision of Schutz, at a time when Murphy and Price were both away, and it gave rise to a lot of ill will at Big Sur.

Price and Julian Silverman, an experimental clinical psychologist who came to Big Sur from the National Institute of Mental Health, really ran the operation down there while Murphy ranged farther and farther afield. In 1970, he went to Europe with Stuart Miller (a former Esalen residential Fellow) and Miller's wife, Sara. They held conferences on the human potential in London and spent time there with the psychiatrist R. D. Laing. Laing had been invited to come to Agnews State Hospital, in San Jose, California, by Price and Silverman, who had initiated a three-year experimental program, influenced in part by some of Laing's ideas, to work with schizophrenics—a sort of "breakout center," where patients undergoing schizophrenic crises would be treated not as madmen to be restrained but as individuals going through difficult and possibly creative experiences. (Laing declined, but the Agnews project was carried out, and has attracted considerable attention.) From London, Murphy and the Millers went to Rome to meet Roberto Assagioli, the Italian psychiatrist, who was the founder of psychosynthesis. Assagioli's work had seemed to Murphy to be remarkably close in spirit not only to that of Maslow and the other humanistic psychologists but also to the thinking of Aurobindo. "What Aurobindo called yoga, what Abe Maslow called self-actualization, what Fritz Perls called organismic integrity, Assagioli called psychosynthesis," Murphy said recently. "All these share basically the same idea—that there is a natural tendency toward evolution, toward unfoldment, that pervades the universe as well as the human sphere, and that our job now is to get behind that and make it conscious. But the disciplines that emerge to deal with this unfoldment have to reflect the many-sidedness of the human psyche, and this is why psychosynthesis is so valuable. Assagioli himself was really a man of very wide European culture. He was the truest sage I've ever met."

The following year, Murphy and the Millers travelled together to Rus-

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



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sia. They had heard reports that the Russians were doing a lot of research into parapsychology (extrasensory perception and other psychic phenomena). "A lot is happening there, but it's hard to know how much of it is government-sponsored," Murphy reported afterward. "One theory is that the Russians thought the Americans were getting into parapsychological research with the idea of exerting influence at a distance, and so they set up a number of laboratories of their own. The person who seemed to be the impresario for parapsychologists, Edward Naumov, was pathetically eager to impress us and work with us, but also to find out everything we knew. We decided he must be some sort of agent, because he had freedom to travel anywhere—whenever we'd change our plans, he would be free to come with us, and he would insist on coming. But then this curious thing happened. We had an invitation to go to Friendship House, in Moscow, which is where they entertain all the big shots. Naumov heard about it, and started pressing us to arrange a convocation of parapsychologists and scientists at Friendship House, and we did—we got the thing set up for about three hundred people to meet there. The day came around, we went to Friendship House, and the director, who seemed very nervous, took us on a tour of the place. After the tour, we asked whether it wasn't time for the meeting to start. The director said that the meeting had been cancelled. He said that Naumov was a charlatan and would be a disgrace to Friendship House. We never could figure the thing out. Later, apparently, Naumov was arrested and imprisoned for two years."

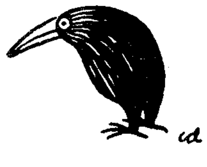
While Murphy and the Millers were in Russia, they also set up an intercontinental experiment in telepathy, which was carried out soon after their return. Murphy, sitting in his studio in San Francisco, concentrated on "sending" a series of images to a Russian telepathist, who was sitting in his room in Moscow, under supervised test conditions, to "receive" them. The Russian did "receive" with remarkable clarity the first image that Murphy sent—a toy wooden elephant from a photograph in a dictionary—but the over-all results of the experiment, Murphy says, were statistically inconclusive.

THE two sides of Michael Murphy's nature were again in conflict. Esalen and the human-potential movement continued to make large claims on his attention, but the other Michael Murphy, the closet extrovert, was knocking authoritatively to get out. Murphy spent more of his time in his studio on Telegraph Hill, writing and meditating. He was working on "Golf in the Kingdom," a philosophical novel about a Scottish golf pro named Shivas Irons, who quotes from Pythagoras and the Hindu scriptures and scores a nocturnal hole-in-one on the thirteenth hole at "Burningbush" (read St. Andrews) by relying on the force of "true gravity." For the character of Irons, Murphy drew upon several people he knew, including the charismatic Stanford graduate student Walt Page, and the portrait is a lively one. It seemed entirely natural, moreover, for the author to approach philosophy and mysticism by way of sports. Writing the book brought on his own readdiction to golf, which he had been too busy to play for several years. It also strengthened his long-held suspicion that sports could be seen as an American yoga, a path to a true harmony of body and spirit.

Soon after the book appeared, in 1972, Murphy began hearing from people, some of them professional athletes, who had had what Maslow called "peak experiences" similar to those described in "Golf in the Kingdom." One was John Brodie, the highly successful quarterback of the San Francisco 49ers. Brodie, a firm believer in Scientology, had many unusual experiences to relate, including one about a key pass he had thrown in a playoff game with the Washington Redskins in 1971. Even the game films, he said, seemed to show that just as his pass was about to be intercepted by Pat Fischer, the Redskin cornerback, it rose up, above Fischer's outstretched fingers, and (without being deflected) settled into the arms of the 49ers' fleet wide receiver Gene Washington, who ran with it for a touchdown to tie the game, which the 49ers eventually won, 24–20. Brodie had been impressed by "Golf in the Kingdom," and he wanted Murphy to collaborate with him on a book about his own career in football. Murphy readily agreed. He was an ardent Brodie fan, and the thrill of spending time at the 49ers' training camp and seeing their games from the bench was almost too great to bear. Unfortunately, the manuscript was nearly complete before Murphy let Brodie read what he was writing. Murphy had set his imagination to work on the material that Brodie provided him, and the result was another philosophical novel, with a culminating scene in the Vatican. Brodie wanted no part of it. He subsequently engaged another collaborator, who produced a book, "Open Field," with virtually no mystical overtones; even the story of the miraculous pass to Gene Washington, which had already appeared in *Intellectual Digest* in the version that Murphy wrote, was stripped of any supernatural suggestion. Murphy was disappointed, but he remains a fan of the 49ers, who have been having quarterback trouble since Brodie retired.

Sports as yoga—the idea plucked at Murphy's extrovert nature and led to plans for an Esalen sports program. Although for financial reasons the program is still relatively undeveloped, instruction in "tennis flow" and cross-country skiing and distance running has now joined aikido, Tai Chi Chuan, and energy-awareness workshops in the Esalen curriculum. Murphy himself has taken up distance running. In 1973, at the age of forty-three, he started training with Mike Spino, once a nationally ranked marathon runner, and within a year he ran the mile in five minutes twelve seconds, and the marathon distance, twenty-six miles, in three hours and thirty-nine minutes. Spino says he has never seen anything like it. For Murphy, running has become another form of meditation. He runs at least five miles a day, along the waterfront to the Golden Gate Bridge and back.

For a time in 1974, Murphy thought he had finally escaped from all administrative responsibilities at Esalen. His good friend Richard Farson, a psychologist and the co-founder of the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute, at La Jolla, California, took over as president of Esalen, and Murphy began spending virtually all his time working on the new novel. Just as he was getting well into it, though, Esalen problems boiled up and over. Personality conflicts at Big Sur led to Farson's resignation, and Murphy had to step back in temporarily and assume control. He was immediately faced with the need to make drastic cuts in the San Francisco programs, which had lost more money than usual that year, and to reconsider Esalen's whole future course. Since then, profits from the Big Sur operation have mounted steadily. Most workshops are fully booked months in advance, long-term debts are being paid off, and the place has become so respectable that corporations regularly send their employees there for emotional loosening up. Esalen, in fact, is no longer really at the cutting edge of the New Consciousness movement. EST, Arica, and Transcendental Meditation are more in the news at the moment, and a host of newer and perhaps stranger disciplines are undoubtedly slouching toward California to be born.



Counter-revolutionary forces have also surfaced here and there. A couple of years ago, some California legislators wanted to introduce a bill to make encounter groups illegal unless they were led by a licensed psychiatrist. Murphy, called to Sacramento to give his views, pointed out that such a law would be practically unenforceable—for one reason, because so many encounter sessions these days take place in churches: how could you prove that the group wasn't discussing the New Testament? The proposed bill died, but the attacks from both the behavioral psychologists and the orthodox psychiatrists continue. Encounter, with its here-and-now orientation and its emphasis on the exploration of spontaneous feelings, is accused of being anti-intellectual and anti-scientific; the spontaneity of the group is seen as spurious, and the group pressure as incipiently Fascistic. A significant percentage of encounter-group participants, it is said, come away emotionally damaged in one way or another, and relatively few draw any lasting benefit from the experience.

A recent, widely circulated study of encounter-group participants at Stanford claimed that sixteen of two hundred and six volunteers suffered psychological injury. Schutz, in a published reply, called the study wholly misleading and blatantly unscientific, and pointed out that a large proportion of the participants actually took part in group processes that had nothing to do with encounter. "The basic principles of encounter are honesty and responsibility," Schutz often says. "What could be more homey?" Murphy agrees that the "casualty rates" of encounter have been exaggerated, but he sees some truth in the persistent criticism. The original error, he sometimes feels, may have been to think of encounter as therapy. People came to groups, went through emotional changes, and left thinking that the new insights would carry over into their regular life; when this didn't happen, they got depressed and discouraged. Perhaps it would have been better if they had approached the experience

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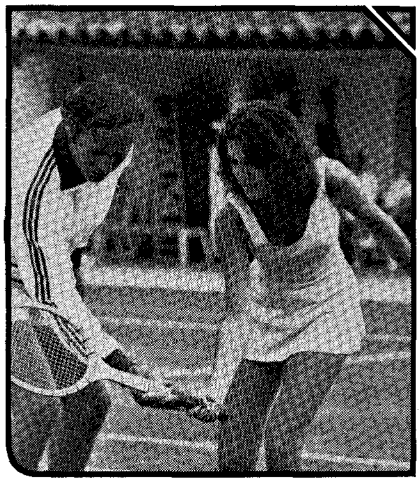

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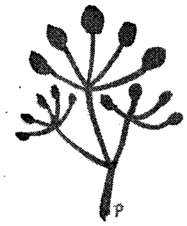
more for its own sake. Both Murphy and Price suspect that the experience of encounter may be closer to that of theatre than to that of therapy. One can be emotionally stirred by a performance of "Hamlet" without expecting life to be different afterward.

"People sometimes come away from Esalen and leave their jobs, get divorced—things like that," Murphy said not long ago. It was after dinner at the Murphys' house in Mill Valley, a cool evening, the light from a fire the room's only illumination. "This is a part of our reputation that's true. Naturally, it's offensive to the medical viewpoint that is oriented toward fixing people up so they'll be well adjusted to their own society. Esalen has been subversive toward that kind of psychiatry. Some psychiatrists also mistrust us because we use lay people as group leaders—even though recent studies by the National Institute of Mental Health show that lay people very often have more talent for therapy than professional psychiatrists. A great many psychiatrists are interested mainly in keeping the door that Freud opened from opening any wider. The psychiatrists' reduction of the mystical was a theme of the Salinger stories that had such a huge effect on me in the fifties. I read 'Franny' when I was at Stanford, and, God, it hit me like a ton of bricks. What resonance! Salinger was a great ally in those days. A lot of people really thought I was crazy then, and I wasn't too sure they weren't right—I needed reassurance. What happened in the sixties was this incredible comeback of the whole mystical side of things. Esalen certainly had a role in that, along with the drug scene and the counterculture. Now there are signs that maybe the medical establishment is opening up a little. For example, Stuart and Sara Miller have started a three-year project to expose a limited number of doctors and nurses to some of the work we've been doing at Esalen—psychosynthesis, gestalt therapy, encounter, massage, biofeedback techniques to alleviate pain, and so forth—with the idea of making medical practice more humane. The project started at Esalen, but now it's independently funded, and still being run by the Millers. Sara also started a teacher-training project in connection with the University of California at Santa Barbara, under a grant from the Ford Foundation, on more or less the same basis—getting these new ideas and methods into education. The thing is just spreading everywhere you look."



After a pause, Murphy said, "There's no question about it. We're going to explore mind. We come into it as adventurers, sometimes as drunken sailors, and some aspects of this thing get very crazy, and even demonic. The power of group process is almost limitless, and it can be very, very dangerous. I'm aware that we're assuming responsibility for human lives in much of what we do at Esalen, and that there's a big risk in encouraging people to transcend themselves. I'm aware that Madness Gulch is right around the corner. But it's going to be done. The hunger for this sort of thing is simply enormous, and the risks are worth taking. Of course, one of the things I really hate is encounter as a religion. I love Bill Schutz for his solid strength—he's very comforting to be around—but because he's made out of India rubber and keeps bouncing back from every kind of confrontation I think he underrates the dangers. To run an encounter group or a gestalt-therapy group for nine months is just not the answer. Esalen has been great for these opening-up exercises but not for the long haul. The problem is to find sustaining ways of life, sustaining disciplines, and, to me, Roberto Assagioli's psychosynthesis points toward the kind of comprehensive spirit that's needed. You can't live on encounter. Encounter is like an initiation ceremony, a way of crossing a boundary and looking at what's on the other side. I feel that in future disciplines encounter groups as we have known them will have a very small place, while meditation techniques and approaches like psychosynthesis will have a very large one. The human-potential movement as a whole has its own inherent logic, it seems, that is corresponding more and more with the great contemplative traditions of the past."

Murphy was quiet for a while, gazing into the fire. "Vision's still dawning," he said. "The instinct for transformation has existed since Paleolithic times, and has developed in many ways through shamanistic and religious traditions. But now we have a chance as never before to draw from all these traditions and learn from both their weaknesses and their strengths. Nearly all of them have been limited in one way or another—neglecting society, like some of the ascetic Indian yogas, or belittling the body or failing to integrate the mind. Aurobindo was one of the pioneers in this kind of integration. And now there's an incredibly strong impulse to bring the body back in. At

Esalen, for example, the body came into things immediately—it was all around me right away. I think that the physical body and the social body go along together, and that the transformation has to involve them both. From our modern vantage point, we can develop broader and more sophisticated disciplines, I think, and throw back the horizons for the next stage of the human ascent."

Asked how he foresaw the transformation as taking place, Murphy said that he saw both a horizontal and a vertical direction to it. "The horizontal one is that more and more points of access into this richness are becoming available. The human-potential thing is spreading all through the culture. Old-age groups, hospitals, schools, prisons, community centers—there are a million ramifications. There's also the factor of necessity—closing time in the gardens of the West. The ecology movement is helping to spread the idea that transformation is possible and necessary, and so is the breakdown of so many of our traditional institutions. I think there will be pioneers—pirates of the spirit, like Jacob Atabet. It's the thing I want to do for the rest of my life. I think that as people appear who make these voyages into the interior, into inner space, each voyage will be an inciting act. Just like Lewis and Clark opening up the West: My God, now there's all that to discover! I think I'm going to have to take about a year and go back and do what I did in the fifties—meditate eight hours a day every day—to see where I am now. Have these last thirteen years loosened things up to allow me to get to spaces I couldn't get to before? I owe myself at least that experiment. If I push too hard or too fast, I'll wreck myself. We each have a kind of right speed. There's still going to be the intensity and excitement. It may even be greater now, without all the wild storming of the gates that went on in the sixties, and all the bad trips. There will still be bad trips, too, of course; a lot of experiments of this kind will end badly—some already have. The space program is a good analogy. To go really far, you have to be well organized. For my own part, though, I think there's going to be plenty of room for adventure."

—Calvin Tomkins

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Brotherhood Is Powerful

JOHN HUSTON'S "The Man Who Would Be King," based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is an exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's India, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region of eastern Afghanistan which was once ruled by Alexander the Great, to make themselves kings. With twenty rifles, their British Army training, unprincipled rashness, cunning, and a few wild strokes of luck, they succeed, for a time. As a movie, this Empire gothic has elements of "Gunga Din" and of a cynical "Lost Horizon," along with something that hasn't been a heroic attribute in other Empire-gothic movies: the desire to become the highest-ranking person that one can envision. The heroes are able to achieve their goal only because of the primitiveness of the people they conquer, and this is very likely the stumbling block that kept the movie from being financed for the twenty-odd years that Huston wanted to do it. Maybe he was able to, finally, on the assumption that enough time has passed for the heroes' attitude toward the native populations of India and Afghanistan—the benighted heathen—to seem quaint rather than racist. Huston's narrative is both an ironic parable about the motives and methods of imperialism and a series of gags about civilization and barbarism. When savages in war masks are hit by bullets, the image is a sick-joke history of colonialism, and when the vulgarian heroes try to civilize the tribes they conquer, they obviously have not much more than their own military conditioning to draw upon. Danny and Peachy are British primitives who seek to turn the savages into Englishmen by drilling them in discipline and respect for authority. Danny becomes as sanctimonious about that mission as Victoria herself, and is baffled when the natives show ingratitude.

3
ARTS
LAST WEEK

The script, by Huston and Gladys Hill, is a fine piece of craftsmanship, with every detail in place, and with some of Kipling's devices carried further, so that the whole mad, jinxed adventure is tied together. But "The Man Who Would Be King" isn't rousing, and it isn't a comedy, either. It's a genre movie made with full awareness of the campy pit into which it will sink if the laconic distancing ever lapses. Huston has to hold down the very emotions that most spectacles aim for; if he treated the material stirringly, it would take the audience back to the era when we were supposed to feel pride in the imperial British gallantry, as we did at some level, despite our more knowledgeable, disgusted selves, at movies like the 1935 "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." This film doesn't dare give us the empathic identification with what's going on inside the heroes which we had with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone in "Bengal Lancer." And Huston, who has never been interested in spectacle for its own luxurious sake, doesn't make a big event of the adventure, the way Capra did with the arrival at Shangri-la—when he practically unveiled the city. Shot in Morocco, with Oswald Morris as cinematographer and Alexander Trauner as production designer, "The Man Who Would Be King" is in subdued reds and browns, and the persistent dusty earth tones underscore the transiency of the heroes' victory. There are no soaring emotions. Huston tells his whopper in a matter-of-fact tone, and he doesn't play up the cast of thousands or the possibilities of portentous spectacle in the bizarre stone "sacred city" of Alexander the Great, built on a mountain.

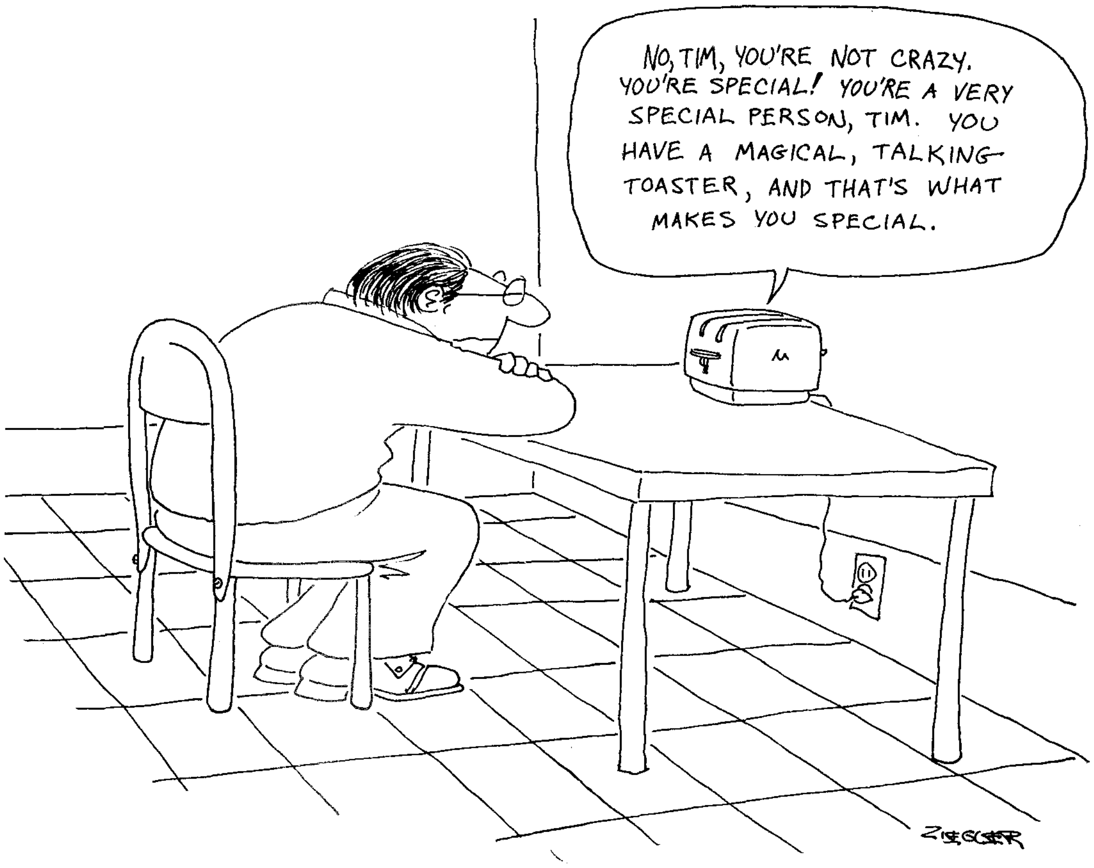
The director's love of the material is palpable; it makes one smile. Yet the most audacious parts of the film don't reach for that special clarity which makes action memorably poetic. There are lovely, foolish poetic bits—a panoramic view of warring armies pausing to genuflect when holy men walk through the battlefield, and the brave last flourish of Billy Fish (Saeed Jaffrey), the interpreter for the heroes, who dies charging their enemies, pointlessly, in the name of British military ideals—but these episodes are offhand and brief. Huston's is a perverse form of noblesse oblige—he doesn't want to push anything. He won't punch up the moments that are right there waiting, even though we might have enjoyed basking in them, and getting a lift from them. He sets up the most elaborate, berserk fairy-tale scenes and then just sits back; he seems to be watching the events happen instead of shaping them. Huston has said that Danny and Peachy are destroyed because of *folie de grandeur*, and that's what he risks, too. I admire his pride; he treats the audience with a sophisticated respect that's rare in genre films, and this movie is the best sustained work he's done in years. Even Edith Head's costume designs and Maurice Jarre's musical score rise to the occasion, and the animal noises (they sound like cows lowing through giant megaphones) that accompany the primitive rites are terrifyingly creepy. But Huston's courtliness has its weakness. No doubt he believes in telling the story as simply as possible, but what that means in practice is that he shoots the script. It's exemplary, and he's a good storyteller. But he's not such a great *movie* storyteller here. I don't think Huston any longer plans scenes for the startling sprung rhythms of his early work. The camera now seems to be passively recording—intelligently, beautifully, but without the sudden, detonating effects of participation. Huston has become more of an illustrator. And so the ironies in "The Man Who Would Be King" go by fast—when we want them to vibrate a little.

Huston's even-tempered narrative approach doesn't quite release all that we suspect he feels about the material. It may be that he's so far into the kind of thinking that this story represents that he doesn't take us in far enough. If he had regressed to an earlier stage of movie history and presented Kipling's jingoism with emotional force, the film might have been a controversial, inflammatory epic. If he had rekindled the magical appeal of that jingoism and made us understand our tragic vulnerability to it, it might have been a true modern epic. The way he's done it, the story works only on the level of a yarn. But it's a wonderful yarn. Huston shares with Kipling a revelling in the unexpected twists of behavior of other cultures, and he doesn't convert the story into something humanistic. The ignorant natives are cruel and barbaric; if they're given a chance, they don't choose fair play. And Huston leaves it at that—he doesn't pussyfoot around, trying to make them lovable. Huston has a fondness for the idiosyncrasies of the natives, and he doesn't hate the heroes who go out to exploit them. Huston is cynical without a shade of contempt—that's why the film is likable. Yet when you play fascinated anthropologist, equally amused by the British and the natives, you may have licked the problem of how to do Kipling now without an outcry, but you're being false to why you wanted to film the story in the first place. Despite the film's ironic view of them, Danny and Peachy, who can sing in the face of death, represent courage and gallantry. Huston may spoof this when he has Peachy bawl out Danny for rushing in to attack an enemy army, and Danny, who has won the battle singlehanded, apologize that his "blood was up," but the love of this crazed courage is built into the genre, and even if you leave out the surging emotion of the arrival of the British relief column, it's the Britishers here—and their devoted Billy Fishes—who represent civilization. Their ways of killing are cleaner—they don't kill for pleasure. Huston's irony can't remove all this—it merely keeps it from being offensive.

The theme of "The Man Who Would Be King" gets at the essence of the attitudes underlying John Huston's work. Huston might be the man without illusions on a quest. Here, as in "The Maltese Falcon," "The Asphalt Jungle," "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," his characters are after money. But when Danny and Peachy are battling mountain snowstorms, risking blindness and death to get to the backward country they mean to pillage, one knows that it isn't just for gold—it's because conquering and looting a country are the highest score they can imagine. And when they view Alexander the Great's treasure, the jewels and gold pieces seem a little ridiculous; the treasure will be scattered, like the paper money in "The Asphalt Jungle" and the gold dust in "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." What matters in Huston films is the existential quest: man testing himself. It's a great pity that Huston didn't get to film Mailer's "An American Dream," which is also about a man who would be king. (All Mailer's writing is.) Mailer's book, being in contemporary terms, might have challenged Huston right to the bone. The Kipling story, with its links to old adventure-genre movies, and its links to the childhood tastes we have disowned, doesn't quite.

Huston finds a grisly humor in the self-deceptions of ruthless people chasing rainbows; that might almost be his comic notion of man's life on earth. He earns esteem by not sentimentalizing that quest. (Yet his inability to show affection for characters who live on different terms shows how much the rogues mean to him.) Huston isn't too comfortable about any direct show of emotion; he's in his element (and peerlessly) with men who are boyishly brusque, putting down their own tender feelings shamefacedly. When he first prepared this script, Gable was to be in the Connery role and Bogart in the Caine role. Connery is, I think, a far better Danny than Gable would ever have been. Gable never had this warmth, and never gave himself over to a role the way Connery does. With the glorious exceptions of Brando and Olivier, there's no screen actor I'd rather watch than Sean Connery. His vitality may make him the most richly masculine of all English-speaking actors; that thick, rumbling Scotsman's voice of his actually transforms English—muffles the clipped edges and humanizes the language. Connery's Danny has a beatific, innocent joy in his crazy goal even when he's half frozen en route; few actors are as unselfconsciously silly as Connery is willing to be—as he *enjoys* being. Danny's fatuity is sumptuous as he throws himself into his first, half-embarrassed lofty gestures. Connery plays this role without his usual hairpieces, and, undisguised—bare-domed—he seems larger, more free; if baldness ever needed redeeming, he's done it for all time. Caine has the Bogart role, which means he's Huston's protagonist; Peachy is the smarter of the two, the wise-guy realist, loyal to Danny even when he's depressed by Danny's childishness. We see through Peachy's sane, saddened eyes the danger in Danny's believing himself a man of destiny, and Caine manages this with the modesty of a first-rate actor. He stays in character so convincingly that he's able to bring off the difficult last scene, rounding out the story conception, when it becomes apparent that Peachy has "gone native."

The central human relationship is between these two uneducated working-class blokes, who at first share a fantasy, and who remain friends—brothers, really, since they're Masons—even when their fantasies diverge. The entire plot hinges on Freemasonry—not, however, used philosophically, as it was in "The Magic Flute," though Kipling himself was deeply involved in the brotherhood, and Christopher Plummer, who plays him here, wears a Masonic watch fob. Plummer, hidden by a thick brush mustache, gives a blessedly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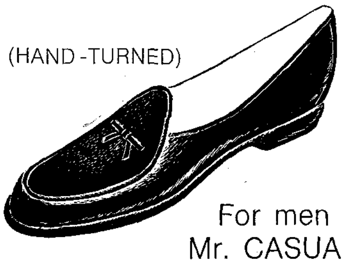

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restrained performance as the strait-laced young editor in India. In terms of historical accuracy, however, he's not young enough for the part. Brother Kipling—an "infant monster," Henry James called him—was only twenty-two when he published the story. In the movie, it seems appropriate that the watch fob should set the whole adventure in motion; the brotherhood that links the two rowdy crooks, the nearsighted journalist, and the shaven-headed monks in the temple of Kafiristan is like a schoolboys' secret society that has swept the world. In the story, Kipling was able to satirize his own gnomic vision of fraternity, and at times Huston and Gladys Hill, ringing changes on the mystic-fraternity theme—"rejuvenating" it—might almost be borrowing from Edgar Rice Burroughs. Huston seems to be enjoying himself in this film in the way he hasn't for a long time. It communicates the feeling of a consummated dream.

ONE of the incidental benefits of movies based on classics is that filmgoers are often eager to read the book; Allied Artists, which produced this film, and Bantam Books have just struck a low note by putting out a gold-covered paperback *novelization* of Kipling's story. This makeshift Kipling, written by Michael Hardwick, combines the story and the screenplay, unnecessary descriptions, and bits from Kipling's life to fill a hundred and thirty-seven pages. The whole new practice of film novelizations is a disgrace. It sickens the screenwriters who have written original screenplays to see their dialogue debased into a prose stew, but at least they are alive and in a position to fight against it. If they're suckered, it's partly their own damned greedy fault. But here is a movie inspired by love of Kipling—apparently, Huston first read the story when he was twelve or thirteen, and it meant enough to him to nag at him many years later—and this love has had the effect of temporarily displacing the story and putting drivel in its stead.

Hunger cannot be the excuse: Allied Artists and Bantam Books are not poor and desperate, and the profit to be made from this venture is not likely to be vast. What is the rationale for this garbagizing of literature? I don't think "The Man Who Would Be King" is a great story, but it's a good one—good enough to have turned people into Kipling readers, maybe, if it had been made readily available in an edition with one or two other Kipling stories, and with the movie-photo tie-

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ins that will attract readers to this gold beauty. Since Kipling's work isn't in screenplay form but in a highly readable form, the motive for this mass-marketed paperback seems almost like giggly mischief—a *folie* of debasement. That could be another term for business as usual. Allied Artists and Bantam Books, why are you doing this?

—PAULINE KAEL

◆

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Might even take another bath. It's not a full life, but it's better than nothing.

◆

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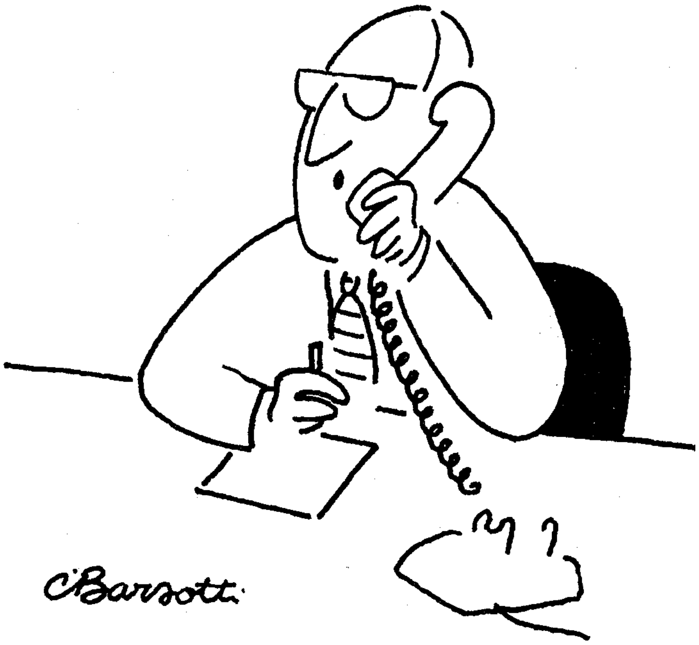
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Contemplative Magnificence of Mind

WAGNER wrote that "the surest sign of a conductor's having completely solved his task would be the ultimate experience, at the performance, that his active lead is scarcely noticeable." Admittedly, he was writing about an opera performance, and specifically of his hopes for an execution of "Tannhäuser" in which the singers, having first learned their roles in strict tempo, then gave free, "creative" play to their feelings; in which the orchestral players had been "brought to the exactest knowledge of the vocal phrasing" (and could see the vocal lines written out in their parts, of course); and in which the conductor needed only to follow the singers and "keep untorn the bond that binds the vocal rendering with the orchestral accompaniment." A symphonic performance is not quite the same thing. (A concerto performance comes closer.) It is seldom the concertmaster's or first oboe's or first cello's task to determine the tone and temper of a subject and the conductor's task simply to follow. Sometimes it is—and not only in those modern works in which a "conducting" role may be positively assigned, during certain passages, to a single player. There is a long, free oboe solo in the first movement of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" (starting at measure 360) in which a player of character can take the limelight and, in effect, assume the direction of the music for a while as he leads it toward the triumphal restatement of the principal theme; and a conductor who is confident of his man will allow him to do so. (It is surprising to discover that this oboe solo was an afterthought on Berlioz's part, added to a texture already complete in itself.) Such readiness to share responsibility grows, as a rule, from long years of experience and mutual trust. Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic showed it. Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra show it now. And Carlo Maria Giulini and the Chicago Symphony showed it when they did Bruckner's Eighth Symphony in Carnegie Hall last month.

Giulini first conducted the Chicago Orchestra in 1955. Six years ago, he became its Principal Guest Conductor. For Giulini, the Chicago Orchestra is a less high-tension and insistently virtuoso body than it is under Solti, its Music Director. Its tone—or so it seems to me—becomes broader and somewhat more tender. Instead of high-gloss wind playing, there is a warmer, gentler sound. The strings in this Bruckner performance did not have quite the full, deep-based, "saturated" sound of the great orchestras—Berlin's, Vienna's, Dresden's—that can count such string tone as their especial glory. But these comparisons are evoked in an attempt at definition, not to "grade" conductors or orchestras. The playing of the Chicago Symphony at this concert was just about as good as orchestral playing can be—string tone firm and singing at every dynamic level; woodwinds cohesive, perfectly balanced, exactly tuned; brass big and round but not aggressive. The Eighth Symphony does not call for passages of solo virtuoso display, but it does need players of great sensitivity—first horn and first oboe through the pianissimo E-flat hush that closes the exposition in the first movement; first flute, first oboe, first clarinet, first trumpet in the quiet dialogue of its recapitulation. And such players it had.



"I answer the phone 'Dickerson here' because I'm Dickerson and I'm here. Now, what the hell do you want, Martha?"

The Eighth Symphony is an immense work, and it becomes more and more static. After the first movement and the Scherzo, the Adagio is built on a theme that starts as a straight-line phrase—repeated A-flats, varied only by the semitones above and below—and is continued as a straight-line descent. Neither motif, as Robert Simpson notes in his Bruckner monograph, "has innate kinetic energy; both bear down oppressively on the spirit." The Finale has more than once been likened to a cathedral; and Dr. Simpson calls it "the background, in a sense, of Bruckner's lifework, a contemplative magnificence of mind beyond the battle. This Finale is not so much a victory over tribulation as a state that had to be found behind it, slowly and sometimes painfully uncovered by the Adagio." As this C-Minor Symphony bursts at last into the major, we may recall Browning's "I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found, / The C Major of this life." Beethoven is relevant, too—to point a difference. Bruckner's Third, Eighth, and Ninth Symphonies all begin in ways that recall Beethoven's Ninth (and the opening theme of the Eighth is even identical in rhythm with that of Beethoven's symphony). But they continue in ways that reveal, on the one hand, a forgetive composer hammering his music into shape and, on the other, a contemplative composer assembling his music block by block. The C major attained by Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is assertive, a victory of the human will; the C major at the end of Bruckner's Eighth is a glorious benediction, not a triumph won but a joy revealed.

Giulini unfolded the ninety-minute span as if, to paraphrase Sir Adrian Boult's precept to young conductors, the whole score lay open before him at once, its music set out on two gigantic pages. (In fact, he used no score at all.) If I describe his conducting as, in Wagner's phrase, "scarcely noticeable," that is intended as high praise—an indication that conductor, players, and listeners seemed rapt in the progress of the music, that any personality other than Bruckner's disappeared in a transcendental experience. On occasion I have heard Giulini exaggerate, and even in his specialty, the Verdi Requiem, produce an overhushed pianissimo or an inflection so daintily nuanced that one's attention was drawn away from the music to the art of the executants. But everything in this account of Bruckner's Eighth—though scrupulously prepared and minutely rehearsed, I have no doubt—was natural. This kind of conducting, free from all self-seeking, is the highest kind—provided it is accompanied by interpretative genius and the necessary technical skills. (To watch, Giulini is the most elegant and unaffectedly aristocratic of all our conductors.) Conductors as individual as Toscanini and Furtwängler were exemplars. It may seem odd to call either of those great musicians "scarcely noticeable." One could not fail to notice when Toscanini was conducting—but what one noticed was the power of the music he made.

A textual point: Giulini used the score of Bruckner's version edited by Leopold Nowak, not the score edited by Robert Haas. The former has what has been called "musicological rectitude" on its side, since it corresponds to a score that Bruckner himself passed. But ardent and scholarly Brucknerians—among them Dr. Simpson, Deryck Cooke, Hans-Hubert Schönzeler, and Erwin Doernberg—seem united in their preference for the Haas edition. Haas, in brief, accepted the large alterations that Bruckner had made to his original version (including a new ending for the first movement, a new trio in the Scherzo, and considerable structural change to the Adagio), but to the Adagio and the Finale he restored some passages that Bruckner had cut when, probably influenced by his former pupil Josef Schalk, he revised his work. Two of these passages are particularly important. Haas also reinstated some of Bruckner's original instrumentation, and, in Mr. Cooke's words, "His score always seems the more Brucknerian" (more so, that is, than Nowak's). I'm also a Haas man, but own that I would probably have no formed opinion had not the BBC, some years ago, provided an opportunity of hearing, at two days' distance, the two editions of the score in performance. —ANDREW PORTER

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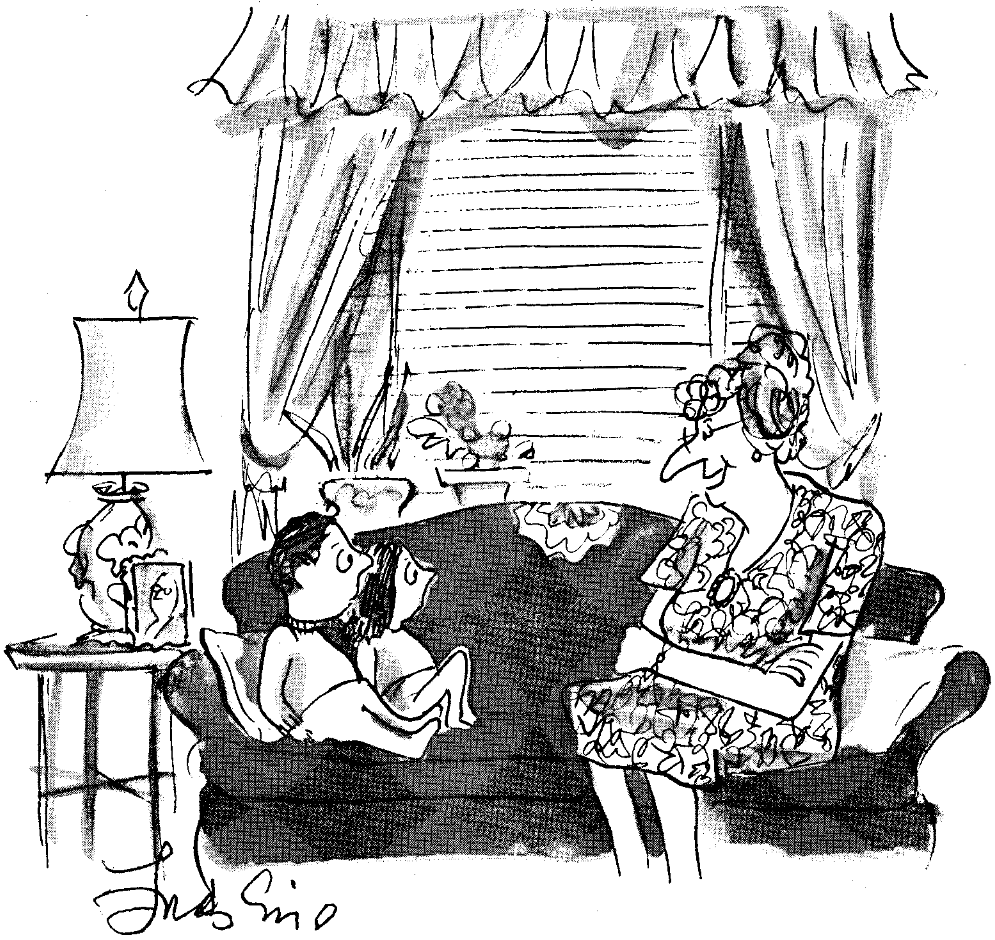
AROUND CITY HALL

AFLOAT

NINETEEN SEVENTY-FIVE was a strange, climactic year for this city, bringing some changes that many New Yorkers can still hardly believe and some whose long-run consequences could mean that New York will never be the same town again. City Hall, only last spring such a vital center of local life that citizens would go down there to march about and wave angry signs demanding action on matters that had nothing to do with politics, is no longer the place to go even for political action if it is much above the precinct level. When President Ford announced in November that he might, after all his savage denunciations of the city's unworthiness, consider some move that would help New York out financially, he referred to certain corrective measures that were being taken by the state "and the other parties concerned." Presumably, he meant the Mayor and the city government, but he did not say so. The politician to consult about what may happen next in New York City is now Governor Hugh Carey, the head of the seven-man Emergency Financial Control Board, which the State Legislature set up in September to direct local fiscal affairs. On occasion, the Governor may refer questions to one of three businessmen—top officials of American Airlines, Colt Industries, and the New York Telephone Company—who are among the members of the Control Board. Or he may call on Felix Rohatyn, general partner in the investment-banking firm of Lazard Frères, who is the head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, set up by the Legislature in June to try to sell bonds that no one would buy directly from the city. A year ago, perhaps one New Yorker in fifty thousand had heard of Rohatyn. Now he is a familiar sight on the evening TV news, deferred to by reporters as a kind of folk hero of the prolonged financial-rescue operation. By direction of the Control Board, the city's Deputy Mayor for Finance, Kenneth Axelson, is still on the payroll of the J. C. Penney Company, which provides his six-figure salary. Thus, much of the direction of the city is in the hands of men who were neither elected to run New York nor elected to any public office whatever. No doubt this will have become a fiery issue by 1977, the next local election year in what has been the most political of cities, but for the moment most New Yorkers have other worries. Just how severely, for example, will daily life here be crippled by the budget cuts that the city was required to make in order to qualify for the federal loans that will save it from bankruptcy? And will the sharply higher taxes on corporate profits, personal incomes, inheritances, and other things—which the President commended New York for passing as the price of his fiscal support—lead to a city that, as Comptroller Harrison Goldin recently put it, will have "to tax fewer people, who can afford it less, to support those who need it more," thus driving more companies, jobs, and members of the middle class from New York, and leaving behind one vast slum? There is an impression that some breakdown in communications might have occurred between the President and Carla Hills, the head of the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development; at a meeting of the National League of Cities in Miami Beach last month, she painted for the approximately one thousand city officials in the audience a bright picture of the probable return of suburbanites to America's core cities if only the officials would spend substantial funds to improve parks, museums, colleges, historic sites, and other amenities that would make cities attractive to the middle class. "Middle-class people moving back . . . means everything to the city," she said. It is possible, of course, that in producing this hopeful vision of American cities she was following the popular Washington style of considering the fate of New York not to be of general significance.



"When Grandma met Grandpa, he was already married, but to a woman who didn't understand him."

"THE time ahead for New Yorkers will be a time of severity and suffering" was the way Governor Carey described local prospects last month, and it was hard to remember that only last spring, when the crisis began, most of the charges and countercharges about the city's financial condition were still put rather jauntily in terms of games people were playing: political Ping-Pong, budget baccarat, and, of course, charades. On one hot June day, Carey pitched in a softball game against members of the Republican-controlled State Senate wearing a T-shirt whose ironed-on letters read

"New York Debts." As the senators piled up a lead against him, many of the letters came unstuck and dropped off. "It's just like the Foreign Legion. When you begin to lose, they rip off your decorations, one by one," the Governor said, getting a big laugh. Default was not a serious prospect but the subject of a word game. Cassius' line from "Julius Caesar" was revised to begin "Default, dear Brutus, is not in our stars." It was passed around at parties and published in the *Times*, credited to Robert Laird, Carey's press spokesman. During the September debate over the establishment of the E.F.C.B., a downstate senator used it on the floor of the Legislature. So did an upstate assemblyman. Late in October, the line reappeared above an anti-city column by William Safire on the *Times'* Op-Ed page, although elsewhere there had been wide recognition by that time that what was at stake was not some disputed title in the annual budget game but the city's financial survival, and the rhetoric had shifted to a sort more suitable to major disasters. "The whirlpool has now started to tug at the feet of New York Governor Hugh Carey" was the early September warning of the *Wall Street Journal*, as it joined the doomsayers who, to a remarkable degree, saw the fiscal crisis as one swashing watery metaphor. The steady use of the term "bail out," a process usually thought of as involving a bucket and a small boat, did not seem particularly appropriate to the rescue of a huge municipal enterprise about to be engulfed by billions of dollars in debts, although bailing out a leaking lifeboat could be useful. "When the waters are rising inexorably inside a foundering ship, captain and crew are in no position to argue about whether they will use the only lifeboat," a *Times* editorial advised city and state officials quarrelling over salvage terms. The favorite identification for the foundering local vessel was, inevitably, the Titanic. (A banker who wondered last fall whether the precarious rescue process in which he and his colleagues and public officials were engaged would in the end amount to no more than "rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic" is said to be still asking that question.) However, some of those who favored federal help for New York pictured the city in default as a vast ship submerged in a narrow channel, a peril to other city-ships, steaming toward it. The view of New York as threatened by inexorably rising waters had an inexorable attraction even for those commentators willing to

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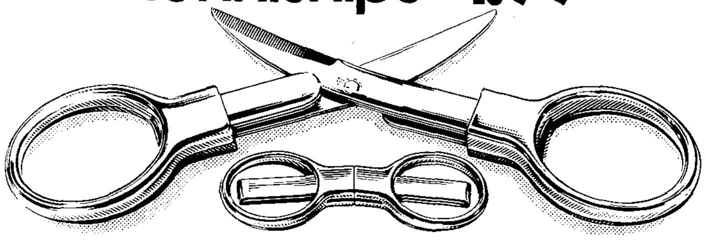

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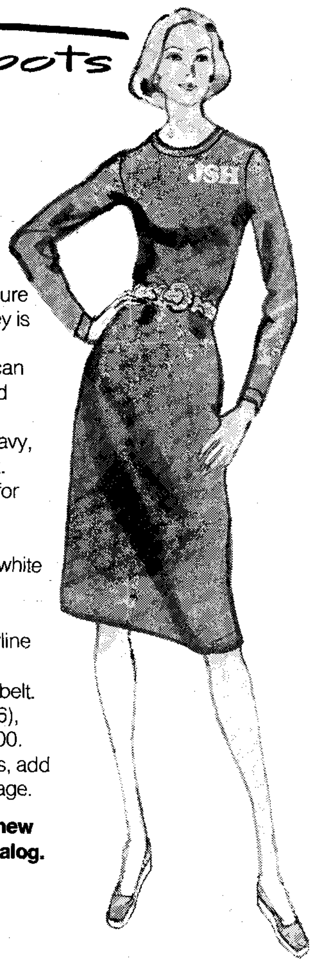

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play around with other figures of speech. Patrick Buchanan, Richard Nixon's onetime speechwriter, who is now a syndicated columnist, urged that President Ford keep his government "clear of the floundering vessel of New York City." The President, he continued in the same column, must under no circumstances "pull Gotham's roasting chestnuts out of the fire. . . . If he cares, if he, too, reaches out and grabs the tar baby of New York City," Buchanan went on, other cities would "be camped on his doorstep." It would, he said, be a matter of having to "make good the ten-year bar bill of the neighborhood drunk." The city deserved no help, he concluded, since it was New Yorkers who had got themselves "into this swamp." Others who opposed federal help for the city, including Vice-President Rockefeller, before he changed his mind, warned that such help would only "open the floodgates" to other cities. One who favored federal help, Herbert Kaufman, of the Brookings Institution, argued, on the other hand, "Look at all the people who live on flood plains. It's the same as New York. They don't have to live there; it's damn foolishness. But whenever it rains, they can count on the federal government to come in and, literally, bail them out." "The dikes are crumbling, and we're running out of fingers" was the way Rohatyn described the crisis shortly before the federal aid was finally promised. Even discussions of the harsh local budget reductions could take an inundatory turn. The cuts imposed on the Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration (which is responsible for many of the urban amenities that Mrs. Hills spoke of with such favor) were so severe that it was announced that the Central Park Zoo eland would have to go without a mate. This would mean, it was pointed out, that when the floods came, if there should be intervention from on high (that is, higher than Washington) not all New York animals could be rescued two by two.

ONE unexpected result of the city's terrible scare has been an at least temporary softening of the aggressive anti-boosterism that New Yorkers are famous for having raised to an art. As has been pointed out, when a visitor to this city lectures a local citizen on all the things that are wrong here, his companion is more likely than not to nod vigorously and remind him of some local atrocity he has overlooked. In contrast, a visitor to Duluth who makes scornful remarks about that place may find himself departing involuntarily on the first bus out of town. Although the New York attitude is sometimes diagnosed as less an absence of local pride than the ultimate in inverted municipal arrogance, the fact is that when the city badly needed boosters this year, its residents were terribly out of practice. Some help came from an unexpected quarter. For decades, the local *News* has supported Republicans in most state and national elections, and could be counted on to second the motion editorially whenever its favored political leaders in other places took out after rascally, incompetent tinhorn New York Democrats. The Ford Administration's steady attacks on the city finally stirred the paper's home-town spirit, and the *News* had been giving the Washington Administration a hard time long before the paper's celebrated front-page headline "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" summarized the President's October 29th speech. In September, a *News* editorial entitled "New York—A Love Story" launched a series of daily booster pieces on the theme "New York's My Town," whose tone would have done credit to Duluth. ("New York City has everything and is, in my judgment, the greatest city in all the world and will be for all times."—James A. Farley. "If I weren't living in New York, would I really be living?"—Robert F. Wagner. "I believe in New York. Gung Ho. We shall overcome."—Robert Moses.)

The crisis also brought some changes in the work habits of New York's congressional delegation, which has often seemed too preoccupied with intramural quarrels and rivalries over running for other offices to engage in a common effort to help the city, the way representatives from the farm bloc, for example, coöperate on bills of importance to their constituents. "I have been stunned by the depths of the hostility toward New York," Manhattan Representative Edward Koch remarked recently. For the first time within memory, the New York delegation lobbied as a body and cast a unanimous vote on a controversial bill—the one providing for a series of one-year federal loans to the city. Even the state's two Republican senators voted aye, reflecting a change of heart in the case of Senator James Buckley. Earlier in the fall, he had taken several actions that were interpreted as deliberately destructive to the city's position, and had insisted that bankruptcy would be a salutary solution to New York's problems. After one of his attacks on the home of forty per cent of his constituents, he was congratulated on the floor of the Senate by fellow-Senators James Allen, of Alabama, and Harry Byrd, of Virginia. Apparently, they did not sense, as a member of the Senate staff did a few weeks later, that the desperate, defeated city that might be the consequence of what Senator Henry Jackson had described as the Ford Administration's "civil war" against New York could be the kind of place with which they might feel historic kinship. "It will be like Reconstruction was in the South," the Senate aide told the *Times*. "Eight million people who live in or are dependent upon the City and State of New York will be hostile to the rest of the country for a generation." Some of the hostility toward Buckley in New York came, perhaps to his surprise, from the *News*, which had enthusiastically endorsed him in 1970. "Dangerous Talk" was the heading on an editorial deploring Buckley's attitude. It concluded with the advice that if he could not offer "some constructive help . . . he could do us a big favor by keeping silent." The *News* had almost identical advice for another of its onetime favorites, Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, after he asserted that the treatment arranged for New York should be "so punitive, the over-all experience be made so painful that no other city . . . would ever be tempted to go down the same road." Simon is the man who, at the President's insistence, will have the responsibility of certifying that New York is worthy of receiving each month's allowance. He may not, of course, be the man who has that responsibility after January 20, 1977—a contingency that local Democrats are undoubtedly counting on.

Meanwhile, New Yorkers have noted with interest the results of a November Gallup poll of Republican voters. The President's twenty-three-point lead over Ronald Reagan in mid-October had been followed by the savage speech that occasioned the "DROP DEAD" headline, and the speech was expected to give him great mileage with conservative Republicans, but in November the lead was Reagan's, by eight points. Of course, it is probable that the telling event in that period had been Reagan's well-staged entry into the race for the Republican Presidential nomination. At a press conference after his announcement, however, the former California governor managed to sound somewhat friendlier toward New Yorkers than the President had, and there were those who wondered whether Reagan's comments might have persuaded Ford that the war against this city was not the absolute political winner he had seemed to believe. Then, after the President did propose a bail-out of sorts, Reagan announced that he was "concerned about the precedent." It has undoubtedly occurred to Ford that the advantages of being the incumbent can be overrated. Last month, when he signed the bill granting assistance to New York, which had been drawn by Congress to his specifications, there was no ceremony, not even a formal announcement, and one Brooklyn representative, Stephen Solarz, suggested that the President would rather have signed it in total darkness at three o'clock in the morning. "I'm just saying we've had enough on New York" is the way a White House aide put it. Although the one-year federal-loan money is now beginning to come in, there are still a number of bumper stickers around town that read "Pardon New York"—a reminder of a generous Presidential gesture with no punitive codicils.

Contributing to New Yorkers' conviction that theirs is the most dumped-on of cities were this year's two local garbage strikes: a two-and-a-half-day wildcat affair by city sanitation workers in July, and an eleven-day job action in December by commercial carters, who pick up about forty per cent of the city's trash. One cold morning last month, when the uncollected garbage had reached some forty-five thousand tons and was smelling up the scene and making sidewalk travel perilous all over town, a group

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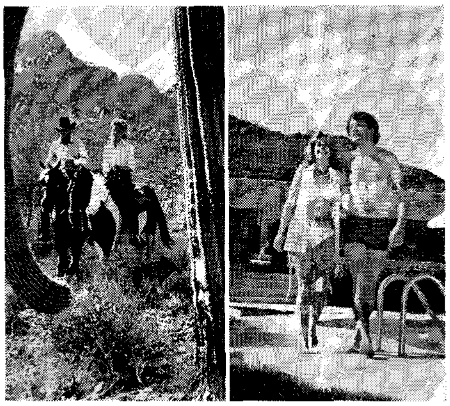

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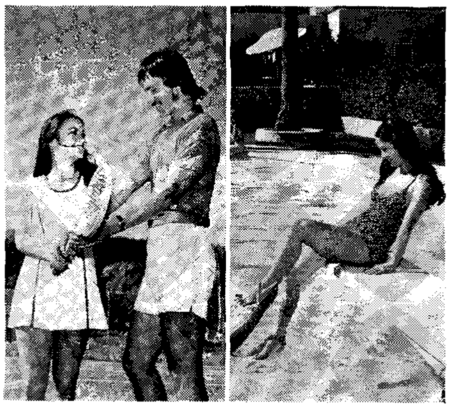

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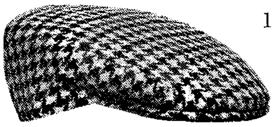

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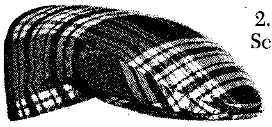

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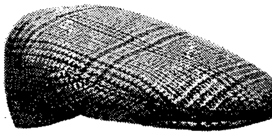

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of Greenwich Villagers piled up eight or ten large green plastic garbage bags into a vaguely conical shape near the corner of Twelfth Street and Sixth Avenue and decorated the creation as a community Christmas tree. In true New York purist spirit, those responsible decided that the makeshift ornaments must also be trash. Some were devised from discarded orange crates, others from smashed beer cans. Loops of lemon and orange peel served as tinsel. At the top of the garbage tree was not a star but a big apple, half eaten away.

"WE are asking all those who make their homes here, their headquarters—the big corporations and banks—to stay with us during this tough period" was the television message that same week from Governor Carey, who has never gone anyplace nationally but, it is understood, would not resist a push in that direction. He has emerged from the long financial ordeal in far better shape than his Republican adversaries in Albany had expected—and certainly in better shape than the Ford Administration had intended—and he may be remembering another line from "Julius Caesar," about there being a tide in the affairs of men, best taken at the flood. "New York," he assured the television audience, is "a comeback city. It's the place where Roy Campanella made a comeback, where Jack Dempsey made a comeback, where the Boys of Summer—the Brooklyn Dodgers—made a comeback. We'll be here."

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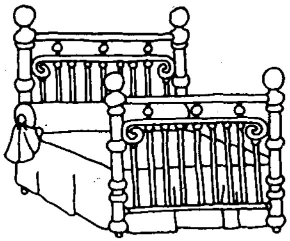

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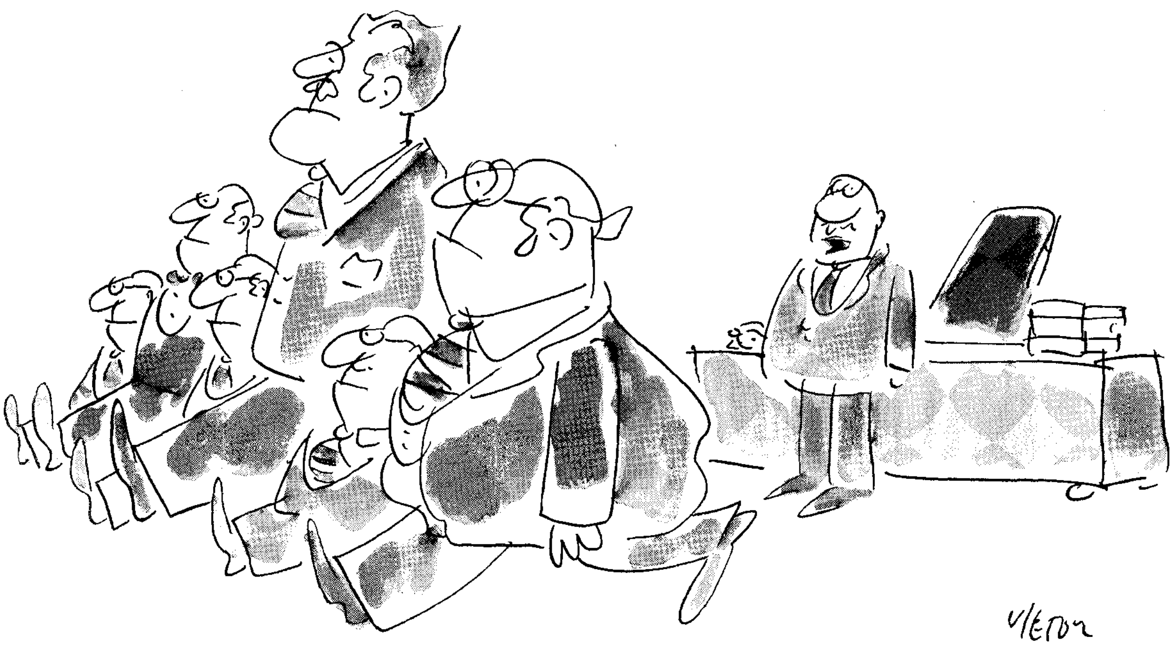
CULTURAL DIFFERENCES

IN a Southwestern city not long ago, a judge was asked to decide whether a three-year-old boy named Freddy should be taken from an impressive young couple—a well-dressed, well-educated, articulate, loving American couple—and sent back to live with his maternal grandfather, a man who acknowledged that he had only recently conquered alcoholism and who travelled a lot on business and who was none of the things that made the young couple so impressive, except, as it turned out, loving. The issues seemed clearly drawn. The young couple, who can be called Ned and Mary McMillan (the names of all principals having been changed in this account), said they should be granted final adoption papers for Freddy, who had lived with them the past eight months of his life, because they loved him as their own little boy and were providing him with a home and family life incalculably better than he had known before. The grandfather, Ralph Harmon, and two of his young daughters (Freddy's aunts) said that they should be given Freddy, who had lived with them and his mother for the first three years of his life, because they loved him and he was in fact their own little boy. One of the lawyers arguing for the McMillans said that parenthood is a privilege, not a property right. One of the lawyers arguing against them said that a custody hearing is not a free-for-all, society's presumption being that a child is better off with his own family unless somebody offers overwhelming proof to the contrary. But the hearing was dominated by another, extralegal issue—the issue of what the judge called "cultural differences." Freddy is a Navajo. The McMillans are white evangelical Christians. When white people, particularly white people with a strong attachment to the Bible, want to adopt an Indian child, the case is heavy with precedents not just in law but in history. They lead to an old argument: Was Freddy being saved or stolen?

Nobody contended, of course, that the McMillans were thieves or kidnappers. They were, all sides agreed, innocent people who had acted openly and decently in seeking a child to adopt. They had registered with a reputable adoption agency, licensed by the state. They had placed no restriction on racial background or age. Their response to being presented with a three-year-old Navajo boy instead of the blond one-day-old that most white middle-class adoptive parents have in mind was to accept him without hesitation. Mary McMillan immediately quit her job to devote full time to Freddy; in eight months, he had never been left with a babysitter even for an evening. The McMillans' testimony implied that they had saved Freddy—not from paganism, since religion was hardly mentioned, but from what must have been an awful environment for a child. When they got Freddy, both Ned and Mary McMillan testified, he was nonverbal and not toilet trained and hyperactive and unable to show affection and subject to temper tantrums. He ate voraciously, they said, as if there had been a time when he had gone hungry. On the witness stand, the McMillans seemed open and responsive. About the only criticism anybody could make of their testimony was that Ned McMillan strayed from objectivity once or twice—he said, for instance, that while visiting a neighbor's house Freddy seemed to know what beer cans were, even though he had never seen one in the McMillans' home—but who could blame a man for straying from objectivity if the stakes were keeping or losing a child he considered his own son? The friends and neighbors of Mary and Ned McMillan confirmed their testimony about the condition Freddy had been in, and about the remarkable progress he had made in their home. What could one say to such testimony? Expert witnesses called by the other side said that Freddy's behavior sounded exactly like the sort of regressive behavior one might expect from a little boy snatched abruptly from the only family he had ever known and given to strangers. Freddy's quick adjustment in the care of the McMillans, the experts said, indicated that he must have been a pretty stable, well-nurtured little boy in the first place—the sort of jolly, healthy-looking little boy shown in pictures that were taken of Freddy before he was adopted and were introduced at the hearing.

As a matter of law, Freddy's grandfather and his aunts were not his family. The law recognizes only mothers and fathers as having parental rights that must be severed or signed away in order for a child to be adopted. Freddy's mother—Ralph Harmon's eldest daughter, Juanita—had taken Freddy to the adoption agency herself and had signed the necessary papers. She had no interest in having Freddy returned to her—she had moved out of the Harmons' apartment some time after he was given to the McMillans—and had even gone so far as to threaten harm to him if he was sent back to live with her father and sisters. Freddy's father—a seven-



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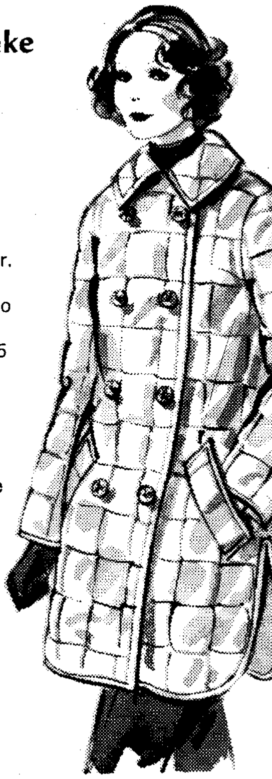

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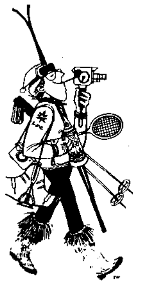

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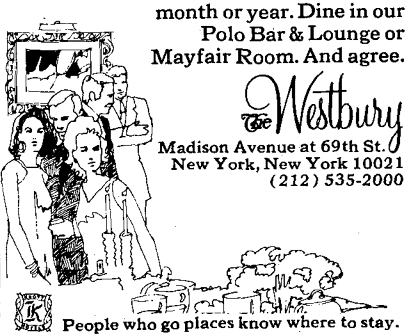

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People who go places know where to stay.

teen-year-old named Harvey, who had never married Juanita and had since moved in with another woman—had not seen Freddy for at least a year before the hearing. Harvey did not enter the legal battle about Freddy's custody until a couple of months after Harmon began trying to get his grandson back. Harmon's lawyer presented testimony that in Navajo culture grandparents and aunts—particularly maternal grandparents and aunts—traditionally have had strong roles to play in raising children, in some ways stronger roles than the parents. Expert witnesses testified that what the McMillans' lawyer referred to as the "group of people" Freddy had been living with was not just a group of people but an extended family of the sort that had raised Navajo children for as long as Navajos had existed. But Ralph Harmon's family—his daughters and his sister and his mother and his nephews and nieces—shared an apartment house in Gallup rather than a cluster of hogans on the reservation. For a while, the hearing over Freddy's custody became a hearing on just how Navajo Ralph Harmon and his family could claim to be.

RALPH HARMON's own maternal grandfather, with whom he lived for much of his childhood, was a prominent Navajo medicine man. But Harmon's father was a non-Navajo—a man who was then thought of as white, although Harmon now says that he was actually part Cherokee. As a young man, Harmon was persuaded to put his own three daughters into a white foster home—with some relatives of his father in California. Harmon's wife was an alcoholic. He himself had serious drinking problems and job problems and, he finally concluded, too many problems to take on the raising of three young daughters. His wife died of alcoholism ten years ago. By then, Harmon was just beginning to prosper. He and his brothers and sister ran a store that sold jewelry and rugs and other Indian-craft items to tourists driving along Route 66 on their way to California. He wanted his children back, but his white relatives had apparently told him that a warrant had been sworn out that would result in his arrest if he attempted to come near the girls. In 1970, Harmon finally drove to California, found no warrants at the appropriate sheriff's office, traced his daughters, and eventually took them back home to the Navajo reservation.

Juanita was a problem from the start—a troubled, rebellious girl who

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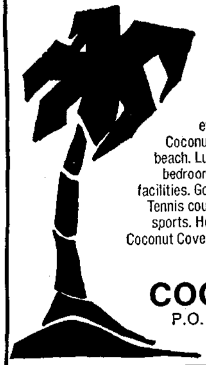

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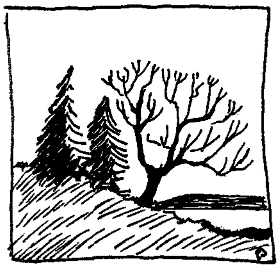
carried homemade weapons and refused to remain in school and seemed completely unmanageable. Not long after she arrived home, she became pregnant. The father, Harvey, was then thirteen—a boy whose own father had died of alcoholism and whose mother lived near the Harmons' store. Harvey moved in with the Harmon family a few months before the baby was born. Ralph Harmon seemed to have no great patience with Harvey—he eventually kicked him out of the house and told him not to come back until he had a job—but he was delighted with Freddy from the start. Juanita, who was only fifteen, was apparently not overly maternal. Her attitude was "not exactly total resentment or anything like that," Harmon later testified, but she was "not exactly really concerned." The Harmons had moved to Gallup by then, the store on Route 66 near their family's home on the reservation having burned down. Harmon was making his living as a wholesaler of Indian jewelry—retaining silversmiths, mostly in the Zuñi pueblo, forty miles south of Gallup, to make jewelry and travelling to places like Phoenix and Dallas to sell it. When Freddy got old enough, Harmon took him along on his daily trips to Zuñi. Freddy was cared for partly by his mother and partly by his teen-age aunts—but, according to the testimony at the custody hearing, the person really in charge of him was Ralph Harmon, a man who had not raised his own children but was willing to put up with some ridicule from Zuñis to diaper and feed his grandson. According to Harmon's lawyer, Freddy was living perfectly happily in a traditional Navajo extended family that merely happened to be off the reservation. To be a Navajo, he said, a person did not have to be isolated from the white world—like Harvey's mother, for instance, whose testimony at the hearing had to be given through a Navajo-English interpreter. "When you venture out into the business world and the world of non-Indian people, and then you come in contact with other traditions and influences, they don't change you in your heart as to what you are," Harmon testified.



But Freddy's mother, it was argued, could hardly be said to be deeply enmeshed in Navajo culture. Unlike her father, she did not speak Navajo. She had been raised by a white family from childhood to adolescence. She had, in fact, specifically asked the adoption agency to place Freddy with a white family. As Freddy's third birthday approached, Juanita, who had another boyfriend living at the Harmons' by then, was about to give birth to another child. Perhaps because of that or perhaps because she wanted to spite her father, she decided to put Freddy up for adoption. Without telling the rest of the family, she made an appointment at an agency in another city, drove in with Freddy, talked to the agency social worker for a while about whether she understood what she was doing, and drove off alone. That night, Freddy was in a foster home, and a week later he was given to the McMillans for adoption.

The week was spent partly doing what adoption-agency people tend to call "freeing the child for adoption." Freddy's birth certificate was acquired. Juanita had signed a consent form. She also arranged for the agency to telephone Harvey at her house at a prearranged time, and later brought in a consent form she said had been signed by him. Several weeks later, Juanita admitted to the agency that the man who had spoken on the telephone had been her new boyfriend pretending to be Harvey. Apparently, Harvey had signed the consent form without understanding what it was. What the adoption agency did when it learned that the consent of one parent might have been obtained by fraud was to tell no one except its lawyer, who told no one else.

When the judge learned that such information had been withheld even from the court, he seemed appalled. In fact, as the hearing progressed, he seemed increasingly irritated at the behavior of the adoption agency as he became increasingly informed about how Indians traditionally raise their children. Although the adoption agency had handled many Indian children, its response to being presented with a three-year-old boy by a mother to whom (the agency's staff testified) he did not seem particularly attached had not even included a perfunctory investigation to discover whether the boy was being raised partly by the rest of his family.

The lawyers and expert witnesses in the case who were familiar with the national pattern of Indian adoptions were not nearly as surprised at the

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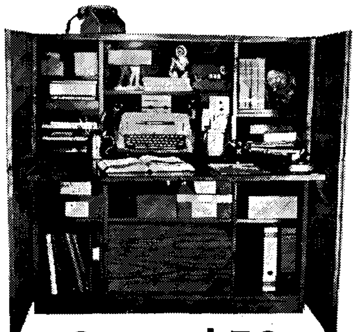
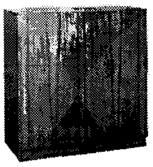
agency's behavior as the judge was. In some states, Indian children are adopted at a rate almost twenty times that of white children. By one educated estimate, a quarter of the Indian children in the United States have been taken away from their families—so often under questionable circumstances that many Indian tribes have passed resolutions expressing concern, militant Indians have spoken of the practice as a nonviolent form of genocide, and the Association on American Indian Affairs, a private organization in New York, employs a lawyer, Bertram Hirsch, who has spent almost full time for the past eight years trying to win Indian children back for their parents. According to testimony given in 1974 at hearings held by the Senate's Indian Affairs Subcommittee, the parental rights of Indians have been routinely severed for "illicit cohabitation" or lack of indoor plumbing. Missionaries, who have always found American Indians particularly appealing, have long been involved in arranging adoptions, and the pressure from the general white population has increased over the past years because of the scarcity of white babies available for adoption everywhere in the country. The methods of persuading young Indian mothers to put their babies up for adoption are sometimes high-pressured or devious—a *Navajo Tribal Council resolution* on the subject was passed in response to the activities of "certain unscrupulous missionaries"—but the people involved are often well-meaning. As Senator James Abourezk pointed out when he opened the Senate hearings, "Public and private welfare agencies seem to have operated on the premise that most Indian children would really be better off growing up non-Indian." Bertram Hirsch, who was not directly involved in the hearing on Freddy's custody, can handle only a small number of cases himself, of course, and many Indians who want their children back do not have the resources to hire a private attorney. Many of them, Hirsch believes, do not even realize they have recourse in the courts. Navajos, particularly, have a strong aversion to confrontations, in or out of court. But Ralph Harmon had, as he himself put it, ventured out into the world of non-Indian people. He did have some resources. He is a relatively self-assured man in his early forties who has had some success in a highly competitive field of business. When Ralph Harmon learned what Juanita had done with Freddy, his first response was to get drunk for a week. But then he decided he would never





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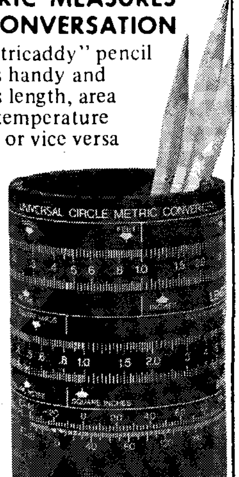

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be drunk again, and he went out to get a lawyer.

WATCHING the McMillans on the witness stand was a test of even Ralph Harmon's self-assurance. Both Ned and Mary McMillan have had graduate training in fields related to children, and they sometimes sounded like expert witnesses themselves. They said that Freddy had "temper-tantrumed" several times but that he had gradually acquired a "family concept." At one point in their testimony, Ralph Harmon's sister reached over to pat him on the arm and say, "Remember, you're just as good as they are." Harmon tried to show that living with the McMillans would bring Freddy some disadvantages along with the advantages. He said it would lead Freddy to believe that his own family had abandoned him. A psychiatrist with wide experience in treating Indians testified that many Indian children who are adopted by white families do in fact suffer serious identity problems in their teens. But Harmon's case rested mainly on the premise that no matter how impressive the McMillans were as a family they did not happen to be Freddy's family.

Harmon's own claim on Freddy had a weakness that his lawyer had difficulty getting around—the fact that Harvey, whose consent agreement had been nullified by the judge, was the only person with legal standing on what the McMillans' lawyer called, quite accurately, the Indian side. Hirsch and others have argued that Indian grandparents should have parental rights, but so far no such rights have been recognized. The case against the McMillans' adoption petition had to be made by an uneasy alliance between Harmon and Harvey—an alliance that could ask for a jerry-built arrangement by which Freddy would be returned to the Harmons until he got to know his father well enough to return permanently to him, but an alliance that could not and never tried to refute the contention of opposing lawyers that Ralph Harmon would eventually try to gain permanent custody. Harvey testified that he considered himself to be part of a family that could care for Freddy—he had lived for a year with a young widow, whose testimony seemed intelligent and straightforward, and her two children—but it was not the family Freddy had been taken from.

For the last few days of the hearing, the courtroom was filled with spectators nearly the entire time. Everyone on the Indian side wore turquoise and silver jewelry; many of those on the white side wore crosses or other Christian symbols. There were thirty to forty people present for the closing arguments. The McMillans' lawyer argued that Freddy should not be uprooted from a "stable, progressive, loving home" and sent back to live with an admitted alcoholic and a couple of teen-age aunts. He said that Harvey's consent to the adoption was unnecessary, since his long absence from Freddy had legally constituted abandonment. Harvey's lawyer argued that Harvey had offered to help support Freddy and had seen him as much as he could considering his relations with Harmon. Harmon's lawyer argued that Freddy should be returned to his "psychological father" and the people who were clearly his family, in tradition and in fact. He said that it was the "wanton, cruel, and outrageous behavior of the adoption agency that had caused so much suffering."

The judge said he had no doubt that both Ralph Harmon and the McMillans loved Freddy and had demonstrated that love. He said he had learned a lot about cultural differences himself during the hearing, although he believed that Juanita's rejection of her Navajo heritage had made it less of a factor than it might have been. The judge seemed to agree with what Harmon's lawyer had said about the behavior of the adoption agency—although he called it "wanting in professional responsibility" instead of wanton and cruel. He seemed to say that Freddy should never have been taken from Ralph Harmon. Freddy had been taken, though, and, partly because the agency had withheld some facts from the court, he had already been with the McMillans for eight months. "The child became adjusted," the judge said, "and it is unfair for the court to take that child and place him in a different set of circumstances." The judge granted the McMillans' adoption petition. He assigned the cost of the case to the adoption agency.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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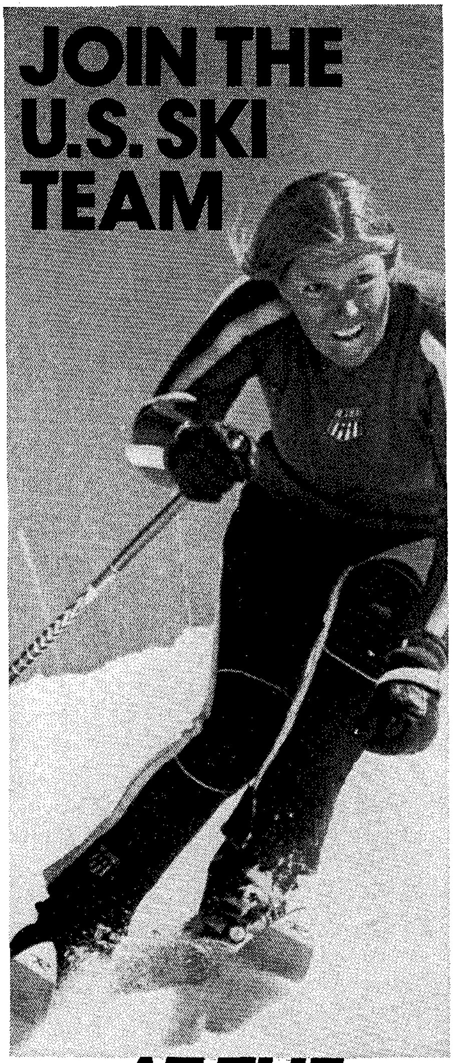
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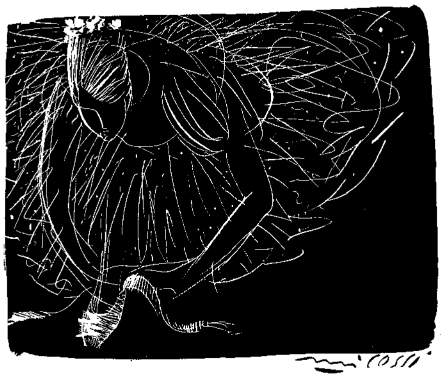
DANCING

She Who Plays the Queen

"HÉRODIADE," a Martha Graham ballet of 1944, is a dialogue between two women, one of them conceived on the scale of the passionate heroines of French classical drama, and the other a secondary figure just as classical—an attendant who is both maid and confidante. The first woman is poised on the brink of her destiny (the nature of which we do not discover); the second acts as a focus of the ancestral forces that would drag the heroine back from that brink. The action follows a strict classical sequence: long movement "speeches" in turn by each woman, with little or no physical contact between them. The two never dance together, and the drama never assumes the character or the clarity of an intimate struggle. We are meant to have instead a continuous throbbing sense of the enormous fate, ever more rousing and more ominous, that is engulfing the heroine, and a sense, too, of her stoic courage in embracing it. And although the scene is set for two dancers, it is really a picture of one consciousness that we get. Toward the end, the maid dresses her lady, or, rather, undresses her: an outer garment is removed, revealing the martyr's robe, with its pierced heart and pendant drops of blood; a black cloak is prepared for the final investiture. "Hérodiade" is less a drama than it is a dramatic poem—austere in its devices, noble in its aspirations, and in its human perspectives implicitly tragic. It deals with one of Graham's great themes, the attainment of selfhood. But its special distinction is that it is transparently and perhaps preëminently a Graham vehicle. Without her, it lacks substance—it lacks a text. What Graham contributed in the way of a text was her own presence. The steps themselves are a vague notation of the way she must have looked and moved. They don't even constitute the material of a role; they are—or were for Graham—a series of opportunities for creating the material in performance.

"Hérodiade" is not a young woman's ballet, and Pearl Lang, who danced it in the Graham company's revival at the Mark Hellinger, is only a few years past the age Graham had reached when she first did the role. Graham training has a tendency to breed young hags; Pearl Lang is an elder ingénue. Always one of the blandest of dancers, she remains in her maturity Graham's antithesis. Her dancing is not feeble; it has the vigor of docility. But she seems made for peaceful elegies, not these large, ideal images of self-immolation. In her performance, the Woman was defined statically as a victim; the twisting paths of what the current program calls "a dance of choice" were illuminated only in flashes. When she posed downstage right in profile to the audience, she didn't make it apparent that Noguchi's home-base prop, a standing mirror (actually, a construction resembling Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror"), *is* a mirror and that it holds some significance for the Woman. Still, this production, the first revival by the company since Graham's own performances, was better than the one by the Batsheva company of Israel seen here a few years ago, in which nothing at all was illuminated. The Attendant was given a strong performance by Susan McGuire, and Robert Irving's conducting of Paul Hindemith's score had tension. Miss Lang was at her most convincing in passages of persuasion or consolation directed toward the other character, when she could draw support from the exchange. (It was almost as if she wished there were something at issue the two of them could thrash out.) And she reacted—and allowed us to react—to Graham's catalytic use of costume, especially to the implications of reversing a skirt to sheathe the body in a new color. These were clear moments of "choice." The balance of force between the two women was very clear. But about half the ballet was uncreated. The exceptional austerity of its design turned arid and featureless. The dialogue of self and soul—that monodrama of the isolated superior mind, which was surely Graham's objective in composing the work—was not on the Hellinger stage.

Hindemith wrote and titled his score after Mallarmé's poem "Hérodiade," which has speaking parts for Herodias, her Nurse, and John the Baptist, who appears in a brief monologue at the end. Graham's original title for the ballet was "Mirror Before Me" ("*Tiens devant moi ce miroir*," Hérodiade commands La Nourrice); it was changed at Hindemith's request. Her choreography bears as little relation to Mallarmé as Nijinsky's for "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." She takes the poem's characters and its iconographic setting and transforms them into elements of her personal mythology. The tragic queen in her bedchamber, the lady-in-waiting, the mirror, the rite of preparation for "*une chose inconnue*"—all the things that in Mallarmé converge in a meditation on the venereal abyss—become in Graham a fused set of attitudes, an apparatus for the projection of heroic theatre as a vocation. Vocation implies ordeal, self-election, sacrifice. Even John the Baptist is a part of this unified conception; his blood flows in the heroine's martyrdom. "Hérodiade" the ballet is about aspiring to grandeur in the theatre and becoming worthy of it. Graham in 1944 was recognized as America's greatest tragedienne, and in this work we see her casting herself in the classical mold of greatness—some Rachel or Bernhardt entering upon Racine. The queen's apartment, the actress's dressing room are the same arena of choice. But it is the dancer's genius to demonstrate choice, to show being and becoming. What dancer but Graham could have done it? Who else would have used performance as rehearsal?



Graham in a different way had done the same thing the year before in "Deaths and Entrances." In that work, the heroine liberated her consciousness; she shook the bars of her Victorian prison, swallowed her purgative drafts, fought madness, and became more and more herself. Graham wrote her own nineteenth-century script, imagining herself as if produced by Belasco. In "Hérodiade," she is as if produced by Lugné-Poë. These are vanities to which she was entitled by reason of her gifts, but she was aware of their dangers—that they could seem tainted, however deliciously, by the glamour and hysteria of stardom. In "Dark Meadow," also revived this season, she achieved her largest and most direct statement of sacrifice and renewal, and without recourse to the histrionic traditions of the past. "Dark Meadow" (1946) is an extravaganza of pre-conscious emotion, all rumbling subterranean fantasy. There is no way to grasp its meaning unless one allows its intense subjectivity to meet one's own unrestrained conscience. Although "Dark Meadow" is an enigma, Graham, like so many great women artists, withholds nothing; she shows you everything whether she understands it or not. "Dark Meadow" is at first sight an easy test of one's formal knowledge. It's a fertility rite taking place in some southern territory such as primeval Mexico, and it describes the acculturation of an alien individual (the Graham figure) through sex. Some parts of it—the phallic symbolism in particular—look blatantly prefabricated. But the most interesting aspect of the piece is the aspect Graham herself doesn't understand. Her insistent openness and blind intuitive connections are deeply engaging; we can follow her in the dark. Graham's submergence in the piece has the dual effect of reducing her own authority and elevating the pressure of the work as a whole on our imaginations. That is what makes it revivable, whereas "Hérodiade" is extinct. Though the Graham solos in "Dark Meadow" aren't as compelling in Yuriko Kimura's performance as they might have been in Graham's, they aren't intimidating blanks. One senses behind Kimura's fine performance the honesty—her own and Graham's—of a commitment to the unachievable. In "Dark Meadow," Graham pushed subjective experience to a new extreme, and I think she pushed it into a dead end. But in its extremity the piece stands as a testament to what sincerity really means in the work of a serious artist.

At its finest, "Dark Meadow" hits you so directly you don't even feel Graham mediating the blow. I didn't feel Graham in "Adorations" or "Point of Crossing," two new works introduced this season, but that is because they are impersonal rather than suprapersonal—quota-filling productions from the Martha-Graham-Martha studio. "Adorations" is a dress version of the lecture-demonstrations she has programmed with such success in recent years. I find the material more dramatic in its undressed state. "Point of Crossing" resembles one of those wooden epics of the mid-sixties which in turn resembled chunks of old Denishawn exotica arriving by slow freight. Late Graham returning to her roots.

There have been two other revivals. "Acrobats of God" was an acceptable trifle in 1960; Graham satirized herself in the throes of creation, surrounded by such dancers as Paul Taylor, Robert Powell, Ethel Winter, and Mary Hinkson. Even with that cast, the brittle, fussy "antic" humor went just so far. Today, the piece looks di-

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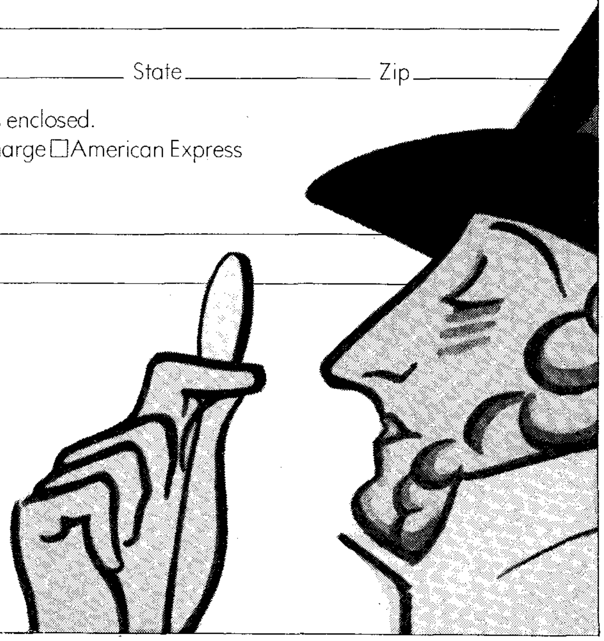

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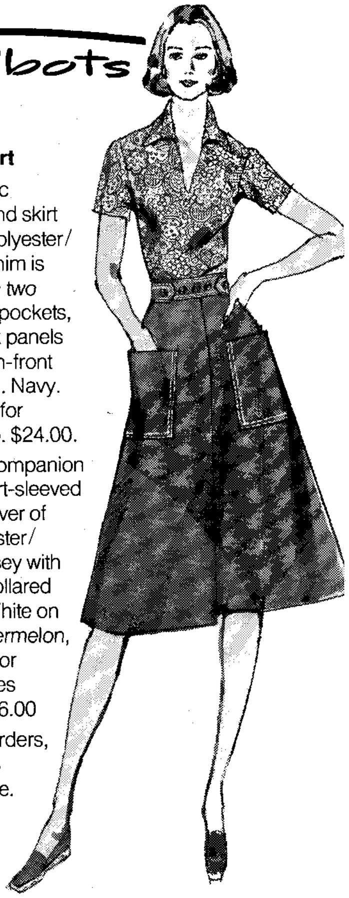

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rectionless, and a raffish Linda Hodes in Graham's old, non-dancing role is self-incriminating. "Frontier," the famous solo of 1935, deserves a more detailed performance than it can get from Peggy Lyman. This is the dance that began with Graham braced on a fence before the diverging lines of the horizon. One eyewitness, Roy Hargrave, wrote this account of the first production: "With a curious quick shuffling movement of her feet, she makes her apparently motionless body move rapidly over the stage, cutting sizable geometric squares from its surface; and what seems to be a miracle has happened, for the squares are no longer cut from the floor but from measureless Western areas and the theatre is filled with a sense of speed and travel and wind." The soloist no longer cuts squares (I'd like to see a dancer of Kimura's calibre attempt it), but she is an authentic dance pioneer; her fence is also her ballet barre. This lovely suggestion brings up a troublesome point. As far as their contribution to dance history is concerned, there is an ever-present hazard of distortion in reviving these old triumphs of Graham's. The dancers of today are too lightweight and glib, and we get very little idea of how the technique worked itself into expression through its use of the body's weight as an obstacle. But the revivals are necessary to the historical record. If nothing else, they are chapters in one of the most overwhelming theatrical biographies of our time.

—Arlene Croce

•

ORANGES

This morning I eat an orange.
It is sour and juicy. My mouth
will tingle all day.
Outside, it is cold. The trees
do not anticipate their leaves.
When I breathe into my hand I smell
oranges.

I walk across the lake.
Ice fishermen twitch their poles until
perch flicker the surface, quick
and bright as orange slices.
The sun ripens in the sky.
The wind turns thin and citrus,
the day precise, fragile.

My mustache and eyelashes freeze.
When I arrive at your house
you are friendly as a fruitseller.
We peel off our clothes, slice through
that wordy rind.
When I lift my fingers to your lips:
oranges.

—Ronald Wallace

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BOOKS

Woman's Hour

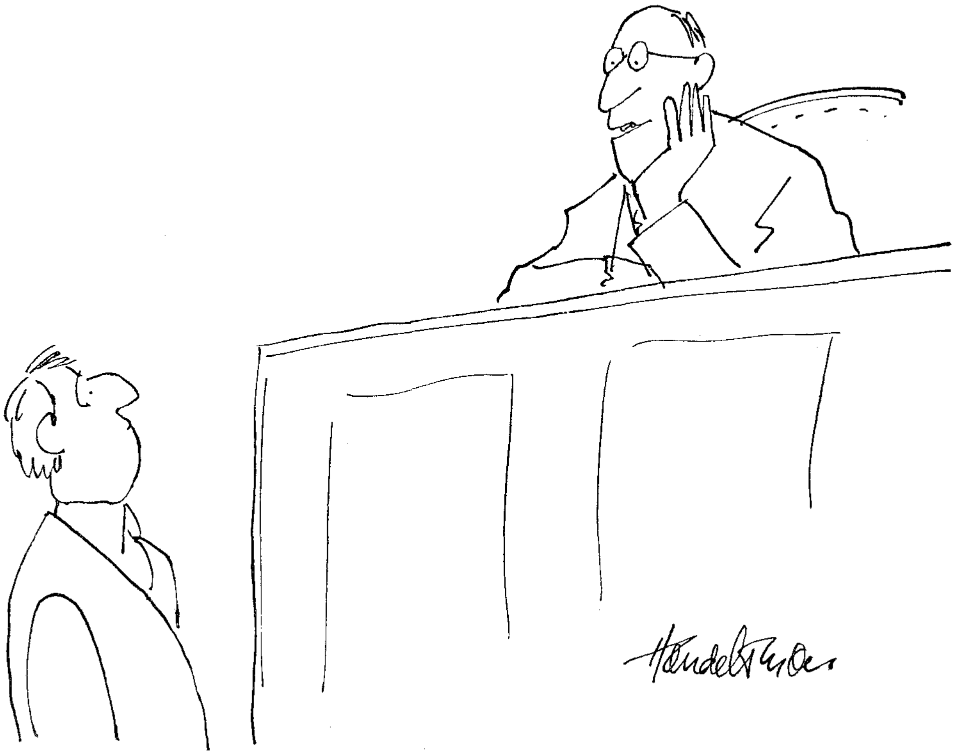
FEMININITY is a trap. Rightly, the woman scholar asks to be judged as a scholar. Yet, in the present climate of liberation and assertion, she urges the authority of novel or particular insight. There are not many topics on which these two attitudes can truly be reconciled. Obviously, even emphatically, the life and work of George Eliot is one.

Miss Ruby V. Redinger's relation to her theme is of such convoluted immediacy and exclusiveness as to determine at every point one's judgment and sense of "George Eliot: The Emergent Self" (Knopf). For once the blurb is indispensable. Miss Redinger teaches literature at Baldwin-Wallace College, in Berea, Ohio. It is not, one trusts, impertinence or a reflex of mandarin parochialism to suggest that there is—between this locale, condition, the implicit scholarly resources, and the usual presumptions of a major literary study—a profoundly engrossing contrast. Professor Redinger's acknowledgment that she owes to an "esteemed graduate professor of many years back" the acquisition of the standard edition of George Eliot's "Letters" "when I could not afford to buy it" sharpens an intimation of isolated, perhaps ascetic circumstance. Add to this the publisher's assurance that her book has been fifteen years in the making, and the composite picture is one of calling, isolation, insistent gravity of the sort we associate with the Victorian manner and, more especially, with the daily lives and sensibilities of women writers such as Emily Dickinson, the Brontës, Elizabeth Gaskell. This, naturally, is the point. Miss Redinger seems to have constructed for herself astringencies and occasions of apartness finely concordant with those of her theme. She has immersed herself in her subject to a point almost incestuous, at the same time preserving a jealous distance from the actual world—British, journalistic-academic, political—in which most current literary argument proceeds and which was, often decisively, George Eliot's own.

But Miss Redinger's stress lies on "emergence," on the tortuous coming into being of George Eliot's mature consciousness. She tries (a thoroughly fascinating but also difficult effort) to make of the style and organization of her book a precise enactment of its material; the book, too, reflects a very gradual, labored emergence, a slow assembling of a vision retarded by constant flashbacks and retrospection. The design is at once general and minutely particular. Miss Redinger hovers over George Eliot, but her concentrated focus broadens, inevitably, to the question of women in a male-dominated society and the specificities—physiological, cerebral, self-imposed—that affect women in the business of art. The effect is an exploration from within, often fiercely knowing. Little solid information is available regarding the childhood of Mary Ann Evans (the novelist's actual name). Yet Miss Redinger unfolds a detailed mapping of "psychic patterns," of emotional "withdrawals and removals," of "convictions of unworthiness" and "predispositions to self-punishment" that were to dominate the psychology of the later George Eliot. Via a strained reading of some feeble verse, a trivial childhood incident is made a fount of nearly neurotic guilt. The method is not that of straightforward Freudian diagnosis or "psychohistory," though terms such as "trauma" do crop up. It is, as in Sartre's monumentally perverse "Flaubert," an attempt to reëxperience from inside a stage in the evolution of a privileged private consciousness, using the transforming data of fiction, the lacunae left by the writer and his or her familiars, and the critic's patient but also conjectural insinuation into his subject.

As a result, far too many propositions take on an exasperatingly conditional mode: "the little girl would have," "she must have," "if, as is probable." Conventional idiom is made to bear the weight of crucial disclosure. When her brother was at home on holiday, Mary Ann was "anxious" to know all he had been doing and learning. " 'Anxiety,' " says Miss Redinger, pouncing, "is a telltale word here . . . suggesting that underneath the eager welcome lay the dread question: was Isaac's new life taking him still further away from her?" Could Miss Redinger offer a "non-telltale word" in the place of the obvious? But the obstinate, cumulative pressure of identification between writer and theme is such that a number of Miss Redinger's finds, like the shards teased from darkness by the archeologist, do carry conviction.

"You may try," says a character in George Eliot's last novel, "Daniel Deronda," "but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." Miss Evans' "force of genius" was manifest even



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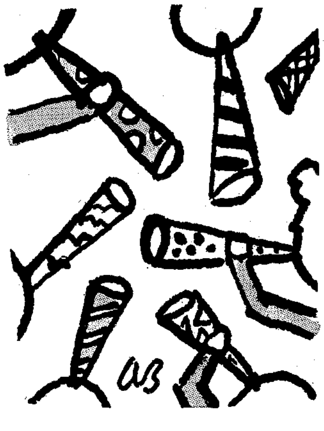
to her schoolmates, but the inhibitions it entailed were, as Miss Redinger shows, twofold. For a very long time—indeed, until she began publishing fiction, at the age of thirty-seven—Mary Ann Evans experienced her creative powers as an ambiguous, possibly destructive tension, at once basic to her being and yet alien. The imperative "not simply to *be* but to *utter*" was inescapable. What remained in tormenting doubt were the appropriate, the licit means and directions of utterance. Secondly, the very strength of Miss Evans' mind and character were certain to trigger delicate social-sexual problems. The eighteen-forties were, notably in London and Paris, a period of transition and experiment. The emergence of a self-aware intelligentsia, the novel interplay between academic, journalistic, and political circles generated new spaces, simultaneously liberal and twilit, in which the "intelligent woman" could move actively. But the danger of *déclassement*, of relegation to bohemia or worse, was always there. The complexities of George Eliot's involvement with John Chapman, for whom she edited the *Westminster Review*, and with Herbert Spencer illustrate the point.

It was in the summer of 1846, with the appearance of her translation of David Friedrich Strauss's "Life of Jesus," that Miss Evans made her real intellectual début. It is, strikingly, yet another woman scholar, Dr. E. Shaffer, of the University of East Anglia, who, in a new and stirring book, " 'Kubla Khan' and 'The Fall of Jerusalem' " (Cambridge University Press), shows just what was at stake in the translation. The Higher Criticism, of which Strauss's laborious tome was a characteristic product, did far more than apply modern philological-historical criteria to the Gospels. It inspired the romantic and modernist conviction that the major events of human history are internalized in human consciousness, that the history of feeling has a status beyond that of the uncertain record of factual happening. We live by the symbols we create, by the patterns of meaning we impose on remembrance and dreams. Great social and moral changes assume substance only when they are illuminated by the perception of the individual. As Mrs. Shaffer shows, this lesson, argued by theologians and psychologists from Kant to Renan, was to stand the novelist in good stead. Throughout George Eliot's work, moreover, motifs of religious conflict are made central to the existence of the individual and of society. Yet though superbly endowed, Mary Ann Evans might not have emerged into George Eliot but for the love, support, and boundless critical tact of George Henry Lewes, with whom she began living in the autumn of 1853. Miss Redinger's account of this symbiotic relation is the most discerning we have. Historian of ideas, science writer, critic, novelist in his own right, Lewes recognized and fostered the true direction of George Eliot's genius (the pen name derives from a shared private jest). He bore with the intermittent pulse and glooms of her creative moods. He established for his beloved the domestic condition—strictly guarded but nevertheless open to the impact of contemporary literary, scientific, and philosophical currents—that was essential to the composition of "Middlemarch" and "Felix Holt." In unprecedented detail, Miss Redinger traces not only the vital equilibrium of the affair but the price paid. Neither George Eliot's unique status as a voice of moral intelligence (the Sybil, as the young Henry James was to call her) nor her international fame wholly removed the stigma, the edge of ostracism, that Lewes and the novelist incurred by living outside wedlock (Lewes could not manage a divorce from his flagrantly unfaithful wife). But here again handicap fed mastery. Much in George Eliot's apprehension of the ambiguous authority of social forms, in her proud inwardness, in her acute yet disciplined presentment of pain, has roots in the triumphant awkwardness of her private situation. And how fascinating is the man Lewes himself, with his foreign manner and appearance, his dazzling diversity, and his antennae for ideas in biology and physics which were to bear fruit only a century later.



The wildfire success of "Scenes of Clerical Life," together with the inevitable disclosure of the author's identity, released in George Eliot great springs of creation. Five important works followed in seven years, and before long the position of "Mrs. Lewes" as the foremost and most highly remunerated novelist of the day was secure. "Middlemarch" remains the most adult, comprehensive fiction in English literature, inviting, as no other English novel quite does, comparison with the panoramic intensity of Tolstoy. "Felix Holt" is one of the rare classics of the political imagination. "Daniel Deronda" is among the most resistant and haunting of novels—a book, if Dr. Shaffer is right, still waiting to be fully appreciated by the general reader as well as by the critic and the scholar.

It is not, however, literary criticism that busies Professor Redinger. She concentrates on the interactions between George Eliot's private development and the elaboration of a public œuvre and persona. Hence her very close, ample analyses of the early, lesser-known writings, including the poems. Thus it is "The Mill on the Floss," and what Miss Redinger locates in it of intimate drama and emancipation from family constraints, which provide the pivot of this genetic study. The major noontime novels are merely glanced at, and it is only with "Daniel Deronda," a book so obviously packed with private inference, that we again get a precise commentary. Miss Redinger meshes her web of scrutiny so finely that she quite often grows precious. There are just a few too many sentences of the kind which tell us that "One of the most serious losses to George Eliot's posterity is the result of the dialectics of her chosen technique: if George Eliot had created another George Eliot, who would have been in the background overseeing and directing that creation?" Such, furthermore, is the absorption and self-absorption of Miss Redinger's meditation that those who have been masters and predecessors on her way are excluded. It is sheer impertinence to cite "the great tradition" without even naming F. R. Leavis, to whose writings and teachings the novels of George Eliot owe much of their present canonic status. One must not weary of saying it: scrupulous generosity toward sources and precedent is the mark of a scholar's self-respect.

But these irritations are the price of what is an extraordinary feat of penetrative recapture. This opaque and at moments narcissistic work can be as richly suggestive as its subject. It belongs to a small group of literary-psychological studies which validate the claim that the heightened profile of women, that the argument from fem-

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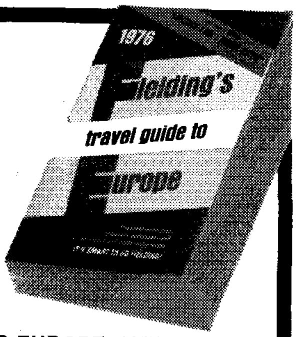

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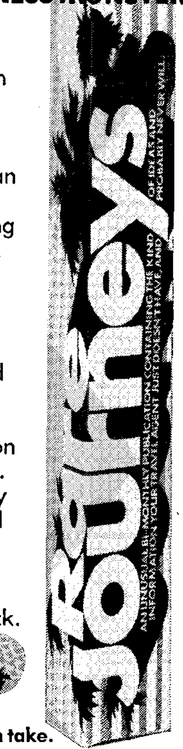
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNTO DEATH: CRUSADE AND LATE LOVE, by Amos Oz, translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas de Lange (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Two short novellas—one set in the Middle Ages, the other in modern Israel—about hatred of Jews and Jewish paranoia. The first, and much the better of the two, called "Crusade," is a dark, richly imaginative book that takes us along on the ill-fated crusade of a French nobleman and his band of ragged followers to the Holy City of Jerusalem in the year 1096. Beset by foul weather, disease, and bad luck, Guillaume de Touron and his followers have only their ecstatic prayers and their detestation of the infidel Jews (whom they kill wherever they find them) to bind them together. Neither obsession keeps them from being almost totally devastated. "Late Love," the less successful novella, is about an ailing old Israeli (Mr. Oz is an Israeli) lecturer who is plagued by the fear that the Russian Jews, and perhaps all Jews, are threatened with extinction. While the rest of his countrymen sip orange juice on sunny balconies, he burrows through the international press looking for, and finding, portents of another holocaust. Both stories are admirably translated and absorbing, but while the first is a smooth amalgamation of ideology, myth, and narrative, the second too often reads like a philosophical speculation to which a story has been added as an afterthought.

GENERAL

LOVE OR NOTHING: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELLEN TERRY, by Tom Prideaux (Scribners). "Every famous man of the nineteenth century—provided he were a playgoer—has been in love with Ellen Terry," Bernard Shaw wrote, and it is clear why. First off, she looks beautiful, from her very earliest to her very latest pictures. (Her dates are 1847-1928.) Some of the illustrations are photographs by Lewis Carroll, and others are paintings by Miss Terry's disastrous first husband, her senior by thirty years, G. F. Watts. Mr. Prideaux, who is a veteran theatre writer and a very good one, takes us over a fascinating career—the child of strolling players, at work onstage from the age of nine, who, in partnership with Henry Irving, became the outstanding Shakespearean actress of her era, with a breadth of style that also allowed her to play the work of her devoted correspondent G.B.S. Her life was not wholly happy; after the Watts debacle, she formed a liaison with an architect and designer, Edward Godwin, who left her with two illegitimate children—the younger, Gordon Craig, followed in his father's footsteps as a designer and the somewhat flighty lover of innumerable women, including, of course, Isadora Duncan. Miss Terry's two subsequent marriages of convenience turned to inconvenience. But she kept on shining. She was as original as she was warm—who else would have called her colleague and friend, the "Divine Sarah" Bernhardt, "Sally B."? Though Sir John Gielgud, her great-nephew, is her only blood relation now acting, she had many other professional descendants in the theatre—she helped Lynn Fontanne get started, for one.

IRISH ECCENTRICS, by Peter Somerville-Large (Harper & Row). A matter-of-fact miscellany of vagabonds, hermits, freaks, saints, profligates, libertines, scoundrels, bullies, bookworms, jokesters, and other people whom Mr. Somerville-Large finds amusing or wonderful. The greatest number of specimens are Anglo-Irish of the eighteenth century, for, as the author argues, this was the first time that wealthy English settlers in Ireland were free to behave as they chose. His amused detachment is sometimes discomfiting or confusing—as when he says that "religious antagonism in Ireland, as always, was comic, violent, and, above all, divisive," giving as an example a cleric who accidentally killed himself by trying to burn a statue of the Virgin Mary—but there are enough respectful and revealing portraits to occupy an idle evening.

BY A STROKE OF LUCK!, by Donald Ogden Stewart (Two Continents). An engaging autobiography. The author began his life (in Columbus, Ohio) looking solid indeed—knowing the right people there, and meeting more right people as he proceeded to Exeter and Yale. But the Stewart family money evaporated, Stewart's father died under indictment for theft, and his mother became an alcoholic—whereupon the young man turned into a humorist, becoming the author of parody, satire, theatrical comedy, and, throughout the nineteen-thirties, many movie scenarios. His friends—celebrities all—were rich, handsome, and clever. About 1935, Stewart converted to the Communist view of the world. This new conviction led to a breach with many of his friends, contributed to the end of his first marriage (and to an ideologically compatible second marriage), and resulted in his being blacklisted by Hollywood after the Second World War. He moved to England, where he now lives. Mr. Stewart's sole regret in his zigzag career is having believed Stalin. The chapters recalling the frivolous high life he forswore are more diverting than those about his earnest era, but Stewart does seem to have had it all; he must be the only member—or even ex-member—of the Racquet Club who was a pal of Harry Bridges.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PAPERBACK THRILLER, by Lynn Meyer (Random House). Dr. Sarah Chayse, a Boston psychiatrist, is understandably dumbfounded when, dipping into a paperback thriller by a writer whose name is unknown to her, she comes upon a detailed and accurate description of her own highly individualistic office—dumbfounded, then annoyed, then alarmed. And, as her uneasy curiosity leads her into trying to unravel the mystery, she finds herself in deadly peril. This is an enjoyable, intelligently written entertainment, and the confessional ending, with its elegant, almost epigrammatic dialogue in the manner of Ivy Compton-Burnett, is especially pleasing.

●

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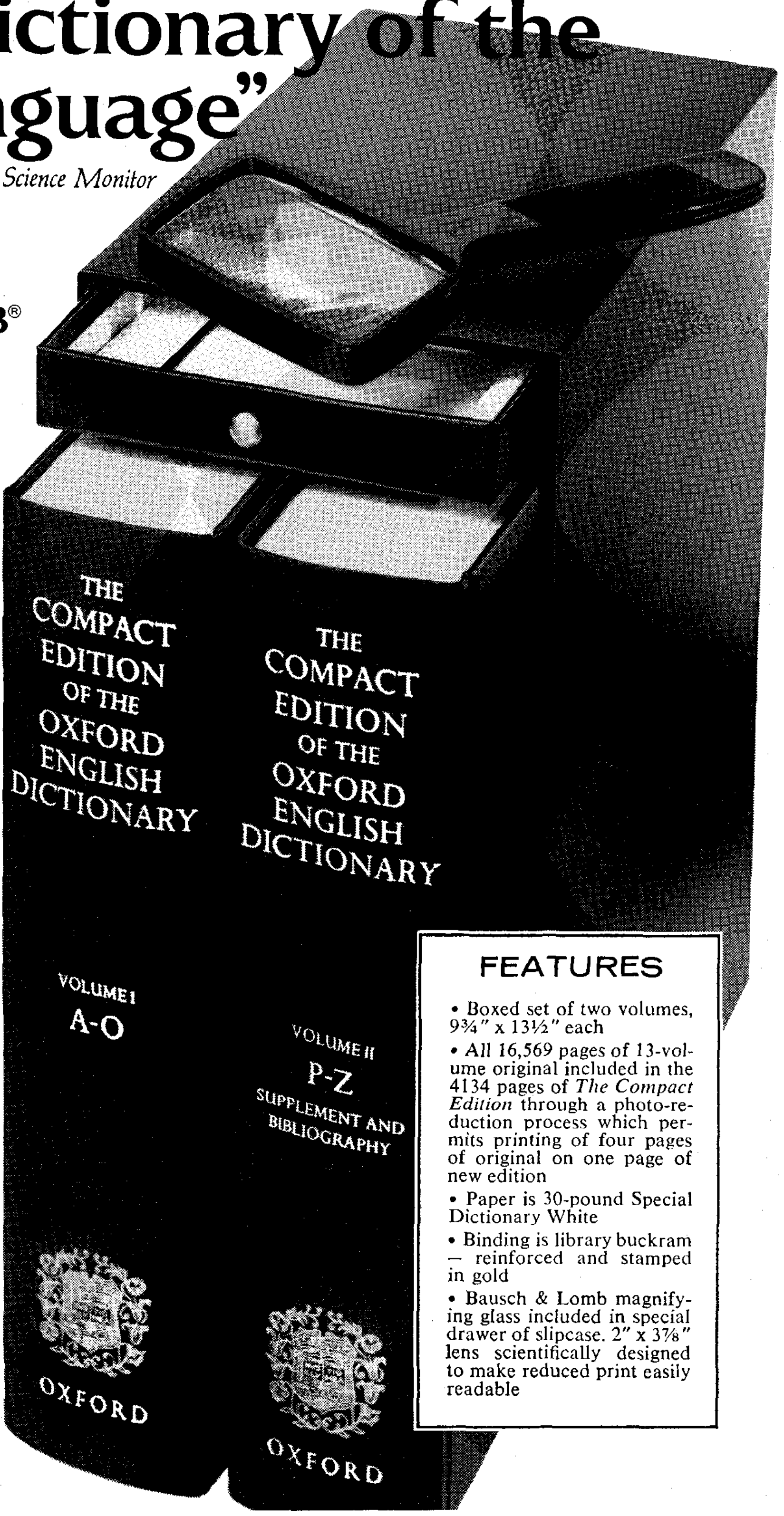
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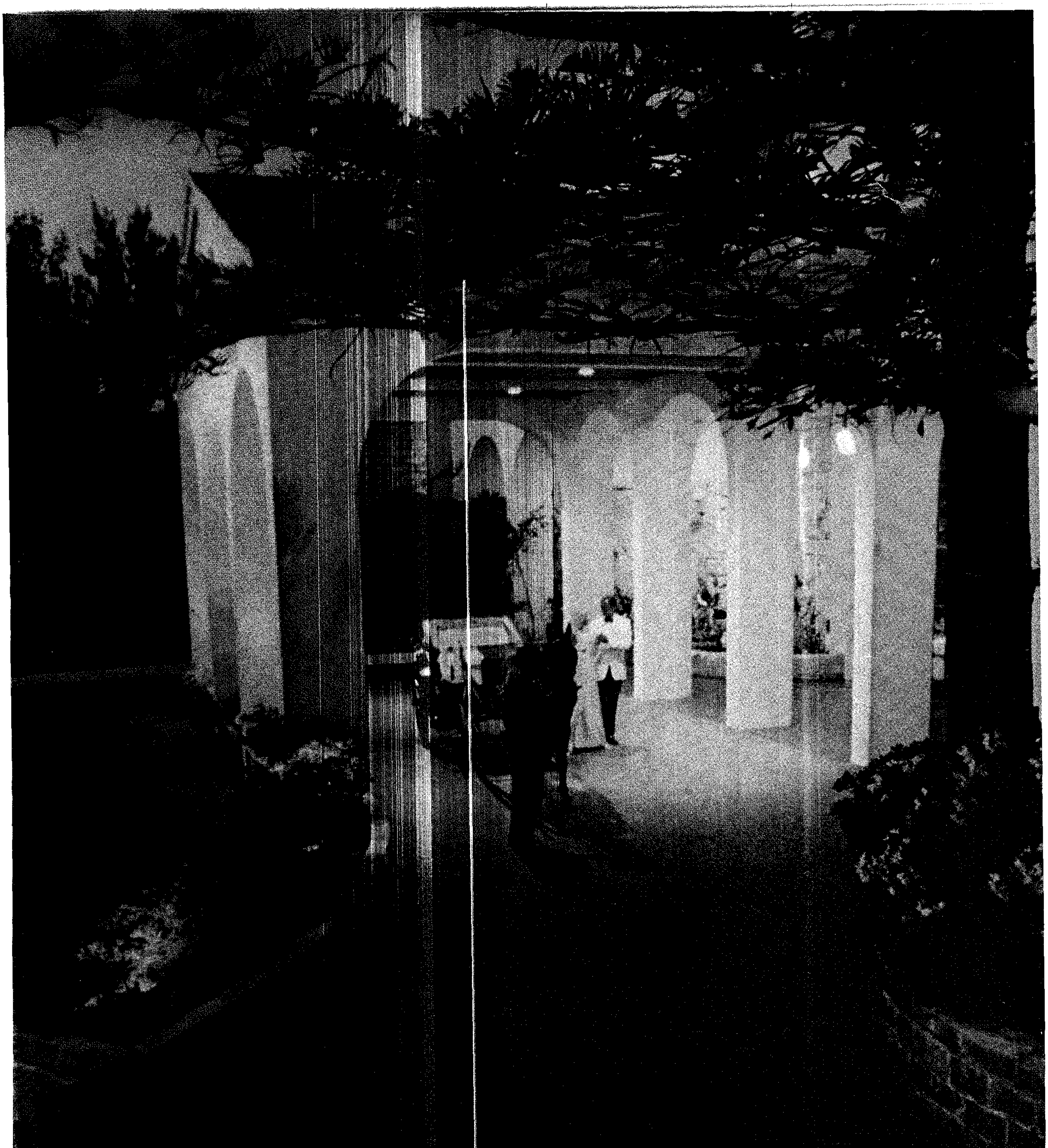

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